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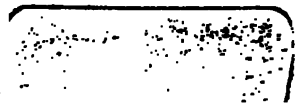
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**The**  
**Smith College**  
**Monthly**

**October - 1904.**

**Conducted by the Senior Class.**

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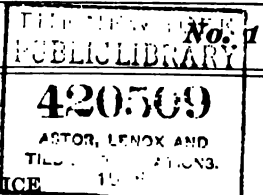
MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS,  
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ISABELLA RACHEL GILL. ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1904.

IVY ORATION

THE FREEDOM OF SERVICE



"All things are ours": the phrase recalls mornings not a few throughout four years, marked off day by day and daily made of might by service of that service wherein we have repeated each time with an increase of meaning, "All things are ours".

From the first it has significance, even such as becomes real at nine o'clock in the morning to the freshman who vividly foresees a miserable rout before ten at the hands of the uncompromising Livy. Although a first glance at this hymn may inspire the wretched reader with nothing more than wonder at the astonishing confidence of the author, it finally succeeds in carrying with it into the fainting heart more conviction than did the prospect of the terrifying Livy, and the promise that "All things are ours" begins at such a time to mean all possible possibilities, to be won notwithstanding, or perhaps even by the help of such imminent disasters. The realization comes with a force of exhilaration which may bear the freshman, all unprepared yet valiant, through the defeat, to emerge not as of the van-

quished, but with standards erect and with all the honors of war.

Now that the widening years have somewhat spread things out for us, the dynamic phrase comes to mean all possible realities: that all things are ours in truth, not only as possibilities, but as actual possessions.

In the Veda it is told that Indra, holding fuel in his hands, as is the custom of a pupil approaching his master, came to Prajapati, lord of creatures, and dwelt with him thirty-two years. At the end of this time Prajapati asked him wherefore he had come. Indra replied, "Sir, this saying of yours has been repeated, 'That self which has performed certain rites and accomplished certain things obtains all worlds and all desires'. Even such a self do I desire" "Live with me another thirty-two years," said Prajapati. One hundred and five years in all did Indra dwell as pupil to Prajapati before he found the magic talisman which should give to him all worlds and all desires, the theme of Prajapati's teaching being ever that of the universal teacher of all time, expressed by a later one:

"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he  
Who finds himself loses his misery."

The search for that open-sesame before whose magic power shall suddenly swing wide the gates to "all worlds and all desires", is perhaps still as arduous as it was in the days of Indra, but now at the end of four pitifully short years devoted to it, we may surely tell ourselves that we have come upon a slightly nearer and clearer view of the heavenly vision. The grail is not before us that we have only to reach out and touch it, but we can see it shining afar off, and it may not again pass by and find us unaware of its presence. The quest has become definitely subjective. The key that shall unlock for us all worlds and all desires we look for in the full meaning of the word possession. It is no longer merely to own—that we may break. We begin to define it weakly, in negatives, knowing meanwhile that it is too wide for definition, being universal.

The imperishable property which college gives us is so differentiated that its phrases are incapable of enumeration, but its recognition is included in a great thankfulness whenever a certain splendid vision of grace and glory rises within us, envelops us, and fills the spaces as with light and the rushing of wings: that vision radiant which no one who has not been one of us

WILLIAM  
SMITH  
COLLEGE

can ever see or understand. Yet sometimes it becomes the privilege of one to choose a certain member out of this manifold possession and to point out its individual play to those who may be observing only its team work. It is permitted to speak of that player without whom there might be no game, or at best a spiritless one, with the comparatively feeble substitute, gratitude, in the place of that one whose efficient co-operation supplies the motive force of greatest might—free service.

Now this free service is a factor which does not in the least appeal to our reason, to satisfy the demands of which we often speak of it under the name of that inadequate and unworthy substitute, gratitude; but lies in a field as far transcending that of every day, eye-for-eye-reason, as does the spirit of free service transcend the spirit of commercialism. The latter is merely honor, or rather egotism, exacting payment. Even less than that is much that goes by the name of service. Most of it is barter; the transaction of hirelings. Who seeks to serve his own ends alone is most the slave, and the great body of many armies is the Hessian troop. Pure service unremunerative is given to few, for it is the prerogative of kings; yet this too is ours, as are all things, and it is for the realization of this that we are rendering our special thanks.

When from time to time we have elected our presidents, it has been for three reasons, which may have escaped our attention in the excitement of election day and in the glamor of the clear September evening, when a closely packed throng and closely bound together, with even footsteps ringing echoes from the pavements, four times has swung along across the campus, till finding the now twice desired one, the serried ranks were halted and a hundred voices shouted: "Here's to you!"

These were the reasons: first, that this one's service had been of value recognized by the class, a service of loyalty, active or passive according as the opportunity had been hers, to put it to the test, or merely to "stand and wait." The second ground casually adjoins the first: that this of all was the fittest to serve in the future, for it is the only divine right of kings, that they are chosen for leaders who best know how to obey. The third reason was that this was the one whom we most loved, and to whom, therefore, we wished to give the highest honor, consisting of the opportunity for further service. Little knowing the weight of the iron-rimmed crown,—such was our tribute. More-

over, not only in the election of class presidents, but in all offices which are termed college honors, the successful candidate is of necessity that one who fulfils to the highest degree the greatest number of these three subtle, scarce-recognized requirements. Of this threefold order are our captains and committees, and so it shall be with all classes that come after us, as with those who have gone before.

And even so it is in a larger world, where a prince's motto is "Ich Dien." But again, in the pomp and splendor of royalty, the presence of pure service unremunerative is not easily perceived, and indeed if it were it would be the less free service, since the recognition of it would be something in the way of reward. On the contrary, the very pomp and splendor are naturally supposed to be rewards in themselves, as though the man who wears a fine coat should derive any aesthetic satisfaction from it, beyond that gained in the first adjustment. The direct benefit is of necessity for the beholder.

Moreover, granted so much to be understood, one will say, "But surely, if none other, there is reward for service in witnessing its effect in benefit of others?" Yet what of him who truly serves and still must see his service go for naught, his labor, to all appearance, prove ineffectual? His is the peculiar claim to free service. It is without reward and it is glorious. And to him, knowing that it is glorious, is given to have all worlds and all desires.

Such is the knowledge that we seek, and with this title to royalty we go forth to find such a kingdom, trusting that it may be counted worthy the establishment therein of the name of our well-loved college; honorable, through the honor of serving in all things Him who "Doth not need either man's work or His own gifts."

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

## IVY SONG

Over the mountains June has called.  
Three times by her voice enthralled,  
But little have we known  
The meaning of her tone;  
And scarcely have we heard  
Her softly uttered word,  
"Follow me."  
Three times have we said her nay,  
Now it is our Ivy Day;  
Eagerly  
Comes again her call—and lo!  
'Tis for us, and we must go.  
Follow, follow, follow free.  
Say yea, say yea.  
ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

## IMMIGRATION SHOULD NOT BE RESTRICTED

As foreign immigration in the United States increases from year to year, it comes more and more to be looked upon as a menace to the country. "We shall be swamped," say its opponents, "by this unceasing influx of lawless foreigners." This conclusion would, of course, be most natural upon the first glance at the facts. For twenty-one years the Jewish immigrants alone landed in America have averaged 50,000 per year.<sup>1</sup> But neither their great number, their "lawlessness," nor their apparent undesirability are reasons cogent enough to warrant the prohibition, or even the restriction of immigration.

Are we so undemocratic, so illiberal as to grow selfish of our great, spacious country whose boast is freedom? There are few who could without overt inconsistency vote against the admission of the immigrants of to-day, descended as are so many millions of good American citizens from the immigrants of yesterday.

Nor is the reception of these foreigners an act merely of American generosity. The advantages we derive from immi-

<sup>1</sup> Annals of American Academy of Political and Social Science, vol. 21, page 493.

gration make it impossible for us to prate of our magnanimity in countenancing it. The value of immigrant labor cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Gustav H. Schwab, manager of the affairs of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in this country, and one who has made practical investigations of the question of immigration, refers thus to the importance of immigrant labor: "The advocates of a total prohibition of immigration, or of such severe restriction as to result in shutting off the stream, must now ask themselves if our country is prepared to dispense with the material that has developed its resources, that builds its railroads, works its mines, clears its forests and performs the many kinds of menial labor for which the American cannot be hired. Every branch of activity, every American household \* \* \* would be seriously affected by a measure aiming to cut off or obstruct the supply of labor and of domestic service which our native population will not furnish."<sup>1</sup>

The refusal of the native Americans to engage in these rough forms of labor is due to the obvious reason that their advanced state of intelligence enables them to command larger salaries in higher fields of industry. It would appear, then, that the demand for manual laborers once filled, further immigration would, from this point of view, be unnecessary. This leads to the consideration of another marked and highly creditable characteristic of the immigrant—progressiveness. His power of assimilating new ideas and adapting himself to new conditions is amazing. That which brought him from his own country was his desire for employment, and the passage of the years marks a steady improvement in the character of his employment. Even the frequent strikes attest his desire for a betterment of conditions. The ever changing population of the Jewish quarter of New York City is evidence of the constant upward movement of its inmates. The workers in the college settlements in that section complain that it is difficult to get a hold upon these people because they remain there for so short a time. Each family, as soon as its condition improves, moves to a better neighborhood. The University Settlement in the Ghetto has an almost entirely new membership in its classes every year.<sup>2</sup>

I have said that immigrants assimilate rapidly. This is, of course, especially true of their children. In New York it is so

<sup>1</sup> Practical Remedy for Evils of Immigration, *Forum Magazine*, vol. 14, page 804.

<sup>2</sup> "Our Immigrants and Ourselves," *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 86.

common as to be unworthy of remark that the little foreigners can speak our language intelligibly after eight or nine months in the public schools. Nor is the process of teaching them such hopeless, uphill work as is often the case among natives. The children are quick to imitate, and through them new ideas creep into their homes. The parents are more ambitious for the children's advancement than for their own. Among the Jews this is more strictly true than among other nationalities, but each race brings in some elemental characteristics which benefit the nation.

Not many years ago the great incomings of the Irish and Germans were looked upon with no more favor than are those of the Jews and the Italians at present. Now the sharp distinctions of nationality have passed away and we value the warm, quick Irish blood in the nation and are proud of the thrift that came with the German strain.<sup>1</sup> The Jews have been a hated nation for centuries, but what could surpass their industry, economy, temperance and their reverence for family relations? The Italians, too, are frugal and live simply. When kindly treated they are gentle and affectionate, but they are generally misunderstood. We are many-sided because our national character is the blend of so many races. It is the constant introduction of new blood into our veins that keeps us alert, original, progressive—truly American.

It has become customary to lay at the door of the immigrants the responsibility for whatever goes amiss in any city or community in which they live. They are accused of introducing immorality and crime. If this is in any sense the truth, how may we account for it, knowing that such are not the race characteristics of the nations whence they come? Before attempting to explain it, let us glance at the records of crime. In a certain year it was found that 49.16 per cent of the prison population of the United States were *native* white people, 19.35 per cent were foreigners, the remainder being Indians, negroes, and so forth.<sup>2</sup> Confronted by such facts as these our judgment of the foreign criminal must necessarily be more tolerant. A large part of the blame for the misdeeds of aliens may be laid upon the native Americans. Much crime is due to imitation of what is already going on here. Again, the immigrant on landing

<sup>1</sup> Atlantic Monthly, vol. 86.

<sup>2</sup> Crime Census in Annals of American Academy, vol. 9, page 68.



finds himself in the midst of strangers who regard him with hostility. A man cares less about his conduct when he thinks that no one who sees him knows who he is. This feeling of irresponsibility is increased by the foreigner's observing that he is unwelcome. The strangers, he soon learns, will cheat him if possible and impose upon his ignorance. Nothing is more natural than that he should learn to retaliate; in self-defence he becomes dangerous. We are so prone to regard foreigners to blame for all outrages, that we dwell upon every account of a riot in which foreign names appear, and pass over in silence similar disturbances among natives. "We generalize from unrepresentative particulars."

It would be out of the question, even for purposes of argument, to assert to anyone who has walked along the Bowery that the persons whom he met there were clean. But it is not impossible to call his attention to the remarkably low death rate even on the East Side, that square mile whose foreign population is equal to the entire population of Detroit. The minister at the old Five Point Mission in the Italian district remarks upon the wonderful health of these people. It is due to their temperance and the great simplicity of their lives. All our modern study of germs makes us particularly sensitive to the idea of dirt, but nevertheless the death rate of clean uptown New York exceeds that of the foreign quarter. The immigrants must indulge in the good old-fashioned order of uncleanness—"clean dirt." Moreover, the United States does not admit *diseased* immigrants, as we shall see later.

In dwelling upon political corruption, fraudulent naturalization and kindred evils at polling seasons, it seems that to call immigrants to account for these is obviously to misplace the blame. That such evils exist at all brings to light weaknesses in American control. If ignorant strangers sell their votes, the wrong is in no sense with them, but with the political partisans who do the bribing. And the fact that such bribery can go on at all, places the blame upon slack management by the government. Nothing could be more utterly inconsistent than to point to immigration as the *cause* of a political evil which the presence of foreigners merely happens to bring to light. An extension of the period of naturalization might be a practical remedy; also making naturalization dependent upon education.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Forum, vol. 14, art. by Gustav Schwab.

It has frequently been urged that immigrants come for a few years to earn money and then return with it to their home countries. Thus they place upon the United States the burden of their presence during the first years of their ignorance and especial undesirability and go away just when their increased intelligence and ability have made them valuable acquisitions to our nation. This may have been true to some extent in former years, but latest statistics show that the immigrants are making this country their permanent home. The men, when they have found employment, become naturalized and send for their families instead of returning to join them across the sea. And the coming of the entire family is a hopeful sign, for its mutual responsibilities tend to keep its members out of mischief, while the children, as mentioned above, form a link between the natives and the adult foreigners. Among the Russian Jews in New York over sixty per cent of the arrivals remain here.<sup>1</sup>

An examination of the census gives further hopeful aspects of the immigrant question. In 1900 there was a decrease in the proportion of the foreign born to the native population. Again, the proportion of illiterates among the foreign born has decreased above one per cent since 1890.<sup>2</sup> This is a small gain, but with the increasing thoroughness in the enforcement of school laws, we may look for greater advancement before the census of 1910.

This progress will come through the public schools which are thronged with foreign children. Some of the experiences among them are interestingly told in the stories of Myra Kelly. The children are proud to own the United States as their country, are proud of their knowledge of English.<sup>3</sup> They are affectionate to a troublesome degree. In their love of music they far surpass ordinary native born children. Few of the parents of these children object to their attending school and they come with astonishing regularity. Each year more studies of practical value are added to the course which the Board of Education prescribes. It is the aim of the Board to give each child a trade.

The United States does not indiscriminately receive all those who seek to be admitted. We do not get the "scum of the earth." That scum is effectively skimmed off by the enforce-

<sup>1</sup> *Annals of American Academy*, vol. 21, p. 493.

<sup>2</sup> Chart 12, *Census 1900*, vol. 1, p. 105.

<sup>3</sup> "Our Immigrants and Ourselves," *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 86.

ment of a set of laws whose aim is to protect the United States. From New York 3,988 persons were sent back in two years because they were found among excluded types. The list of excluded ones runs as follows :

" All idiots, insane persons, paupers or persons likely to become a public charge, persons suffering from a loathsome or dangerous disease, persons who have been convicted of a felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanor, involving moral turpitude, polygamists, and also any person whose ticket or passage is paid for with the money of another or who is assisted by others to come, unless it is shown that such person does not belong to one of the foregoing excluded classes or to the class of contract laborers."<sup>1</sup>

To enforce this law, the examination of those about to emigrate begins at foreign ports. It is aided by private officers appointed by various steamship lines. A heavy penalty is imposed upon any steamship company which gives passage to a contraband immigrant. The precautions against the importation of disease are particularly strict. For five days previous to the sailing of a vessel the intended immigrants are under the surveillance of a medical inspector, who watches them for evidences of disease. Baggage is disinfected at both ends of the voyage.

Immigration, then, far from being an evil must be regarded as a vast benefit to the United States. If it brings to light poor management in America it is one of our best friends, they being the ones " who tell us of our faults." One of the great influences which helped to start immigration was the demand made by mining and railroad corporations in this country for cheap labor. Such contracts with foreign workmen are now illegal, but their influence is yet felt. The United States has, in immigration, such a missionary opportunity as it has longed for in the West Indies and the Philippines. Better still, the opportunity is at our very doors. We need not cross the world to find those in need of our assistance. Never before has a magnanimous nation been given such a chance to uplift the stranger within its gates.

INEZ HUNTER BARCLAY.

<sup>1</sup> Law quoted in *Independent*, vol. 51, p. 2147.

## THE MARSHES

I stand alone and watch the pale, white stars  
And listen to the sea's far monotone.  
Across the night I see the long grass sway  
Wind-blown.

Through rising mists and darks of silent night  
Startles the sound of a sea-gull's lonely cry,  
And under the far, cold stars—the stealthy tide  
And I.

I see the rising waters leap and gleam  
And the soul of the marshes speaks to the soul of me,  
The night-winds sob as they blow from the far-away  
Of the never-to-be.

Oh, soul of my strength, flow out to the boundless night  
That the end of my lonely watch may sooner be !  
For answer—only the lisp of wind-blown reeds  
And the far sad monotone of the sea.

## A PLEDGE

To a heart of gold in a land of dross,  
To eyes, half-filled with tears,  
A pledge, and a pledge to that memory,  
Sweet through the after years.

And if I have known some share of grief  
The bitterness is made less,  
That the heart of a friend should grieve for me  
In the midst of such sweet success !

And so from the cup of love, a pledge.  
As I look in your face the while,  
And it's sweet that your eyes should be tear-wet,  
And I be the one to smile.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

## A CHAPTER IN REVELATIONS

"I say now," Herrick protested, "do you make wills like this often? It ought never to be allowed out of a dime novel, you know. A quarter million to each of us unconditionally, and a quarter million more if we marry within the year—and we've never seen each other! If he'd made it five years now, my charms might have had a chance to sink in and penetrate! It's the most sentimental thing Uncle Bradshaw ever did. What frenzy possessed him?"

"Oh, the old story," the lawyer answered. "Wanted to keep the last of the money and the blood together. You and this Rose Allen are all that is left, you know."

"Wanted to keep his grip on the living from the grave, more likely. But the young woman needn't have taken to the woods. I shan't persecute her for the sake of that extra half million."

"The position has more difficulties for her than for you," the elder man suggested. "Miss Allen feared lest you should consider yourself bound to offer marriage, and decided the simplest way out of the situation was to efface herself till the year was over. I tried to dissuade her from the course, but when a pretty woman makes up her mind—"

"Pretty?" demanded Herrick with sudden interest. "A pretty woman effacing herself on my account? Heaven forbid! Why upon reflection I am not sure but what it is my duty to look her up, and at least give her a chance for that money. I really owe it to the girl herself, not to speak of my loyalty to Uncle Brad. Don't you see how it could be managed," he went on, "as a proper finish to this romantic business, I'll take a nom de plume, and woo her among the timbers of her retirement, and then at the proper moment—rapture and revelation!"

"You're quite as absurd as your uncle, you know," said the lawyer gently. "Moreover, I promised her not to tell you the name she has taken."

"What's in a name! Describe her, man."

"Well—she's an impulsive young person, of medium height, rather thin, with considerable color. Her eyes are a sort of—"

well they change from light to dark a good deal—I can't be certain about the eyes. After all, young women's eyes are very much alike, you will find. Her hair is curly—"

"Ah," beamed Herrick.

"Curly—and red."

"Ah," said Herrick again with different inflection. "Never mind," he comforted himself, "it makes beautiful white hair, and she'll grow gray early if she takes me. And if she doesn't take me, it doesn't matter. But I can't go about proposing to all the red-haired orphans I meet. Couldn't you just drop a hint of the resort she is at present—illuminating?"

"Not a hint, sir, not a hint." Yet the lawyer's eyes sought the younger man in friendly understanding. "However, I feel at liberty to observe," he continued, "that you look rather run down and need a change. Ever tried Spring Lake, Michigan? Nice place."

"No, but I will," responded Herrick with a broad grin. "And say—when you write to Rose Allen, you might intimate that I'm a woman-hater, with no idea of carrying out Uncle Brad's will."

The next day John Herrick registered as Herrick Wayne at Spring Lake. He chose a large hotel and scanned the horizon for auburn locks, but all that appeared belonged to very young or very stout persons, or else to members of numerous families, and Herrick was seeking an orphan.

Undaunted, then, he took a trip around the lake, and scrutinized every passenger, and every group at the landings, for a glimpse of bright curls. Twice he did this with no success, but on the third trip, as the steamer was drawing away from a dock, his gaze fell on a green canoe near the shore, guided by a girl in white. The warm sunlight fell full on the slender figure, lighting up the sweet, flushed face, and revealing the unmistakably coppery hue of the soft hair, that clustered in damp little spirals about her brow. In the bow of the boat a retriever puppy barked furious defiance at the steamer. His wriggling agitation became almost too much for the canoe, and the girl thrust forth a swift hand and plumped him overboard, where he struck out for the shore, with a promptness that proclaimed the punishment to be an old and accepted method.

In laughing at the incident, Herrick found a reasonable excuse for asking the girl's name, and he learned she was a Miss Fielding, but recently arrived at the Willows Hotel.

To the Willows went Herrick the next morning, and inquired if some friends of his, the Fieldings, were staying there. There was a Miss Fielding, he learned, who came with a middle-aged couple, the Bentons. Yes, she had red hair and a retriever puppy, but she wasn't in, now. Any message?

There wasn't any message that Herrick could very well leave, and he went away, aglow at the possibilities of the situation, but nonplussed as to how to meet it. There wasn't a soul he knew who could introduce him, and all excuses for intruding upon her seemed pitifully weak, now that the time was at hand. Wild thoughts of abducting the retriever puppy, and then presenting himself as the deliverer filled his mind, as he rowed back across the lake. The sun was very hot, and he drew up his boat on a lonely wooded point, hoping for a cool shade in which to smoke and plan. So absorbed was he, as he strolled along the beach that he fairly bumped into a young woman, sitting upon a log.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "I really didn't see you at all," and then his heart began to pound with excitement, for the young woman was very slight and slim, with pink cheeks, and bright coppery curls, and beside her, in the shadow, slept a black retriever puppy.

But what was Herrick to do? At his apology she looked up and murmured some brief acceptance; then looked away again. She was clearly not a maiden for an idle flirtation, and Herrick was above all things a gentleman. He bowed, and was of necessity retracing his steps, when fate again intervened in a handsome manner, and fluttered a little cambric handkerchief across his path. In the corner was a delicate R. and Herrick began to feel assured that his quest was ended.

"Is this yours?" he asked, and the girl, without rising, extended her hand with a word of thanks.

There was something undeniably dejected in her appearance, and her peculiar, bent position, gave Herrick his chance.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired with much solicitude. "Is there anything the matter, or anything I can do for you?"

"I'm not hurt," she answered, "and there isn't anything you can do." She raised her eyes to his a moment, and what she saw in his bronzed, boyish face routed her restraint.

"I went wading," she blurted out, scarlet from neck to brow, but with a hint of humor in her eyes and voice, "and the puppy chewed up my shoes and stockings!"

Involuntarily Herrick's gaze turned to where the hem of her duck skirt swept the sand, and he understood the secret of her lack of motion.

"As I'm not equal to facing the hotel by daylight," she went on, "I'm waiting for the dusk in which to slip in the side door."

"Let me go after them for you," said Herrick eagerly. "The shoes—and things—I mean."

"You are very kind, but the Bentons—the friends with whom I am staying—might think it just a little odd if a strange young man demanded shoes—and things!—on my behalf you know."

"They might, possibly," he admitted. "But you certainly can't wait here all day. It's only ten thirty now."

"You could bring me a sandwich at noon," she suggested.

"I'll do better than that. I'll bring you some new apparel from the village."

She was radiant in a moment, and to Herrick that red hair and blue eyes was quite the prettiest combination that had yet been invented. Then the corners of her mouth drooped. "I've no money with me," she objected, "and it's very far," with a dubious glance at the distant horizon.

It was far. Herrick denied it stoutly, but as he bent to his oars in the blistering sun, the blue tract of water ahead seemed to lengthen interminably and the definite idea crossed his mind that the heiress might have appeared under less strenuous circumstances. Still his determination never wavered till he was actually in the village street, and without the door of the general clothing house, and then the absurd character of his errand sent cold chills down his perspiring spine.

He chose the shoes first, as the lesser evil, and boldly demanded black oxfords of the finest quality, for the heiress must have the best.

"Size?" said the clerk.

Size indeed! Herrick hadn't the least idea, but he remembered that she was small, and that women were sensitive about their feet.

"Pretty small," he responded vaguely. "Twos or threes, I guess."

Mercifully no twos were in stock, so Herrick grasped the threes and marched to the stocking counter, hoping against hope that he presented a staid and married air.

"Hosiery?" the bepompadoured young person in charge re-



peated. "Something in silk, now? These here white polka dots are mighty swell, or perhaps you like openwork better. Most gentlemen do. Oh, you wanted black—plain black. What size, now?"

"Threes," muttered Herrick.

The young person favored him with a frankly amused stare. "Threes? I guess you're mistaken, ain't you? That's pretty small."

"She wears a three shoe," he protested miserably.

"Oh well, the sizes come different in shoes and hosiery. You want a six and a half or a seven hose. I guess you ain't been married long, she added pleasantly.

"How lovely of you!" Miss Fielding declared, as warm and breathless he gave the packages into her hands. "You must have had a dreadful row!"

"Not at all," said Herrick with heroic untruthfulness. "I didn't know what size to get," he added. "Are threes all right?"

There was a curious expression in the corners of Miss Fielding's very expressive little mouth, but she assured him that threes would do perfectly, and that he was only too clever to have done so well; and during the homeward row not the flicker of an eyelash betrayed to the blundering man opposite, that two outraged four and a half feet were protesting fearfully against their imprisonment.

"I don't know how I shall explain you to the Bentons," she told him as he escorted her up from the dock. "They know I am unaquainted here."

"I might be a long lost cousin," he suggested slyly. "Or an old summer man reappearing."

"You could hardly be my cousin," she laughed, falling into the snare. "I have only one and we're very distant—so distant that we've never met! An old summer man be it!"

Apparently an old summer man had privileges, for Herrick claimed them very positively. He called for her to go sailing the next afternoon, he included the Bentons in a launch trip the next day, and the day after that he monopolized her dances brazenly at the Willows hop—and to all of this Miss Fielding demurred not at all. It would have been difficult naturally to maintain an attitude of dignified reserve with a man who had bought her shoes and stockings at the threshold of acquaintance,

and Miss Fielding showed no desire to make the attempt. In Herrick's eyes her spirit of gay comradeship grew more enchanting every day. In the launch with the Bentons he learned that she was an orphan, that the relative with whom she had lived was now dead, and, final link in the evidence, her name was Rose! That night he sent the lawyer a triumphant telegram, "I've found her," to which the lawyer responded with equal brevity, "Luck to you."

And certainly luck seemed with him. To be sure, other men at Spring Lake were prompt to appreciate the sunny curls and blue eyes of the heiress and the heiress had intervals of interest in their appreciation, but she always returned, in pretty penitence, to Herrick's constant escort. The Bentons were as amiable and obliging as the chaperons of such a wilful young person ought to be and there was no obstacle in the path of Herrick's hope, save such as any properly constituted young woman occasionally, and for the ultimate benefit of her admirer's soul, will now and again oppose.

As the days went by the burden of disguise weighed more heavily upon Herrick's soul. A dozen times it trembled on his lips to reveal himself, and to tell her that the quest begun in idleness and play had become a very real and a precious thing to him now, and, a dozen times, a laugh or word or look stayed the revelation. It occurred to him that she might possibly be angry, very angry, and in his despondent moods there was even a suspicion—too horrible to really contemplate—that she might misunderstand his motives and his disinterestedness. Therefore Herrick resolved to wait until the last moment of the summer, and having so resolved he straightway spoke.

They were alone in a little summer house, and it was moonlight. Moreover the heiress wore white—not the immaculate butterfly creation from which a man sits a yard away in awe, but a soft, simple, unobtrusive thing. They had been talking, chiefly of themselves, and doubtless with a view of harrowing the man's feelings, the heiress sighed that summer was over, whereupon Herrick, properly harrowed, inquired where she would be in the fall.

"I'm a busy person then," she returned evasively.

"Where?" said he, definitely enough.

"Oh, in the library."

"Whose library?"

"I thought you knew,"—she seemed to hesitate a moment.  
"I work in the library at Peoria."

"Not this winter," said Herrick.

There was a pause in which Miss Fielding contemplated apparently the moon-lit lake. Then, her eyes dropping lower, she asked softly, "And why not this winter?"

Her slim, ringless hand, lay obviously forgotten and unprotected on the seat between them. Herrick took it in his strong clasp, and in the space thus created, moved nearer to her.

"Will you forgive me when I tell you that I know?" he begged. "I've been playing at masquerade, too. I'm not Herrick Wayne, I'm John Herrick—your cousin. I came here to find you and know you in spite of yourself—and knowing you is the same as loving you, Rose. I want you to forget that absurd will, and promise to marry me. You—you aren't angry with me?"

"I—why, what do you mean?" Miss Fielding stared blankly at him. "My cousin—*you*? Why, she is a woman, she lives in England. I've never seen her. What *do* you mean?"

"Aren't you Rose Allen, the heiress," cried Herrick dumb-founded.

Miss Fielding drew her hand sharply away and rose to her feet.

"I'm very sorry, but I'm not Rose Allen, heiress," she answered icily. "I'm Rose Fielding, librarian."

"But the hair—and your position here." Herrick was still bewildered; he had been so sure. "Let me tell you the whole business," he urged. "Don't think I'm utterly crazy."

Miss Fielding stood silent in the shadow while he poured forth the history of his mistake.

"You see how like her you seemed?" he finished, anxious to vindicate his sanity.

"Yes, I see." Miss Fielding's heart was sore, and a lump in her throat threatened to destroy all speech for a moment. She fought it down fiercely, and began to laugh a little as she walked toward the hotel,—the nervous laugh of a woman both hurt and angry, and endeavoring to avoid all appearance of discomfiture.

"The mistake was perfectly natural," she said. "I'm sure I ought to apologize for retarding your discovery of the real heiress."

The indifferent tone fell like a chill upon Herrick. "I hope you don't mean that," he answered unhappily. "Is that your answer to what I have just asked you?"

Miss Fielding walked on rapidly without speaking. "It's very nice of you to be so—so inclusive," she said, "but I couldn't think of taking advantage of your mistake." Then she sped up the veranda steps and into the house, because she wanted the solitude of her room and a comforting pillow for the tears that refused to be denied. And Herrick strode savagely back to his boat, in his blindness understanding nothing of the subtlety of the wound he had inflicted; nothing of the rankling hurt of that word, "heiress,"—realizing only that Rose Fielding, the Rose he loved, had sent him away in derision.

There was no sleep for him that night. He didn't even pretend to go to bed, but sat a long while by the window and then rose and packed his belongings. Morning saw him steaming down the lake, resolved wretchedly to return to Chicago, and morning also revealed to him the coppery curls of a fellow passenger moved apparently by a similar resolve.

Before the eyes of acquainted onlookers Miss Fielding smiled a good morning. Herrick swept off his hat and, oblivious of onlookers, moved towards the bow, where he smoked furiously, and scowled at the churning waters. In his heart he was yearning for an explosion, a wreck, a catastrophe of any sort, that would permit him to prove his devotion by a heroic rescue, and win his divinity at the eleventh hour, but, naturally, the back of his neck did not reveal this to Miss Fielding, and her dismal meditation was unchanged.

When they changed for the Chicago steamer, Herrick assisted her in managing her suit case and the retriever puppy, for which Miss Fielding vouchsafed him a scanty thanks, reasoning it was the least he could do.

The sound of her voice nerved Herrick to fresh effort. That night he paced the deck in search of her, but he paced in vain. Miss Fielding's seclusion, however, was not prompted by prudery: With the least provocation in the world, and for the first and only time in her life, she was sea-sick, and did not venture out till morning saw them safe at the Chicago landing. Then it was a very pale and shaken Miss Fielding who staggered forth, to find Herrick again at hand near the gangway.

"At least let me look after these," he said, indicating the dog and suit case. "I want—"

What he wanted, he did not say, for a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder ; a loud and jocose tone greeted his ear.

"Here you are now ! Right this way, please. You won't see no minister of the gospel this day !"

"What the deuce do you mean ?" Herrick's voice was savage, and the aggressive individual tightened his grasp. "No use fighting, sir," he urged. "Plenty of my men in call. Better come peaceful."

"Come—come where ?"

"My orders is to take you and the lady back to the station where her pa and ma will come for her. Sorry to spoil a wedding party, but you shouldn't go a'loping with minors, sir. Law is law."

"Who on earth do you take us for ?" demanded Herrick.

"Fred Irwin and Hatty Mann who ran away from Grand Haven together," answered the official glibly enough. "No use protesting, Miss," for Rose had burst into sudden speech, "your pa wired your description last night, and they'll be along now at the station to identify you. They started rail from Muskegon. It was the hair done it," he added, chuckling. "Curls like yours is hard to hide."

"See here, man," Herrick expostulated, clinging to the retriever's chain while the puppy, joyous at release from the boat, wound giddily in and out the group, "do you think I'd elope with this dog ?"

"Well, I wouldn't," returned the officer judiciously. "But there's no telling what *you'd* do to please the lady. So come along, please, and pleasant like."

A crowd had begun to gather, and anxious to escape publicity they came along as pleasantly as possible. Indeed to Herrick the adventure was not without its joy, but to Rose, sitting with head high and eyes averted, the trip in the patrol seemed eternal degradation and disgrace.

The detention was of brief duration. At the station door, an irate couple pounced forth upon them, gasped in astonishment and dismay, and then turned their batteries of wrath upon the complacent officer.

"It ain't my fault," he protested when his voice could be heard. "He's tall enough for him, and she's red-headed enough for her, and they was certainly a-lovering down the plank when I caught 'em."

"And my Hatty's gone," wailed the old lady, and then inquired aggressively of Rose, "I'd like to know what business you have impersonating my daughter? Why didn't you speak up and tell who you was? Ain't you got tongues in your heads, you two?"

Herrick launched into vigorous speech, but Rose drew him swiftly away. "Don't—don't say any more," she begged. "I'm sure it's something to be taken for a minor at twenty-two. I think—I think I'll dye my hair," she finished with a little tremble.

"You are tired; this has been too much for you," said Herrick with the promptness of a lover.

She was tired; tired and hungry. She had not breakfasted and her knees were shaking under her, but the law that forbids a self-respecting woman to ask a man for food might have continued to hold her in silence if the puppy had not offered a solution by begging piteously at the door of a butcher shop.

"It's nearly noon," suggested Herrick, thus inspired. "There's a nice little chop house a street beyond—and they will look after Towser here, too. Won't you come with me?"

Miss Fielding came. Does anything disarm constraint and coldness swifter than the cozy, intimate influence of luncheon *à deux*? At a little table by a window, through which the bustle of the street sounded only as a pleasant stir of life, with tuneful, not too adjacent music to soften the touch of dishes and the hum of voices, and a scattering of palms and ferns to baffle the interested spectator, misunderstanding melted imperceptibly and conversation slipped from the general to the particular.

"It has been an eventful forenoon," sighed Miss Fielding. "That wretched Hatty Mann!"

"Bless her!" said Herrick. "I hope she's Mrs. Irwin by now. If she hadn't eloped—fancy! I wouldn't be sitting here with you, and—"

"Do you think," she interrupted hurriedly, "that the heiress will approve? Remember she is still waiting for you!"

She met his eyes, smiling defiantly, but the look in them held her prisoner, and her smile trembled and changed.

"Won't you understand—how much I want you?" said Herrick quietly.

The sensitive color flamed in the girl's cheeks, then left them

delicately pale. She bent her head and Herrick fancied that her lashes glistened as with tears. Then after a pause that seemed to endure for ever, she looked up at him with soft shining eyes and parted lips, tremulous with the wistfulness and the radiance of surrender.

"Really?" she breathed.

Even luncheons *à deux* come to an end, and finally Herrick rose to claim the dog and pay his bill. At the desk he brushed against an elderly man who was just entering.

"Well, how do you do?" said the lawyer. "You're amazingly cheerful for a disappointed lover."

"A what?" said Herrick.

"A disappointed lover. I've just had a letter from the heiress and she is going to marry an old time friend. She doesn't speak of having met you, but hopes you won't mind about the money."

"Mind?" said Herrick beaming beatifically upon him.

"Mind? Man! I'm about to start upon my wedding journey!"

"With the dog?" queried the lawyer with some dryness, as that animal wreathed his chain about them.

"No," said Herrick, "not with the dog." He laid his hand on the elder man's arm. "Come and meet her," he said happily.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

## PAGANINI

Why this is hell, nor am I out of it :  
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?"

Marlowe: *Doctor Faustus*.

Come now, my violin, for thou canst still  
These tossing passions: hush my heart to peace.  
Soothe with thy singing this tempestuous breast:  
Or if thou canst not calm, then shriek aloud  
Hatred and grief, passion and sin and pain:  
For all are whispering Paganini's mad . . .  
—Forsooth, they miss the meaning of the word:  
There's a wild, awful madness of the mind:  
There's madness of the heart, and that is love;

But to be music-mad is all divine!  
 —Or all-depraved . . .  
 They call me mad! Might they once only breathe  
 Such madness as is mine!  
 Dull souls that know the browns and grays of life  
 And never glimpse the crimson and the gold!  
 O, did they never dream of Heaven, to taste  
 Divine despair? And then despair alone,  
 Till Heaven was lost, and only Hell remained!

—No man hath ever looked on Heaven, I think,  
 And loved again these mad, smooth melodies:  
 But his hot soul, passionate 'gainst restraint,  
 Leaps for the highest note, and failing, falls  
 Down the whole scale of doubt and wailing grief  
 And shrieking mad despair—to fiends and Hell!  
 —If so, then may I well be mad! did I  
 Not gaze upon high Heaven, and pure delights  
 Past aught that entereth the heart of man?  
 Have I not heard the clear-voiced angels' choir  
 To lute and harp and viol celestial strung  
 With such surpassing sweetness,—till the notes  
 Swept far beyond all words, outsoaring thought?  
 . . . Ah, music, art thou conqueror or I?  
 They say 'tis I,—and that, to vanquish thee,  
 I "sold the Fiend my soul!"—Lies strangle them!  
 What power is mine had birth in highest Heaven:  
 And if—when through long striving still I failed  
 To reproduce those strains ethereal—  
 Despair seized on my heart, and dragged me down  
 To Hell, till now the fiends shriek 'neath my bow,  
 Yet at the first the impulse was divine.  
 Into some sweet andante, as I play,  
 In swelling maesto, at intervals  
 There steals a strain so pure, so rare, I pause  
 With rude bow lifted, leaning close to catch  
 Far echo of that choir around the throne.  
 And when I hear—O sacrilegious art,  
 Planning reiteration of such sounds!  
 Fiends seize me there! I crash the cursed bow  
 Across the strings—wild Hell and my wild heart  
 Shriek out aloud!—Long groans of dying men  
 The stench of pestilence—gray faces of the dead—  
 The hollow shuddering cry of poor lost souls  
 Surge round in music—stifle—trample down,—  
 Reason sways and falls! through music's spell  
 (Ah, Blessed Mary!) I am mad, mad, mad!

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.



## IN THE SUNLIGHT LAND

Would ye see what I saw in the land where the sunlight goes wanton,  
And men are strong-hearted to be what the good God has made them?  
Would ye traverse the hills for to see the white mists of the morning,  
And hear the lark singing?  
I will lead you the way, for the path is a fair one to wander,  
And many a young heart has found it and pointed me thither.  
I will lead you the way, and our journey will not be a long one,  
Or weary to follow.

Ye have known what the madness of crimson-lipped night time has brought you  
And have hunted the trail of the joy that rushed hungry at noon tide.  
Your hearts have burnt flame like fierce torches that riot with the breezes  
And dash out in darkness.  
Not such is the promise of merry-eyed morning I bring you,  
For all who will tread in the path that leads on to its portals  
Are children, with voices of children at play in the sunshine  
Their hands full of blossoms.

Ye must loose from your backs the great burdens ye painfully carry  
And fling them aside. It is good to go care-free and happy  
And run light-of-foot through the pine-covered paths of the forest,  
And under the tree-tops.  
It is good to laugh loud when the world stretches far out before you,  
And listen all day to the music the mad wind is making,  
As it searches the earth and the sky for rare notes long forgotten,  
With search never ending.

Would ye journey with me—would ye journey? The path is a fair one,  
And ye are o'erheated and faint from the sun of the noon tide,  
Which scorches the dry leaves and burns up the corn in the meadows,  
And shrivels the wheat-fields.  
Would ye journey? The tall hills are waiting and purpled with violets,  
And the grasses are soft to the feet that dance by in the shadow,  
Away from the sound of harsh voices and hurrying footsteps.  
If I lead, will ye follow?

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

## SKETCHES

### WHEN HARVEST DAYS IS DONE

Hev you ever seen the medders stretch out golden in the haze  
Of the lazy, dreamy atmosphere of Indian summer days?  
When the earth lies with one eye half-shet, a-squintin' at the sky,  
Er else a-smilin' in its sleep, without zakly knowin' why.  
Oh, then's the time a feller feels that life is suppin like,  
When the harvestin' is over and work goes on a strike,  
And you ain't got nuthin' much to do but drink yer fill o' sun,  
And hev a talk with happiness—when harvest days is done.

Then the whole farm is a-takin' on the air o' holiday,  
And the turkey cock's a-struttin' in a most oncommon way,  
And the roosters hev a concert at mornin', noon and night,  
Till it seems as ef the barn-yard would bust up fer pure delight.  
Oh then's the time a feller feels that life wuz made fer him,  
When the barns aire holdin' on their sides, chock full up to the brim,  
And you ain't got nuthin' much to do but drink yer fill o' sun  
And hev a talk with happiness—when harvest days is done.

Oh them thet wants to hev the right to harp about the spring,  
When the flowers aire a-bloomin', and the whole earth seems to sing,  
And though I ain't fer blamin' them, I'm goin' to give my praise  
To the lazy, easy-goin' restfulness of autumn days.  
Fer then's the time a feller feels that life is suppin like,  
When the harvestin' is over and work goes on a strike,  
And you ain't got nuthin' much to do but drink yer fill o' sun,  
And hev a talk with happiness—when harvest days is done.

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG.

"I've always thought there was something wrong with my  
sister's mind," observed Boswell, holding a telegram at arms  
length, "and now I'm sure of it."

**Man Proposes** "College is all very well for men," I  
rejoined, laying down the evening paper  
and giving my head a superior wag, "but I never did approve

of college for women. The feminine mind is incapable of digesting the amount of food necessary to sustain the stronger masculine mind; to much learning will make a woman—er—um—er—

"Listen to this and you'll think so," agreed my friend. "There is to be some sort of celebration up there to-morrow, a dance in the afternoon followed by a concert in the evening, and Billings and I have been invited up. Now this arrives." He smoothed the telegram out on his knee and read as follows:

"Bring—another—man—tall—brunette—gentlemanly—mustache—dances—entertaining—shy. Now what do you think of that?" he exclaimed, "as a result of education!"

"It sounds," said I, "as though your sister was a genius."

"There is more to the telegram," he went on, "there is a postscript, as it were, added, no doubt with the generous intention of aiding me in my quest after this tall brunette with a dark mustache." He returned to the telegram and proceeded to read:

"He—may—have—grey—eyes."

"I should think she would have found it rather an expensive postscript," I ventured to remark.

"Not at all," he replied, "she sent it C. O. D. And then," he continued, "having five more spaces left, she has added to this: But—must—not—be—bald."

He folded the telegram into a small square and put it in his pocket. Then he rose and took his hat off the table.

"Don't go," said I, "it's early, only nine."

"My dear fellow," he returned, "the train starts to-morrow morning from the Grand Central Station at nine o'clock."

I laughed. "Good luck to you," I called after him as the hall door slammed.

Left to myself, I drew forth my cigarette case and lit a cigarette, and screwing myself into a comfortable position in my chair, I sat for a few moments with my feet very high and my head very low, amusing myself with the incident of the telegram. Soon, however, my thoughts turned to college and college girls in general, and a college girl in particular, at which point I dropped my cigarette into the fire-place, and went over to the book-case for a book.

I had had some little experience with this college girl, the

remembrance of which was not so pleasant as it might have been.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

I took down a volume of Browning's Poems, and opening it at random my eye fell upon "A Lover's Quarrel;" turning the pages rapidly, I came next to "The Worst of It."

"Would it were I had been false, not you,  
I that am nothing, you that are all."

"Bah!" I ejaculated, slamming the book, and went for "Kim."

I had been travelling in India for about two hours when I was suddenly recalled to the United States by a loud ringing at the front door-bell of my bachelor's apartments. My two domestics, the butler and his wife, were, I knew, in the habit of retiring early, so wondering at the cause which brought me a visitor at the late hour of eleven o'clock, P. M., I went to the door myself and found that my visitor was none other than Ogden Boswell himself. His eyes were shining, his cheeks were flushed and his jaw was squared with determination.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, grabbing hold of my arm as though he were about to pull me down into the street by sheer force, "there's no use talking, you've got to go."

"Go!" I gasped, "where? where?" It flashed across my mind that he might have been drinking too much, though I had never known him to do so.

"Go," said he firmly, "with Billings and me to-morrow on the nine o'clock train to Northampton."

"What!" I exclaimed, staggering against the wall and thumping my shirt front vigorously to make sure that he understood my meaning. "Me!"

"Yes," he replied, placing his legs apart and folding his arms across his chest, "You."

"But," I cried, tugging at my tow-colored hair, "I'm not a brunette!"

"That doesn't matter in the least," he returned, "you've got grey eyes,—she said grey eyes would do."

"But I'm short," I objected, looking myself up and down.

"That makes no difference whatsoever," he replied in the same firm voice. "You may be short, but you are not fat," which was true, if not exactly to the point.

"And," I continued, putting my finger to my clean shaven lip, "I haven't a mustache."

"That's absolutely immaterial," he retorted, "you aren't bald and you dance."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, "I'd never do at all."

"You're a gentleman," he replied almost fiercely, "and you're entertaining and you can make an attempt at being shy if you aren't so naturally. Anyway," he continued doggedly, "you've got to go."

"My dear Ogden—" I began.

"You've got to go," he replied emphatically, pounding on the hat rack as he uttered the last three words. "I tell you there's absolutely no use talking."

"I suppose," I suggested meekly, "that you've hunted up all the tall brunettes with dark mustaches that you know?"

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, sitting down on the hat rack in an attitude of weariness, "I've hunted up all the dark, light and medium presentable fellows I've ever met in the last five years."

"And so," said I, "you finally came to me."

"Yes," he replied, "You're the only one left and you've got to go."

I smiled, feebly.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to invite me," I told him.

His features relaxed a little at this and he smiled.

"It may be a queer sort of invitation," he acknowledged, "but the truth is I'll be in a horrible fix if you don't go. You've no idea how set my sister is when she once decides—"

"Oh, I think I can imagine," said I.

"No, but really you can't," he assured me, "and she's got her mind fixed on this tall brunette."

"She'll be tickled to death when she sees me."

"She'll be very glad indeed to meet you," returned my friend, with dignity, and then he added encouragingly, "anyway you're better than nothing I hope."

"I hope so," said I.

"Come; I'll help you pack," said Boswell getting up off my hat which he had been sitting on incidently.

"You'll need to take along only your dress-suit and your dancing shoes."

"In that case," said I, "I think I can pack by myself."

"Very well then, I'm off," he said, "the train leaves the station at nine sharp. Good-night, old man, and don't miss out. I knew you'd come."

I saw my friend into the elevator, and then returning to the library, picked up my book once more and seated myself before the dying embers in the fire-place. My attempt at reading was, however, a poor success. Invariably my thoughts would turn from India and Kim to Massachusetts and—to Boswell's sister no doubt. But alas! it was not to Boswell's sister that my thoughts would turn, nor was it the idea of meeting Boswell's sister and her unknown friend that gave me a peculiar feeling. To be sure, in a college containing more than a thousand girls there was but little chance—and yet!

"Fool," I cried at length, throwing my book on to the floor with a bang, "fool! fool! fool!" And then I bent down and picked up my book again and smoothed the rumpled leaves out almost tenderly—then I went to bed.

How differently a thing appears with the sunlight shining on it from the way it did the night before under artificial light! The eye is a sensitive organ, as has often been observed; the mental eye is nearly akin to the physical eye, and in the next short story that I write—for I write a little in my own small way—the light shall so affect my hero's eyes,—or villain's eyes, I've not decided which—that his character shall seem to change from night to day.

I remember in the early days of my society life, I found myself one evening by the side of a lady whose acquaintance my mother was most desirous of having me improve. She was wearing at the time an orange gown, which, as she told me, had been bought at day time for pink.

"And," she went on to say, "it's so unfortunate that it should change to orange, for orange is most unbecoming, as you see."

"If it had only been orange in the first place!" I exclaimed, "and then had changed to pink!"

"Yes," she agreed, a trifle coldly, "but then, of course, if it had been orange in the first place I never should have purchased it."

"Oh, no!" I hastened to reply, "of course not." Whereupon she turned her back and walked away.

The plan of accompanying Boswell to Northampton had seemed to have a certain rosy tinge the night before, but when I

woke the following morning it was orange; and as I dressed myself I even contemplated telephoning to my friend and saying I declined with many thanks. "Things had arisen unexpectedly which quite forbade my going; I was sorry, very sorry, but how could it be helped? 'Man proposes, etc.' He must know how it was?" The fact, however, that he would most surely know exactly 'how it was' caused me to put this idea from my mind and pack my suit case for the journey.

I ate my breakfast very slowly none the less and took my time.

"Oh! for a block!" I sighed to myself, as I took my seat in the car, but of course there was no block, and we went so fast to the station that we got there some ten minutes before it was time to start. I found Boswell with an anxious expression of countenance awaiting me on the steps of the 42d St. entrance. He cheered up immediately, and proceeded to conduct me to the candy stand, where Billings, to all appearances, was buying out the stock.

Billings greeted me with a silly smile.

"I hear you've been invited, too," he said, presenting me with a two pound box of Huylers.

"Is this a gift?" I asked, ignoring his remark.

"Yes," said he, "it's a little gift for you to make, and it costs one dollar and sixty cents.

"We thought we ought to take them some," said Boswell.

"Ah! I see," I remarked, "it's a sort of compensation I suppose; 'we could not bring you a tall brunette, but here's a short blonde in his place and—he has a two pound box of Huyler's with him.'"

On entering the train we found that a funeral party had taken possession of it and had spread itself out in such a manner that only a few single seats remained empty. I chose for my travelling companion, in preference to a red bald-headed gentleman, a little dried up old lady in black, who looked askance at my dress-suit case and drew herself farther into the corner as I seated myself at her side. All around me people were shaking hands and talking in awed tones about the deceased. The train moved slowly out of the station, through the yards and into the tunnel beyond. I rested my head against the back of the seat, and closed my eyes. I was going, let come what might, I was going. Let come what might? But what could come? Out of a thousand girls—but if I should see her by any

chance? And if she should think!—Would Boswell's sister resemble him? In disposition I hadn't a doubt—in looks? And the fair and unknown partner, that other girl? Gay in all probability, with light complexion and—supposing I should see her? what would I do? It would be so fearfully embarrassing and unpleasant for both of us; it would be—but of course I wouldn't see her; there was no use in worrying over that, and yet—when one wishes to avoid people!—and vice versa.

I moved uneasily in the seat, my head was not so comfortable as it might have been, and half opened my eyes. Someone was standing in the aisle and talking to my travelling companion.

"You never can tell what's going to happen to you," shrieked the little old lady shrilly.

"No," cried the other above the racket of the train. "I was telling John this morning it's a world of unexpectancies we're living in."

I closed my eyes again. Well, supposing I should meet her, even then what harm could be done? I would be with another girl—and she! she would be with another—

I sat up suddenly and fanned myself hard with my handkerchief. It was very hot in the train; I did not know when I had been so hot. What a fool I had been to come anyway! I ought to have known in the beginning that it would be like this; a long, hot, disagreeable journey at the end of which I was sure of a still more stupid entertainment in the company of a strange and uninteresting girl. Whew! I mopped my face with the handkerchief and then turning desperately to the window, opened it.

We were still in the tunnel and a great gust of smoky air came rushing into the car, causing every one to turn and look in my direction and several people near by to fall into a violent fit of coughing. I myself got a cinder in my eye, and as for my traveling companion she held up her hands in an attitude of horror and gasped in a choking voice. I put down the window hastily and sat gazing out into the darkness and rubbing my injured eye wrathfully. The train left the tunnel, crossed the Harlem Bridge, rushed through Mott Haven and soon we were speeding rapidly along in the country, with brown fields on either side of us.

"Hough! Hough!" went my little old lady in black, who had not yet recovered from the attack of coughing brought on by the cold air and cinders, "Hough! Hough!"



"Cough away, little old lady," said I to myself, "cough away, that's right, never finish!"

It gave me an agreeable feeling to know that she was casting wrathful glances at my silhouette; I liked to think I had offended her. It also cheered me considerably to shake my fist at a group of dirty little urchins jumping up and down on a sand bank and waving to the train as it rushed by. Next I murdered a fly that had no business to be living at that time of the year anyway and then, very slowly, and with great inconvenience to my traveling companion, I took down my dress suit case from the rack, opened it, took out a book, and put my suit case back again. Thus lost to all disturbances from outside and in, I spent a good two hours poring over my book, until the train pulled up at New Haven and the funeral party left us.

At Springfield we changed cars, taking a train that was waiting on a side track, and was soon well filled with men of our description — and other men. They were all looking rather sheepish as though they had caught each other in the act of something they had rather not have been caught in and several of them seemed a trifle nervous, too, especially one poor youth who sat alone and every five minutes or so, examined himself carefully from head to foot, as though he were afraid that something might have happened to his clothing in the meantime.

As the train came to a stop at Northampton, my heart began beating violently, but I seized my dress suit case with a firm hand and pushed my way into the aisle; when I had reached the door, however, and found that there was no one on the platform whom I knew, I breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Yet, I may see her later," I thought to myself, "there's no telling."

Miss Boswell was not at the station to meet us, so Ogden, who knew the way about the town, proceeded to conduct us through the crowd to a flight of steps which led down underneath the track. When we had reached the road we turned to our right and in a very few moments arrived at the hotel in which a room had been supposedly engaged for us. We found that a large double room with an extra cot bed if necessary had been reserved for a Mr. Boswell from New York, and claiming this as ours, we disposed of our dress-suit cases and immediately adjourned to the dining room, for it was late, and after having spent the morning on the train we were ravenously hungry. It was two, or thereabouts by the time that we had finished

dinner and as the dance did not begin until three, we had a half hour or so in which to smoke a cigarette and pace the front piazza before it was necessary to withdraw to our room and make the requisite preparations for the occasion. It was while we were on our way up to the college that Boswell coming to a standstill in front of a florist's window, suddenly exclaimed :

"There ! It quite escaped my mind ! We haven't sent them any flowers."

"You're forgetting the candy," I suggested, waving my two pound box of Huyler's at him.

"Not at all," he replied, "the candy is an extra—the flowers a necessity ; everyone sends flowers, it's the proper thing to do."

"Necessity," I observed, replacing the candy box in my coat pocket, "is the bane of life, it is twice cursed, it curseth him that gives and her that takes."

"Necessity is, nevertheless a necessity," argued Billings, "so you may just as well come along."

"I can very well understand," said I, "how a man who knows a girl and likes her tolerably well might wish to send her flowers, but why I should spend all my pocket money in buying Huyler's candy and hot house flowers for a total stranger—"

"Nonsense !" retorted Billings, "it's all the more romantic if you've never seen her ; you certainly are the most prosaic fellow that I've ever met. Why, just think of the possibilities in the situation, man !"

"Yes," said I, "that's what I am thinking of—the possibilities."

Boswell had disappeared into the florist's by this time and when we entered we found him busily engaged examining the interior of an ice chest.

"Roses," he called to us over his shoulder, "are about the nicest kind of flower that there is, I think, for such an occasion as this."

"Yes, or violets," replied Billings. "Don't you think your sister would like violets, Ogden ?"

"The violets are selling for a dollar a hundred," said the florist, holding up a large bunch as he spoke.

"I'll take two hundred, please," said Billings promptly, "and by the way," he said to me, "you might pay for the candy now ; one dollar and sixty cents."

"I will take two dozen of these large pink roses," called Bos-

well into the ice chest, "oh yes! and"—turning to me—"if you don't mind you might pay for them out of the money you owe for your ticket, you know."

I pulled out my pocket-book slowly and produced money for Boswell's and Billings's flowers.

"And now, what are you going to get?" asked Boswell with a kindly interest in his tone.

"How much," said I to the florist "are those carnations in the window there."

"Those there are one dollar a dozen," he answered, making a movement in their direction.

"And these?" said I, indicating some red ones in a vase near by.

"Oh, those!" he replied in a contemptuous tone, "those are all fading, I'll give 'em to you cheap, say twenty cents a dozen."

"Very well, then," said I, "I'll take half a dozen, please."

"What!" exclaimed Boswell.

"Te he he," sniggered Billings.

"Surely," cried Boswell, "you aren't thinking of giving her those! That would be worse than nothing at all!"

"Of course," I retorted, "but ten cents worse would be better than a dollar's worse, wouldn't it?"

"Nonsense!" said Boswell, with irritation in his voice, "you must get something and hurry up, do."

"Very well," said I, desperately, "give me a dozen of those carnations in the window, then."

"Two dozen, you mean," corrected Boswell.

"Oh, yes!" said I. "Two dozen of course, three dozen, five dozen and the jar besides, if necessary."

The florist, with a broad grin on his face, counted out two dozen large carnations, and then, with our burdens in our arms, we continued on our way.

"There," said Boswell, as we came in sight of a large red brick building on a hill, "there is the college, and that is Seelye Hall," whereupon he and Billings, two promising young architects, fell to discussing Seelye Hall from an architectural point of view. As for me, when I found that we were really on the campus I became extremely nervous and the terrible thought kept ringing in my head:

"Shall I meet her, shall I meet her, shall I meet her?"

It did not take us long to reach our destination from Seelye

Hall; we walked for a short distance down an asphalt drive, turned to our left and came to a good sized red brick house, which Boswell chose out of a number of similar houses; mounting the steps of the piazza we pulled the bell and waited.

When the door opened I was standing a little back of the others and so caught a very imperfect glimpse of the hall; but as Boswell stepped forward my view was unobstructed and the sight that I beheld caused my heart to give a tremendous thump and my head to reel till I grasped at the door for support. I felt in a dazed sort of fashion that Billings had grabbed me by the arm and Boswell afterwards said that he thought I had been taken with a stroke. I did not see the terrified look in Boswell's face so graphically described by Billings later, however; I was not conscious of the gaze of astonishment fixed on me by some fifty pairs of eyes; all that I saw, all that I knew, was that there in front of me dressed in a gown of fluffy pink, she stood and that she, turning in quick succession from pink to white, from white to pink, was looking at me.

We looked at each other, it may have been a second, it may have been five minutes, it may have been an hour, until consciousness gradually dawned upon me. I released my grasp of the door, I shook myself free from Billings' detaining hand, and brushing Boswell to one side as though he were a mere obstacle in my pathway, I stepped up to Miss Marguerite Curtis and placed in her hands the flowers that I had brought.

"For—for me," she murmured, and her voice was the sweetest music I had heard for months.

I tried to answer "yes," but my throat was dry and my tongue seemed fastened to the roof of my mouth, so I continued to look at her instead, whereupon she bent her head and buried her face in the flowers.

And then, just at this moment, a heavy hand fell like iron on my shoulder and turning quickly I beheld Boswell's eyes fixed on me with a look that at any other time would have melted me completely; at the present, however, it merely sufficed to loosen my tongue from the roof of my mouth. "Boswell," said I, giving him back look for look, "what do you suppose your sister will say when she hears you couldn't find a tall bru—" But I got no farther; for suddenly there appeared before us an apparition all in white, which grabbing Boswell by the hand cried,

"Here you are, you dear old boy and Mr. Billings too, I

am so glad to see you both. Miss Wilbur will be down at once, Ogden; and did you bring,—oh where!—” She stopped. I looked at Ogden. For a second or two there was a pause, and then Billings cried in a hearty voice:

“The fact was, Miss Boswell, Odgen couldn’t find a tall brunette of the description you sent. Don’t blame him though, poor boy, he tried his best, he really did.”

A dark shadow crossed Miss Boswell’s face and she bit her lip. And then—oh wonder of wonders!—what did she do but turn to Miss Marguerite Curtis and exclaim:

“Well, Marguerite, you cannot have a partner, then.”

“What!” I cried.

“What!” cried Billings and Boswell together.

“I am Miss Curtis’ partner,” said I.

“You!” exclaimed Miss Boswell.

“Oh, my dear,” cried Marguerite to Miss Boswell, “it’s, it’s all turned out so unexpectedly, it’s—”

“Not at all,” I interrupted; “that is to say, I mean yes, quite so, or rather no. Well, the truth of it is,” I cried with a rush, “you see in me the tall brunette.”

“You?” cried Miss Boswell and Marguerite together.

“Yes,” said I, turning to Boswell for aid, “isn’t it so?”

“I don’t know,” answered Boswell in a weak voice, “Ask Billings.”

“What are you all talking about?” cried Miss Boswell in bewildered dismay.

“Tell them, Billings,” said I; so Billings explained.

“Well, of all coincidences that I ever heard of yet!” exclaimed Miss Boswell, after he had finished, “this is the very, very greatest one. To think, Marguerite, that when you chose a tall brunette on purpose—”

I looked at Marguerite.

“‘Man proposes,’—” she murmured, lowering her eyelids.

“Yes,” said I, in so low a tone that no one could hear save herself.

“And girl?”

But she didn’t answer that until later.

ELOISE GATELY BEERS.

A PORTRAIT.

Only a pictured face! A face of the long ago;  
 The face of a little maid, some mother's pride, I know.  
 Only the face of a child, demure, serene and sweet,  
 Of one who in the future will strongly, bravely meet  
 Disheartening revelations which time will surely bring.  
 But though both pain and sorrow her tender heart will wring,  
 I know from her thoughtful eyes, her broad and serious brow,  
 She will face her coming troubles as she faces me just now,  
 With her small hands clasped before her in loving trustfulness,  
 Her lips which seem just opening to comfort and to bless.  
 Such is the tender story a pictured face may show,  
 The picture of a little maid, a maid of the long ago!

LINDA HALL.

John de Courcy lifted up his huge frame from the couch and stretched lazily. A yawn which resounded through the small vaulted chamber completed this

The de Courcy Privilege operation and he began to pace heavily to and fro, four steps one way, four steps back, like a caged beast. A frown added to his fierce aspect and it was small wonder that a little man who dangled a bunch of keys in one hand, retreated discreetly behind the great iron door, after having peered cautiously within.

"Wilt breakfast, Sir de Courcy?" came in a conciliating tone through the crack.

His answer came back like the roar of a lion. "Will I breakfast, sir? *Will* I breakfast? Do I usually breakfast? Do I—"

The door clanged again and a sound of scuttling footsteps died away down the corridor. De Courcy's stern features relaxed, he threw himself back upon the one article of furniture in the room and gave vent to unrestrained mirth. When de Courcy laughed the fierceness of his gray eyes melted into the most contagious of twinkles; a deep, almost feminine dimple cut into the strength of his chin, and his peals of merriment were wont to make the rafters ring. In short, in the former days when de Courcy had laughed the world had always laughed with him.

On this occasion his mirth was scarce under control when, with a deal of clatter, the rusty door swung again on its hinges and the warder reëntered, bearing a stoop of steaming broth.

He appeared much relieved at the altered mood of his prisoner and even ventured to seat himself on the extreme edge of the couch—nearest the door. There was a space of silence while de Courcy partook of his frugal repast, but at last the warder entered into a tentative conversation.

"Thine appetite seems whetted by confinement," he began genially, "but I imagine it never needed much encouragement." There was no reply, and he went on a trifle nervously, "Come, de Courcy, if thou wouldst but show some interest in it, I have gay news for you to-day of thine enemy, the king."

"I do not so regard the king," said the prisoner gravely.

"Ah, but others do so for you then," continued his companion. "But be that as it may, I think the rumors of his predicament which reached mine ears yester-even would beguile even you to merriment."

"Go on, then," said de Courcy.

The warder settled himself to his unusual pleasure of friendly intercourse with his stalwart charge, with a countenance betokening as much anxiety as satisfaction. There was always the unexpected to expect from de Courcy.

"It seems," he began, "that his majesty is in great quest of valor and like to search long ere he finds that of suitable mettle. Hast heard of the Count de Villiers?"

De Courcy nodded. "By reputation," he said briefly.

"Aye, there's the trouble," said the gaoler. "The knights of King John's train also know him by reputation and the result thereof is that some make most plausible excuse against fighting him and others more courageous do not meet with the king's approval. For this is the matter. An English knight hath in some manner so insulted this French favorite that he has sent a challenge to the king direct, demanding satisfaction. The king of France knows and approves the business and our own worthy sovereign is roused to a pitch of unexampled fury at the difficulty in finding a match for de Villiers."

"But," interposed de Courcy, "dost mean that there is no knight of England of sufficient ability and courage to undertake so small a matter?"

"A small matter indeed, sir! It is more than that to meet the count in single combat. Though no doubt, were John de Courcy in favor again, our king's search would be less protracted."

"The English cannot all have become cowards since the days when I lived among them," muttered the prisoner.

"But so it doth appear! It is humorous, de Courcy, is't not?" squeaked the warder, quite unstrung at the success of his gossip. "If you, now, were—"

Crash! The unexpected had happened. The end of the couch which had been sustaining de Courcy's massive weight flew high into the air and the goaler lay sprawling on the floor. The next moment the door clanged loudly shut, leaving the prisoner standing alone in the middle of the room.

A strange mixture of scorn, wrath and amusement was on his face. "Sure it is," he murmured aloud, "that I have seen no Englishman save a coward these past three years." Then suddenly his expression changed. Claspings his head with both hands, he bowed it upon the narrow grated window ledge, and groaned.

At the same time that de Courcy was giving way to this unnatural weakness a consultation was going on in another part of the realm which, if he might have heard, would have cut short that groan in the making. King John's inner chamber was that morning the scene of an earnest conference, in the course of which John de Courcy's name had assumed an ever increasing degree of importance. The king was speaking.

"I recall the man, indeed, and his offense. De Courcy—de Courcy. He was huge to the point of grotesqueness. Is it not so? And a favorite among the other squires. Well, to need a man is an effective salve to a quarrel."

"His offense was too persistent court to the daughter of Sir Robert of Bath, was it not?" queried one of the councilors. "And if I but remember correctly, the lady was only less rebellious in the matter than her suitor. But might not Sir Robert's view of things change under these extenuating circumstances?"

"Whether it does or not," returned the king somewhat angrily, "is of small account to me in the present crisis. I conceded much in once punishing so useful a follower at his request. If there is no more equal match for de Villiers than this de Courcy, we must procure him with all speed."

"It is certain," returned one of the younger knights, "that in him you will find more than our French braggart can handle. His skill at the lance was wont to make all who witnessed it



marvel. He was ever the most popular as he was the biggest of the English squires."

"It is affirmed," interposed another, "that even his warder fears while he worships de Courcy."

"Well, well," said the king, rising with a gesture of dismissal, "we need then waste no further time in parley. Let John de Courcy be summoned without delay. We will at least test his ability to defend the English honor."

The door of the chamber opened, and one by one the councilors bowed themselves out in quiet dignity. Once without, however, chaos broke loose among the knights. Within the hour messengers were despatched to the castle which held de Courcy prisoner and to the Count de Villiers. The news of the proposed release of one who had formerly been a prime favorite in the king's train traveled like wild-fire and the toasts that were drunk to his name that night were numberless. Again and again, indeed, the name of the Lady Alexa of Bath was coupled with his and in such wise the feasting lasted well into the night. And so a name well-nigh forgotten sprang once more into life, while its bearer still, but for the last hour, sat alone with low-bowed head in a slowly darkening dungeon.

The preparations for the lists were on a grand scale. The English nobility were called to its attendance, and the fair of the land anticipated the event in no less degree than did her gallants. As for de Villiers, he had arrived in England with a highly beribboned train and was awaiting the appointed day with carefully concealed apprehension. Stories of de Courcy's prowess, strength, popularity and size were current, and many reached the Frenchman's ears, until, forsooth, he began to expect to hear "Fe, fi, fo, fum!" roared across the tilting ground. The antagonists had been kept from meeting. The place chosen for the jousting was an open field near the castle, a fine natural tilting ground, and one much favored by the king in the summer months. The field was almost surrounded by open woods, save for two approaches to the highway, and on either side pavillions were built for the spectators, in much the same fashion as in the regular tilting yard.

At last the day of the great event dawned bright and fair. De Villiers and his train arrived long before the appointed hour, and took up their position at the farther end of the field.

Gradually the spectators began to throng the spot and took their places to await the king's coming. About John's pavilion were grouped the ladies of the court and a galaxy of beauty it was, but among them all none was fairer than the Lady Alexa of Bath. She sat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes almost at the king's side. One of the court beauties she was, but the lady of Bath had not appeared in public for two seasons, and her presence now was received as a good omen. At length trumpeters appeared across the field and blew three long blasts. Shouts of "The king! The king!" arose and the whole assemblage stood while John rode slowly across to the seat prepared for him. There was a moment's pause and then once more came the blast of trumpets, and a herald proclaimed the jousting begun.

De Villiers, small, wiry, on a pure white mount, grasped his lance and started forward. But where was his antagonist? All eyes strained toward the turn of the road down which he must surely come. He is not yet in sight, but an ever increasing thunderous beat proclaims his approach. The next instant arose from the multitude a great cry, as from one throat. Standing high in the stirrups of the king's hugest gray charger was John de Courcy. He was completely covered with heavy black armor and while he waved aloft a glittering spear in one hand, with the other he was reining his steed on to still greater frenzy. The gray plunged forward at a terrific pace and the two together seemed more the avenging power of death itself than its human agent. For a second de Villiers stood transfixed. Then the white mare reared, wheeled about and bolted. The excited onlookers saw his spurs dig deep furrows in the animal's side as it sped back whence it had come and de Courcy, unable to check his furious speed, thundered on after his fleeing adversary until both were lost in a cloud of dust down the highway.

Then the shouts and applause shook the very ground of that place. All had occurred so quickly that the truth seemed impossible of realization, and when de Courcy reappeared on a quiet trot, and with his enormous helmet thrown back to show the merriest face that English sun e'er shone on, the wildest enthusiasm reigned. The hero rode before the king, dismounted, and doffing his helmet altogether, dropped to one knee. Amid a sudden silence the king drew his sword and touched de Courcy's shoulder.

"Rise, Sir John de Courcy!" he cried, "and ask of me any favor whatsoever. It is granted ere you ask it!"

The spectators leaned forward in eager suspense. Speculations were hazarded. "Money!" whispered some. "For the lady," ventured others. But among those who knew him best was said, "He will ask some strange thing. Mark it." Still Sir John stood uncertain before the king.

"Come, speak," he urged. "Surely, thou hast some wish, Sir John."

Suddenly the dimple in de Courcy's chin deepened.

"Your majesty," he said, "I have one wish, but that lies in another's power to bestow. Since you insist upon granting some boon, I will choose this. It is uncommon chilly out o' doors of an English autumn and I am used to a warm and sheltering confinement. Grant to me and to my descendants the privilege of remaining covered before the king of England."

Amid shouts of laughter the king replied genially, "Put on thy helmet, Sir John. It assuredly has become thee well this day."

No one had noted the departure of de Villiers' followers, but now they were nowhere in sight, and the field was empty save for the best and the bravest in all merry England. Before this whole assembly Sir John de Courcy, after making deep obeisance to the king, turned to a lady near his side and bent over her extended hand.

"And thou, Lady Alexa, wilt thou grant one favor to an unworthy servitor, as has the king?"

And Alexa answered, with a reflection of de Courcy's twinkle in her own blue eyes,

"'Tis granted ere you ask it, Sir John!"

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

## EDITORIAL

An announcement of greater interest to the members and graduates of Smith College can hardly be imagined than the announcement that the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by a unanimous vote of its senators, has granted the college a charter to establish the Zeta Chapter of Massachusetts.

The purpose and requirements of the society can best be shown by quoting three of the articles of the constitution.

II. The object of the Phi Beta Kappa Society is the promotion of scholarship and friendship among students and graduates of American colleges.

III. The members of the Chapter can be elected *primarily* from the best scholars of the graduating classes, *secondly* from those graduates of said college whose post-graduate work entitles them to such honor, and *lastly*, from any persons distinguished in letters, science, or education; provided, however, that the selection from each graduating class shall not exceed one-fourth of the number graduated. But the chapter may make further limitations or restrictions.

IV. In addition to scholarship, good moral character shall be a qualification of membership and any member who is found to have lost this qualification may be expelled from the society by a four-fifths vote of the members present at a regular annual meeting of the society.

Whether or not the action shall be retroactive is a question for the members of the Chapter to determine, with other questions of number and requirement. Letters from other societies and colleges have expressed interest in the scholarship at Smith and pleasure at its recognition by the establishment of the Chapter, but however significant this establishment appears to the world outside, to our college eyes it assumes the proportions of a structural revolution.

Reputations built on repartee must needs go down before it; clubs claiming to be literary and preferring to be social must bear a scrutiny fierce as the "fierce white light that beats upon a throne"; while undiscovered genius and industry arrive at honor and understanding.

There will be those who say, "If I had but known—" and let not the situation be without its sympathy! When basket-ball and dramatics are pointed out to the entering student as the highway to distinction, and diligent application the occupation of the mysterious minority, the student—even an intellectual student—is too likely to conclude that there is a time for everything and postpone the business of books till the midyear cram. Then, all too late, she discovers that the dramatic hero and athletic heroine is generally a steady student and that a great deal of quiet and continuous work is done even by those who protest the loudest, according to the code of the day, that they haven't an idea ready for exam. Then the student is justly enough aggrieved. Why, she demands, was there not a more obvious emphasis placed upon the day's work and a deeper inspiration offered her.

Phi Beta Kappa is to furnish this emphasis and inspiration, and with the publicity of its membership another problem is introduced—the problem of published marks.

The advantages of a different system are accepted by the student body without much thought or comment, but when thought and comment are brought to bear upon it, the situation changes. The student who is interested in her work is interested in the result and while this official mark does not contain this result, it is at least the registered opinion by which the office judges it. It is not infrequent that an official warning comes as lightning from a clear sky, while a knowledge of marks would advise a student, not of the impression she is making with her work, but of the impression her work is making with her instructor. A student working for marks is not an ennobling spectacle, but it is more to be desired than the spectacle of a student not working at all. Moreover—and let it not be imputed to me for evil that I suggest it—once or twice in a lifetime there is at least the possibility of error in official judgment and the right of protest should be in courtesy granted to the weaker side.

But this is aside from the subject that immediately concerns us—the introduction of the Zeta Chapter. Acting retroactively—if it be so ordained—it will bless her who worked without hope of blessing or reward aside from the peculiar returns of her work, and in the future it will deepen the intellectual life of the college and place a steady and compelling emphasis upon the real purposes for which the college was founded.

## ***EDITOR'S TABLE***

The rabbit cried, "The world is brown!"

The jay affirmed, "It's blue!"

The minnow said, "It's very wet!"

You can't deny that's true."

And the freshman, entering the college, finds it such a miniature of the outside life, such a world in itself, that at times she catches herself almost questioning the existence of a larger sphere of opportunities than that which opens about her. For practical purposes her life is bounded by the customs and standards inside the college gates. She realizes this dimly in her freshman year, when she is stripped of the external advantages or handicaps her previous life has bestowed on her, and meets her class-mates on the same social plane. As sophomore on the victorious basket-ball team, moments of glory are vouchsafed to her, which to the unenlightened outsider are altogether unintelligible. The social ups and downs in junior life, and the arduous duties of the last year, she now understands can never be fully appreciated beyond the mystic circle of the campus. Indeed, she has many chances to realize this peculiar life of a college—this paradoxical mixture of isolation and anticipation of the normal life. But never does she feel its full significance until she leaves her college for good and all. She has made her mistakes, she has gained her experience; and now, with a clean slate and a chart in hand of shoals and rocks ahead, she enters into the world of men and women. The pretty soap-bubble of her college days has burst—the bubble where the road was so gaily reflected, and the gray tints so brightly hued. But it has left behind it a store of useful memories and dancing pictures, and something, too, of genuine wisdom.

But, alack, before this stage is reached the freshman is apt to experience many growing-pains of adaptation. Among these none is so valuable, in the point of wisdom it brings, as the ability to understand natures uncongenial to her own. To see behind the alien mask a kindred soul, to understand where the shoe pinches her neighbor, this she finds not only the secret of popular success, but of a spring of sympathy that heightens the interest of her life, both to herself and others. Brunette cannot "stand" Blondine, and, with a sour face, sets herself the task of getting acquainted. To her surprise, the thing gains in interest as she proceeds in her discoveries. For timidity has passed as sullenness, and a desire for friends mingled with an underestimate of self, a repellant awkwardness. Perhaps Brunette will never "go crazy" about Blondine, but she has saved herself from walking, head in the air, over a class-mate.

There are many girls who become easily discouraged by the mountain-difficulties in their lives. At such times we see the wisest of these sit down by the roadside and, book in hand, forget their troubles in the perplexities of the characters in the tale. The time passes happily, and when they lay down their book and look upon the impassable mountain, it is only a manageable hill, and with a shout of delight they are up and away to the top. This use of literature is too rarely taken advantage of. As Matthew Arnold says, poetry is the criticism of life, and an hour spent over a favorite work of fiction may give us more real insight into our difficulties than many a midnight discussion of college affairs. And not only in times of perplexity can the poets and authors serve as a refuge—they are invaluable as guides for every day. It is they who lift the mask off our neighbor's face and show us his true features line for line. It is they who lead us far from our home-valley, beyond the sun-peaks, into stranger planes and busy cities, of whose existence we had no inkling before. When we dwell again in the valley, and welcome travelers passing through, we do not cry out, in our ignorance, at the strangeness of their faces, but say, "We have been far away, too, and have seen what they have seen, and understand the look, that is not ours, in their eyes."

Where the water flashes in clouds of snow  
And shatters to mist on the rocks below,  
Where it dances in silver down ebony stairs,  
And the gray crag grows fair with the mantle it wears—  
Oh, leave your care and come away  
Where waters dash in foam and spray.

Where the water drips like glistening pearls  
Dropped from their strings by laughing girls,  
Where the dank moss brooders the glistening wall,  
And fronds of marsh fern stand fragrant and tall—  
Oh, leave your toil and come away  
Where rocks are steeped in dripping spray.

Where the water sleeps in emerald light  
And foam flecks gather like lilies white,  
Where the blue-flag borrows the hue of the sky,  
And daisies shine white as clouds that sail by—  
Oh, leave your grief and come away,  
Where the shadows flicker all the day.  
—*The Mt. Holyoke.*



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### THE POTENT HOUR

When would I be with thee? Dear Love, the while  
Thou wanderest, singing, through green sunlit fields,  
Drinking the perfumes that the summer yields,  
Marking with mirth each swiftly trodden mile.  
Fain would I tread with thee such gladsome ways—  
Make me thy comrade in these joyous days.

When would I be with thee? A dearer time,  
When wintry grief hath stilled the merry rhyme;  
Nor joy nor gladness holds one-half the power  
That sorrow doth, for rare companionship.  
If ever bitter cup must touch thy lip  
I choose to be with thee in thy dark hour.

CLARA E. FRANK '08.

### AT DAWN

If after weary hours of midnight pain  
Rent thro' the black by light'ning flash of fear  
I stole forth in the dawn's pearl light again  
And found the world all sweet and fresh and clear,  
And straying where the morning-glories raise  
Their pink and purple chalice to the blue,  
I drank in all the glory of new days  
Of hope and life and love and God, so you  
Come singing thro' the rose-hung garden, dear,  
Bringing the comfort of your kiss and smile,  
Tho' dawn were e'er so short, how could I fear  
Henceforth that past or any after-while?

NORA ELIZABETH BARNHART ex-'08.

A school garden has been defined as one which performs some educational function in the school with which it is connected. They have long since become a permanent feature in the educational systems of many of the countries of Europe, in fact, Germany has had them for nearly eighty years, but only during the last thirty-five has the movement in behalf of their establishment become

widespread. The approval which it has met in such countries as Austria, Sweden, Holland, France and Russia is shown by the fact that over one hundred thousand now exist in Europe. They have shown themselves to be of great practical value, as for example, in Belgium, where they have been a means of encouraging the cultivation of vegetables, which is a valuable industry for that country. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, the importance attached to the school gardens has been mainly on economic lines, and they have been carried on chiefly in the rural districts, with a view to making "better gardeners, fruit-growers and agriculturists."

In the United States, the school garden is still generally regarded as a new departure, one of the adjuncts of the recent impetus given to nature study, which "tends to correct an error of traditional school education by opening in response to the needs of the child the door of the school room to the truth and beauty of nature, the child's dear companion and teacher." With this in view, the school garden in America has a broader function than simply to give agricultural instruction, but endeavors "to afford the growing boy and girl an opportunity for a many-sided development." However, the school garden has only recently been introduced here and then chiefly at the instigation of individual workers, so that only in comparatively few cases has the support of the educational authorities been secured. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society has shown great interest in the work, as have other organizations in different parts of the country. In a general way, the practical side may be said to be subordinated to the consideration of the garden as an agent of intellectual training.

In this country two different methods in conducting the school garden have been followed, the choice of one or the other being usually determined by the facilities of the school as regards land and money. The more common method is the coöperative, which is suited to the majority of city schools where only a small area can be utilized for the purpose. Here the children take turns in preparing the soil, digging, planting, etc., the garden being the common property of those classes which participate in these occupations. A garden of this kind fulfils an important mission in supplying a variety of material to supplement the class-room study of natural science. If possible, it is located within the school yard and its size is thus determined by the amount of available land. The expense is usually not very great after the first difficulties have been overcome, as most of the labor can be performed by the pupils, who in many cases also provide much of the material to be planted.

Such a garden has a distinct advantage, in that it can be treated as a unit and thus laid out according to principles of landscape gardening, so that it often becomes an important factor in beautifying the school grounds. Of course beauty must be subordinated in the end to utility, but this fact relates chiefly to the selection of the plants that are grown, rather than to their subsequent arrangement.

The individual system differs chiefly in that the garden is divided up into small plots of ground, each of which is assigned to one child, who is entirely responsible for its cultivation. This, of course, makes a greater demand on the time and labor of the individual, and also requires a much larger area,

estimated as five times the amount needed for a coöperative garden, while the expense has been rated as high as \$1.25 per year for each pupil, though this would doubtless be reduced after the garden had once been put in working order. Such gardens are therefore more easily procured in rural districts, but if the land is available, they can be made of great value in the city.

The chief advantages of this system are that it fixes responsibility upon the individual, so that the appearance of the plot becomes a guide to the amount of criticism and help which will be of use to the owner, and at the same time it awakens a sense of personal interest which, combined with friendly rivalry, becomes a means of arousing greater effort and enthusiasm in the work.

A garden of this kind is valuable in giving to each pupil a thorough understanding of gardening operations. "The only way to learn how plants grow is to grow them and personal investigation is the only way in which one can become intelligently interested in anything that lives and grows." By the inevitable law of cause and effect, the greater the interest which the child gives to the work, the greater will be the value of the training received. One of the drawbacks of the system is that it does not lend itself so readily to landscape effects, though by its order and neatness it can be made to present a pleasant contrast to the surrounding neighborhood.

Among the most successful gardens directly connected with school work is that belonging to the George Putnam Grammar School in Roxbury, which was started in 1891. It was located in the school yard, the children working together to transform most unpromising land into the necessary state of fertility. It was divided up into lots, but no attempt made to assign them to individuals. Only native wild plants were used at first, brought by the children from the surrounding woods, but later cultivated species, ferns and vegetables were also introduced. About four years ago a kitchen garden was established, where each child was assigned to a particular plot and allowed to plant any vegetables or flowers desired, the produce becoming the property of the cultivator. The work is done in the early morning, late afternoon, or on Saturdays, and so great has been the enthusiasm of the children that the number of hours thus spent has had to be restricted.

In New York, DeWitt Clinton Park furnishes an example of a successfully conducted school farm, which, however, is on a more elaborate scale than is possible in connection with the majority of schools. It is not associated with any one school but is an organization in itself and might almost be classed as a vacation school, since it calls for systematic work from the children during the summer months, as well as in the spring and fall, when of course the children have less time to devote to it.

In the first year, 1902, the garden was divided up into 125 plots of equal size, while in the following year enough land was added to make 800 plots, though even this was not sufficient to meet the demand. Instruction in gardening operations are given as a preliminary to the work that is to be performed, and the child has entire charge of his own plot, from the time the seed is placed in the ground until the last flowers, vegetables or fruit have been harvested. The interest of the children has been very great and it has already had a beneficial influence on the life of the neighborhood.

In other large cities, work of a similar nature has been carried on, as at the boys' farm in Dayton, Ohio, where each child has his allotment of ground and is supplied with all the necessary material. At Hampton Institute there is a large farm which the children work for profit, also conducted on the individual system. These latter organizations may seem at first widely removed from the school garden as it is usually considered, but they are really only elaborated forms, aiming at very similar results.

With the movement still in its infancy, the benefits recounted by its supporters, who seem so far to be justified in their hopes, must be substituted for any very tangible results. The increasing use of object lessons for the very young, and the attention paid to the equipment of laboratories, etc., to allow for personal investigation, only emphasizes the attempt "to get away from the pernicious all-book system of education back to nature." For such a purpose the study of natural phenomena in the vegetable kingdom offers a field for wide observation. Few things are more surprising to the uninitiated than some of the most common facts connected with botany; few children appreciate, for example, the exquisite care with which the buds of the horse-chestnut and other trees are protected against the winter season, or the nice adaptation of the flower to the size and shape of the insect on which it depends for fertilization. Facts such as these are doubly appreciated when obtained first hand from study of the plants themselves rather than from a text-book, and observation should be one of the most important lessons of the school garden. An insistence upon order and neatness in all things connected with it, should be the means of instilling these valuable laws in the minds of the children.

Along this line, the study of the sciences as training for the mind to secure scientific habits of thought and action is receiving increasing recognition, and since physics and chemistry are hardly practical for introduction in the secondary schools, botany seems to be one of the best for the purpose, since it can readily be adapted to children of varying ages, from the lower grades upward.

It is still affirmed that there are children in New York who have never seen a tree, while the ignorance with respect to the trees and shrubs which many children see constantly is as universal as it is unfortunate. At best, their knowledge is usually of a superficial character, depending mainly on the amount of observation employed by the individual. In the school garden the children have the most favorable opportunity to study "the entire life history of the plant" and knowledge of this kind possesses a lasting quality when it is the fruit of personal investigation.

As a means of developing the æsthetic side of a child's nature, the beauties of the out-door world are of great value. While increasing labor and expense is devoted to beautifying the interior of the school room, the possibilities of adorning the outside of the building and its immediate environment are not to be overlooked. Of course, the children must not be deprived of a suitable play-ground, but the barren appearance of the school yard can often be relieved by growing plants, without lessening its size unreasonably. "To the poor child, flowers and plants are everything: their unfolding life and beauty is a constant source of wonderment and delight to them".

When the child feels a personal interest in whatever is planted, the appreciation of natural beauty becomes all the more keen. This is manifested by the attempts of the children to beautify their home-surroundings, which has been one of the benefits derived from the school garden already.

"The need of out-doors for a healthful development of children" gives the school garden a place in furnishing physical exercise and recreation. In a description of the preparations of the George Putnam School Garden made by the children, Mr. Clapp, its originator, says: "No system of indoor gymnastics could have done so much for the health, strength and enthusiastic pleasure of the children in so short a time (two hours) as did this work." When the labor is for a definite end, the children work with a zest that defies warm weather and other discomforts. As a form of vacation school, it combines the advantages of a healthful means of recreation with the more serious benefits in the way of knowledge and skill which may be derived from such work.

The feeling "that industrial training makes for a broader life and a better citizenship" has resulted in its introduction into the curriculum of many schools, and especially those in session during the summer months.

"The need of manual training in order to keep the muscular system under development and training parallel to brain culture", and "the industrializing of education—that is, such an ordering of school training as shall fit the pupils and adjust them to bread-winning as well as intellectual power", apply with great force to the conditions of the poor in the large cities. To this end, the school garden or farm becomes a worthy instrument, none the less so because it receives such an enthusiastic response from the children themselves.

"Children are fond of doing something with their hands, and it is a matter of common observation that hardly anything is more fascinating than digging in the dirt or sand, and when to this natural interest in the soil is added the great amount of useful information that may be obtained from the care and study of vegetables and flowers, it seems as if gardening should be one of the first forms of manual training to be put into an ideal course of study."

A result which concerns the community at large is the increasing respect of the children for the planting in public parks and squares. The Home Gardening Association in Cleveland, Ohio, has been rewarded in its endeavors to beautify various parts of the city and also to interest the children in gardens of their own, by having fewer flowers than usual stolen from the parks, and attributes it to the fact that "children with gardens of their own respect the results of the labor of others". It is also stated that there is strong evidence to prove that "where flowers and shrubs are planted on the school grounds and children invited to aid in their cultivation, they soon acquire an affectionate interest in them, and not only refrain from injuring them, but take pride in protecting and developing them". Thus public gardens and parks not only receive a more sincere appreciation, but are protected from theft and injury.

A still more comprehensive result is looked for in an awakened interest in agriculture as an industry. Farming has attracted many a modern reformer beside Ruskin, and "the agricultural improvement which is most needed is

that which shall make farming so profitable that it will attract labor from other occupations". The school garden can only hope to act as a germ in accomplishing this, but at the same time it is of value in turning the attention of the children in this direction.

In the same way, it is hoped that the garden may arouse interest in country life, to counteract the evil crowding in the cities. While the rich are showing their appreciation of suburban life, it is said that the "poor and struggling will not seek the country to any great extent until they are trained to cultivate successfully that most natural source of livelihood, the soil". As an argument for the school garden in connection with country schools, one of the strongest is that "methods that make country life, and especially country school life, more attractive and profitable, may be hoped to restore and maintain the proper ratio of rural to city population".

It is by no means an undertaking to be realized at once, but by slow degrees, it is the ardent hope of the exponent of the school garden, that this may act as leaven and in time accomplish far-reaching results.

MARGUERITE E. EMERSON '04.

A group of us, Smith girls—aged from three to twenty-two as far as alumna-ship goes—met one afternoon in Karuizawa, Japan. A chafing-dish and marshmallows on hat-pins might

An Alumnae Enterprise in Japan have added local color to the cosy little Japanese parlor, but candies and cheesed crackers proved quite as stimulating to reminiscences of college days and projects for the future. For there were projects. We had been wondering what we could do together, as related to Smith on the one hand and to Japan on the other. And, to plunge in *medias res*, the plan we adopted was this: To start a Smith series of translations of English stories into Japanese.

There is a distinct need of good fiction for the young people of Japan. For in the first place, the Japanese are a reading people, and that means that if they cannot read good literature they will read something else. The mass of vile novels that were voluntarily surrendered by even the Christian girls of a certain school under the stimulus of a religious awakening, showed what startling proportions the use of such books had assumed, unknown to the teachers. There is a great deal of educative reading open to the Japanese in their many wide-awake magazines and papers. There is also a beginning of Christian fiction—by which I mean fiction that shows the impress of Christian ideals of conduct and character, but there is a great opening still for literature combining with popular interest a pure morality and a good literary quality. It is this that prompts us to make an appeal to Smith alumnae for a small fund with which to start a series of translations of good English stories. All that we ask is the money to begin the work with, for we anticipate that when the first books are on the market the money from their sales will soon refund the original outlay, which can then be used to launch other books and so on in a long series. The sum we need to get two books translated and published is \$150—that sort of work is cheaper here than in America. If one hundred and fifty of Smith's two thousand eight hundred alumnae would contribute one dollar each to build this fund, we

should be very happy, not only in being able to carry out the plan we have laid, but also in receiving this proof of interest in a project for the spread of good literature.

Our hopes of success in winning a public of readers here seem well founded, to judge from the welcome accorded some English books already translated. For instance, "Christie's Old Organ" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" have been enthusiastically read. "John Halifax, Gentleman", has been translated, and is liked well enough to be used in the original as a text-book in advanced English in at least two well-known girls' schools. The books for our purpose have not yet been chosen, but among those we have discussed are: "The Story of a Short Life", "The Schonberg-Cotta Family", "Silas Marner", and other works that are interesting, pure and accepted as good literature. These will be decided upon by October first by mutual consultation. The work of translation will then be put into the hands of some competent Japanese. Before it is completed—in fact, as soon as possible, for at the quickest the mails take time—may we not hear that the Smith alumnæ have seized this opportunity for forming a link between our Alma Mater and Japan? The universities of America—Chicago, Yale, Harvard—have been unmeasured influences for help and inspiration to the educated men of Japan. Our American women's colleges have not yet begun to make their influence felt in any proportionate degree. May this enterprise be a stepping-stone to Smith's having an ever-enlarging sphere of power in the homes and schools of Japan.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFOREST 1901.

Karuizawa, Japan, August, 1904.

Mary B. Daniels 1882,  
Clara A. Converse 1888,  
Belle Richardson Johnson (Mrs. Cameron Johnson) 1894,  
Mary Ward Dunning (Mrs. M. D. Dunning) 1897,  
Annie L. A. Foster 1900,  
Clara D. Loomis 1900.

All contributions sent to Annie M. Alden, 39 West Street, Northampton, will be forwarded to Japan.

By a recent vote of the trustees of Smith College, the available rooms in the college houses will be open to the alumnæ at Commencement. The price of board will be one dollar (\$1.00) per day. The committee in charge of the assignments consists of Mrs. Rosseter of the Dewey House, Mrs. Terry of the Hubbard House and Mrs. Tallant of the Morris House. Applications should be made to the chairman, Mrs. Rosseter, as early as possible. Rooms will be assigned to those applying before the first of May in the order of their seniority, precedence being given to classes holding reunions. To those applying after June first, assignment will be made in the order of application. To facilitate the work of the committee, applicants will please state in what college house they passed their senior year. Applications without this statement will be considered with those received after June first.

At the annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association in June, it was voted to make the next issue of the Alumnæ Register a record of all former students of the college—both alumnæ and non-graduates of all past and present members of the faculty and other officers, and to include as far as possible, a brief historical record of each student.

For this end a blank will be sent to every former student so far as it is possible to obtain addresses. The committee in charge wishes to urge, through the columns of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, all who receive these blanks to fill out and return them promptly, and also to forward to the chairman names and present addresses of any former non-graduate students who are not associate members of the Alumnæ Association. The committee further urges friends of deceased students or of those who by reason of illness are unable to make the returns, to fill in and return the blanks.

As the value of this Register will depend upon its completeness, it is of the utmost importance that the returns be made fully and promptly.

NINA E. BROWNE '82, Chairman of Committee,  
10½ Beacon St., Boston.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'04.	Maude H. Browne,	.	.	.	.	Sept. 28
'04.	Rachael E. Rising,	.	.	.	.	" 28
'89.	Margaret Lovejoy Butters,	.	.	.	.	" 24
'04.	Sybil L. Smith,	.	.	.	.	" 24
'93.	Marion H. Lamson,	.	.	.	.	" 24
'04.	Helen S. Childs,	.	.	.	.	" 24
'03.	Estella Wood Martin,	.	.	.	.	" 26
'02.	Selma Weil Eisemann,	.	.	.	.	" 27
'02.	Ethel K. Betts,	.	.	.	.	" 27
'02.	Eloise Mabury,	.	.	.	.	" 27
'82.	Nina E. Browne,	.	.	.	.	" 27

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

'97. Albertine W. Flershem has announced her engagement to Mr. Joseph L. Valentine of Boston.

'98. Jessie Budlong has spent the summer in Italy.

Edith L. Clark has announced her engagement to Mr. D. Scott Low of Easthampton.

Angie M. Dresser was married to Mr. John S. Cole, Jr., on June 1.

Edith M. Esterbrook has spent the summer in Nova Scotia and Quebec.

Emma C. Fisher is teaching in Westport, New Hampshire.

Alice E. Gibson spent the summer in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Labrador.



'98. Cornelia S. Harter has announced her engagement to Mr. William D. Steger, Amherst 96.

Louise M. Higgins was married to Dr. Harry R. Tarbox, July 26.

Alice Jackson will spend the winter in Ludlow as secretary of a girls' club in the factory there.

Maud Alliot Jackson was married to Mr. Charles Wesley Hulst, on June 30.

Josephine F. Jolley was married to Mr. C. Burr Goodrich, on June 29.

Mabel Knowlton is teaching music at Rockford's College.

Florence Lillie is teaching history in the Springfield High School.

Deborah Lovejoy is teaching Latin and mathematics in the Lincoln Memorial University.

Susan H. MacKay is in the Boston Public Library. Her special work is cataloguing.

Elizabeth A. McFadden is assistant reference librarian in the Cincinnati Public Library.

Florence Merrill is teaching Latin and household economics in the Normal School at Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Elizabeth K. Mullally is teaching in the Burnham School of Northampton.

Alice J. O'Malley is teaching English in the High School of Worcester.

Caroline E. Parsons is teaching modern languages in Danvers, Connecticut.

Gertrude C. Richmond has announced her engagement to Mr. William D. Turck.

Alice B. Riker is teaching in the High School at Willimantic, Connecticut.

Stella L. Streeter has charge of the biological department of the Trenton High School.

Elizabeth R. Thacher has been appointed class secretary in the place of Alice Jackson, who has been obliged to resign.

Alice A. Todd is teaching in the High School at Sanford, Maine.

Edna B. Wadleigh has spent the summer in Europe.

Harriet A. Williams was married to Mr. Charles Anthony De Rose of Northampton, on July 23.

Christine Wright has spent the summer in Europe.

Ex-'98. Charlotte Sherrill is studying nursing in the Presbyterian Hospital.

'99. Margaret E. Wilkinson has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles T. Malcolmson.

'01. Eleanor Hotchkiss has announced her engagement to Mr. Roderick Potter, Yale '02, of Buffalo, New York.

Janet Sheldon has announced her engagement to Mr. George W. Gerdon of Chicago, Illinois.

'02. Ethel Betts has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Barnhisel of San José, California.

- '02. Eloise Mabury has returned from a seven months' trip in Italy and France.  
Grace Whiting Mason has announced her engagement to Mr. Percy S. Young of Passaic, New Jersey.
- '03. Ruth S. Baker is spending the year in Germany. Address: Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall, London, England.  
Marie Roberta Lockhart has announced her engagement to Mr. John Whitmore McCrea of Buffalo.
- '04. Emma Armstrong will be at home, Lewiston, Maine, until January, and will spend the rest of the winter with her sister in New York.  
Mary E. Bancroft is teaching in the New Haven High School.  
Mabel M. Barkley is teaching in the Hamilton Institute for Girls, 108 West 81st Street, New York.  
Alice M. Barnes is teaching languages in Hanover High School, Hanover, Massachusetts.  
Alice G. Barrett will be at her home in Northampton this year, studying music.  
Florence D. Bartlett expects to be in Chicago until February, when she will take a trip to Arizona and California.  
Olive K. Beaupré is teaching in the East Aurora High School, Illinois.  
Mary E. Bent will spend most of the winter at home in Framingham, Massachusetts and will visit some of the members of 1904.  
Mary Lillian Berry will spend the winter with her parents at the Eagle Hotel, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where she will study music.  
Alice B. Boutwell expects to be at home, Manchester, New Hampshire.  
Ellen A. Brackett will remain at home for the present, but expects to teach later on.  
Heloise Brainerd will be at home, Middlebury, Vermont, this winter, studying short-hand.  
Harriet C. Bulkley is teaching in the Center School, Litchfield, Connecticut.  
Harriet R. Butler is in Europe this winter with her mother. Address, Paris Bank, Ltd., Bartholomew Lane, London, England.  
Edith Camp expects to spend the winter at her home in Waterbury, Connecticut.  
Ella Casey will take a post-graduate course at Trinity College, Washington, D. C.  
Mary P. Chambers is to be married, October 12, to Mr. Philip Donald Folwell. They will live at 2006 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.  
Helen Cilley is spending the winter at her home in Exeter, New Hampshire.  
Miriam B. Clark is going to remain at home in Northampton, where she will practice Christian Science.

- '04. Mary Peabody Colburn is going to teach English and History in Burr-Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vermont.
- Florence K. Crafts is to be at home in Bradford, Vermont, until December 1. After that her plans are unsettled.
- Ellen F. Cuseck was married, June 29, to Mr. James T. Connally, Harvard '98. Her present address is 142 State Street, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
- Elizabeth Dana is at home, 17 Harrington Avenue, Worcester, studying German and Art. She may teach gymnastics.
- Bertha Davenport is to be in Hampstead, New Hampshire, for the coming year, where she will teach French, English and Astronomy in the Hampstead High School. She is also doing ninth grade work in the same building.
- Fannie Stearns Davis is spending the winter in Boston, studying German, Italian and the organ.
- Hazel Sanderson Day is to be married October 20, to Mr. George W. Pike. They will spend the winter at 5 Madison Avenue, Springfield.
- Annie T. Denham is at the Washington Normal School for the year. Address, 714 21st Street, Washington, D. C.
- Gertrude E. Douglas is teaching in the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
- Hannah Dunlop will be at home, 628 Forest Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois, studying German and music.
- Mary S. Dutcher will be at home this winter, 39 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- Margaret Estabrook is to be at home in Brookline this winter. She will attend the Normal School.
- Louise Stetson Fuller is pursuing a post-graduate course in Political Science at Columbia University. Address, Whittier Hall, 1280 Amsterdam Avenue, New York.
- Eleanor Garrison is going to be in Lexington this winter with her family. She expects to take a few courses at Radcliffe.
- Margaret R. P. Hamlin is at home, 116 Main Street, Easthampton.
- Grace E. Harlow intends to remain at her home, 18 Monroe Street, Northampton.
- Elsie M. Harris expects to remain at home in Sandusky, Ohio.
- Muriel S. Haynes expects to be in St. Louis until December, after that at her home in Augusta, Maine.
- Ethel A. Hazen expects to be at her home in Hanover, New Hampshire, for the winter.
- Ruby E. Hendrick will remain at her home in Chicopee Falls.
- Josephine Holloway will be in Montclair, New Jersey, for the winter. She will study music.

- '04. Margaret E. Hotchkiss will be at home this winter, 173 Summer Street, Buffalo, New York.

Lora Howe will spend part of the winter in Tuscola, Illinois. She expects to visit six weeks in Chicago and travel for three months through some of the Gulf States.

Bertha Irving will remain at her home, Henderson Avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island, New York.

Hilda S. Johnson's address is Hudson, New York.

Phila Johnson and Mabel L. Dinsmore are traveling abroad, and expect to return in May, after visiting Egypt and Greece.

Ruth A. Johnson was married, July 12, to Mr. Henry C. Newell, Amherst '01. They are living in Demorest, Georgia, where Mr. Newell is Dean of Piedmont College.

Priscilla Jonett will spend the winter at home in Cambridge. She will take a course in library science at Simmon's College, Boston.

Elizabeth Kemlo will teach French in the Poughkeepsie High School. Address, 68 South Hamilton Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Adèle Keys is spending the fall in the Adirondacks. She will leave soon after Christmas for Southern California.

Mary E. Kimberly will be at home until after Christmas, when she will travel with her father and mother in California.

Martha Grace Lane is teaching ancient and modern languages and literature in the Leland-Gray Seminary in Townshend, Vermont.

Elsa K. Levy expects to study French, Italian and music until February, when she will go to California, to remain until May or June.

Frances L. Lockey is at home, and is substituting in the Leominster High School in Latin, English and German.

Lucie Smith London will spend the winter at her home, 3743 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Alice M. MacCarthy is to teach in North Brookfield, where she lives.

Anna C. Mansfield is to be at home, 31 Avons Street, Wakefield. She will tutor, and also study German and shorthand.

Margaret M. Mason will study music at her home, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Ruth A. Mills will spend the winter at her home, 126 Appleton Avenue, Pittsfield.

Jane Mitchell will be in New York, studying music with Madame De Wienzkowska of the Leschetizky School. Address, 353 West 58th Street, ♯ Mrs. Houghton.

H. Cecelia Monaghan will be at home in Bristol, Connecticut, this winter.

Annie C. Moore is teaching school in Williamsburg.

Grace May Norris will remain at home and study music.

Jessie E. Northrop is to take post-graduate work at the University of Minnesota.

- '04. Fannie D. Oakman is teaching Latin and German in the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute at Towanda, Pennsylvania.

Anne L. O'Loughlin is to teach in Hartford, Connecticut.

Elizabeth A. Parker will remain at home in Concord, New Hampshire, and study music and do educational and social club work.

Fannie L. Parker will take the library course at Simmons College this year. Her address is 20 Vista Avenue, Auburndale.

Louise S. Partenheimer will remain at home in Greenfield this year.

Mary L. Peck will remain at home in Hudson, New York, when she returns from the West.

Mary L. Perine is now professor of English Literature in Oxford College, Ohio.

Dorothy Pomeroy expects to study music in Syracuse with Professor Richard Calthrop and will also take a course in kindergarten work in the Courtland Normal School.

Mary Pond has gone abroad with Elizabeth Southworth, to remain a year and study in Germany and Switzerland.

Ethel M. Porter is to be at home, 374 Main Street, Westbrook, Maine.

Nellie Judith Prince is to teach in the Intermediate School, Wilmington, Vermont.

Mary Hunter Pusey is to be at home, 13 East 33d Street, New York City.

Ellen B. Quigley will spend the winter at her home in Elsmere, Delaware.

Grace Potter Reynolds is to study chemistry at Barnard College, 9 West 91st Street, New York City.

Rachael E. Rising is to be at her home in Springfield, housekeeping and studying German and music.

Alice Robson is to remain at home in Salem.

Anna F. Rogers is to teach French, History and English in the Oxford High School.

Alice Rowell is to remain at home in Lowell and study music.

Margaret E. Sawtelle is to teach in a girls' school in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Allana B. Small is to teach in the High School in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Cathleen A. Sherman is to spend the winter in California. She will be part of the time in Pasadena, but most of the time in San Francisco.

Lucy Smith is teaching in the grammar school in Hanson.

Sybil L. Smith is to teach physics, botany and chemistry in the Burnham School in Northampton.

Elizabeth Southworth is spending the year abroad with Mary Pond. The first six months she will study chemistry in the Göttingen University. She will travel the rest of the time.

- '04. Candace Thurber is to be at home this winter, in Brooklyn, New York.  
Florence I. Vaile has passed the Cook County, Illinois, teachers' examination, and expects to teach in Cook County this winter. Her address is 435 North Grove Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.  
Brooke Van Dyke is to be at home this winter, in Princeton, New Jersey.  
Mary Van Kleeck is working in the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.  
Olive Ware is to act as governess in the family of the Rev. William Douglas, and her address will be Palacios 62, Puerta de Santa Maria, Provencia de Cadiz, Spain.  
Una Winchester expects to remain at home in Holyoke.  
Alice Morgan Wright will spend the winter in New York, studying modelling.

## BIRTHS

- '94. Mrs. W. A. Adams (Grace Smith), a son, Henry, born June 15.  
'96. Mrs. Howard D. French (Helen Cornell), a son, Paul Cornell, born April 27.  
Mrs. D. Edgar Manson (Effie Corney), a son, John T., born May 18.  
Mrs. Lewis T. Thornton (Sarah Winifred Knight), a son, James, born August 12.  
'99. Mrs. John Somers De Hart (Katherine Seward), a son, Kimber, born July 14.  
'01. Mrs. Sandford Stoddard (Hannah G. Johnson), a son, Johnson, born September 25.  
'02. Mrs. Eisemann (Selma Weil), a son, Philip, born in March.

## **ABOUT COLLEGE**

The following rules have been drawn up by the Council in regard to the Students' Building. Students not conforming to these rules will be held responsible to the Council.

**Semi-Annual Report of the Council** The furniture in the rooms of the Students' Building is not to be moved from one room to another under any circumstances unless special permission is obtained from the president of the organization having charge of the room.

Any damage done to furniture in any of the rooms of the building during an entertainment is to be borne by the house or society giving the entertainment. Since the houses and societies are to be thus responsible for damage done to furniture, the students are requested to be exceedingly careful.

The Students' Building is open for rehearsals at all hours in the daytime which are in accordance with the rules of the faculty committee on dramatics. On account of the cost of lighting, the Council asks that only two rehearsals besides the dress-rehearsal be given at night. Other rehearsals may be given at night for special reasons, if arrangements are made with the president of the Council.

The hall of the building may be obtained for lectures and open meetings by arrangement with the president of the Council.

The piano in the hall of the building has been rented by the Council for the year. The houses may use it for dances and plays by paying a small rent. The key may be obtained from the president of the Council. All rents are to be paid to the treasurer of the Council. For use other than at house dances the piano may be rented for fifty cents an hour.

Societies and department clubs having rooms in the Students' Building are responsible for specified rent to be paid to the Council.

If it is necessary to make any rearrangement of furniture in the hall of the Students' Building for an entertainment, the expense must be borne by those giving the entertainment.

The woman to clean the building is engaged by the Council to come three times a week. If any student wishes any part of the building cleaned for a special occasion, she must notify the treasurer of the Council, who will then make arrangements to have the woman come at other times to clean.

No books or magazines are to be taken from the reading room even over night. The Council wishes to remind the students that the reading room is open all day and in the evening.

The Council has received indirect complaints in regard to the great number

of dances and plays given to the freshman class during the first months of the fall term. It is known that the frequency of such entertainments interferes greatly with the work of the freshmen, and the Council asks that the students try to check this custom to some extent. The Council has also felt that the custom which has grown up in college, of giving extravagant gifts to girls receiving college honors, should if possible be discontinued.

Owing to the negligence on the part of the students when using reference books from the College Library, President Seelye has advised the Council to take some radical step in the matter, and has assured the Council of his coöperation in their efforts. The use of the reference library is considered a student privilege; hence any abuse of the rules of the library concerns the student-body as a whole, and any girl who disregards such rules may be dropped from the college.

RUTH JOHNSON, President.

The work of the Smith College Association for Christian Work was begun on Monday, September 19, when the welcoming committee returned to receive the in-coming class. On Monday, Tuesday and

**S. C. A. C. W. Notes** Wednesday some members of the committee met all trains, while others were in College Hall to answer questions and assist in registration. On each of these three afternoons an informal reception was held in the Students' Building, to which freshmen and their friends were invited.

Saturday evening the Freshman Frolic was held in the Students' Building. The newly elected senior president received with the president, vice-president and general secretary of the Association. The president, Clara Davidson, welcomed 1908 in the name of the three upper classes. The Glee Club sang "Fair Smith" and a topical song written for the occasion, and later all joined in singing college songs.

The first regular meeting of the Christian Association was held Sunday evening, September 25. Owing to the large number present, the meeting was adjourned from Music Hall to Assembly Hall. After Miss Wells had explained the work of the various committees and sub-organizations, Miss Davidson spoke of the purpose of the Association, and extended an invitation to those who desired to become members.

Mr. Frank Gates Allen of Moline, Illinois, has given the College a tract of land bordering on Elm Street and Paradise Road for the use of the students in out-of-door sports. This property will be called the

**Faculty Notes** Frank Gates Allen Field for Recreation.

In accordance with the action of the Board of Trustees at their meeting in May, uniting the departments of English Literature and English, there have been changes in the courses offered by the department of English. Prior to that meeting Miss Czarnomska resigned her position as professor of English Literature to accept that of dean of women at the University of Cincinnati. Mrs. Lee has been made an associate professor, Miss Hubbard has been granted a leave of absence for a year, and Miss Gardiner has been appointed an instructor in English. Miss Henrietta Gardiner



received the degrees of A. B. and A. M. from Radcliffe College, and has been an instructor in English in Wellesley College. The department has rearranged some of the courses in literature that were formerly given, omitted the elective course offered to students of the first class and introduced three new courses,—“From Chaucer to Wordsworth”, for the students of the second class, “The Elizabethan Age, exclusive of the Drama”, for juniors and seniors, and “Prose Fiction” for seniors.

Mr. H. D. Sleeper has been made professor of music and the head of the department of music. Miss L. Adella Bliss has been appointed associate professor of music. Miss Bliss is a graduate of Vassar in music and the arts, has studied with Scharwenka, Raif and De La Nux and has taught music at Vassar College, and Wilson College, Pennsylvania. Miss Emma Bates has been appointed instructor in music. Miss Bates is a graduate of the Music School of Smith College and has studied with Dreyschork of Berlin, and William Mason Burmeister, and Baerman of this country. Miss Bates has taught music at Smith College and Mt. Holyoke College. Smith College now permits students to offer music as an elementary for college entrance. This elementary may be either harmony—or a combination of harmony with a practical study of music—voice, piano, violin or other orchestral instruments. The credit for the elementary in music is by examination, no certificates in music are accepted. The college will offer the students the opportunity to attend concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, Bispham, and Guilmant. There will be several concerts given by the faculty of the department of music. During the present academic year informal recitals will be given Friday afternoons by Professor Story, assisted by other members of the department, to which all students of the college are welcome. To the equipment of the music department have been added, this year, six pianos, five made by Steinway, a simplex piano player for use in lecture courses, and a practice clavier.

This year for the first time the requirement in Philosophy is open, under certain restrictions, to students of the second class. In place of the course in Hegel's Logic, the advanced course in metaphysics offered this year is a study of Lotze's “Metaphysics”, a work of exceptional importance in the history of modern philosophical discussion.

Mr. Everett Kimball has been appointed instructor in history. Mr. Kimball is a graduate of Amherst College and took the degree of Ph. D. from Harvard University. He has been an instructor in history in Harvard University and Wellesley College.

Miss Harriet A. Boyd resumes her work at the college after an absence of two years. Miss Boyd is conducting the course in Greek Archaeology, Epigraphy, and Greek History.

Mr. Walter D. D. Hadzsits has been appointed instructor in Latin. Mr. Hadzsits received the degrees of A. B., A. M., and Ph. D. from the University of Michigan. He has been a student at the American schools of classical studies at Rome and Athens, an instructor in Latin at the University of Michigan, and a professor of Latin in Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.

Miss M. L. Richardson has been appointed assistant in Latin. Miss Richardson received the degree of A. B. from Smith College and that of A. M.

from Radcliffe College. Miss Richardson has had several years experience in the teaching of Latin in preparatory schools.

Professor Mensel of the German department is conducting courses in Middle High German, Gothic and German Philology, and History of the German Language,—an advanced course for graduate students at Harvard University.

Miss Elliot has been appointed assistant in elocution. Miss Elliot is a graduate of the University of Iowa and has been a graduate student at the Boston School of Expression.

The department of mathematics offers a new course in descriptive geometry, of one hour a week, open to students who are taking mathematics 3.

Miss Harriet W. Bigelow resumes her work as instructor in the department of astronomy. Miss Bigelow received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Michigan, where she has been a graduate student for the past three years.

Miss Agnes C. Childs, A. B., Smith, has been appointed assistant in physics. Miss Childs has been instructor in physics in the Newton High School and a graduate student in physics in Clark University.

Miss Mary J. Hurlburt has been appointed assistant in physics. Miss Hurlburt took the degrees of A. B. and A. M. from Wellesley College, has been a graduate student in physics at Harvard University and Columbia University and a professor of physical science in Wilson College.

Miss Elizabeth L. McGrew, B. S. Smith, has been appointed a fellow in zoölogy.

A new laboratory for horticulture, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. White and Mr. Frank Lyman, was built during the summer in connection with the Lyman Plant House.

Miss Berenson of the department of gymnastics has been granted a leave of absence for a year. Miss Ethel Perrin, a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics and a teacher in that institution for the past twelve years, will conduct the course offered by Miss Berenson.

On commencement day of last June, Smith College conferred the degree of A. M. upon Miss Czarnomska, Frau Kapp and Miss Peck, in recognition of their scholarship and their long and successful service as teachers in Smith College.

Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, conferred the degree of Ph. D. upon Miss Byrd, in recognition of her publications upon astronomical subjects.

Miss Story and Miss Whipple received the degree of A. M. from Smith College last June, the former for graduate work in biblical literature and the latter for graduate work in zoölogy.

The French government has awarded the "palmes academique" with the title of "officier d'academie" to Mademoiselle Vincens, in recognition of her long service as a teacher of French language and literature in foreign countries.

At the annual meeting of the Dante Society held at the house of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in Cambridge, May 17, 1904, Miss Scott was elected senior member and chairman of the Council of the Society.

On the 27th of June Professor Mills was the vocalist at a piano recital in

Springfield. On the 18th of July he sang a group of songs at a recital given by the National Summer School of Music, at Round Lake, New York, and on the 21st of August he was the soloist at the morning union service at the College Street Church, Burlington, Vermont.

On June 26, Professor Story concluded his twenty-three years of service at the Edwards Church by a special program illustrating the development of church music in America. This was the last of a series of services upon the characteristics of church music in the Roman, Lutheran and Anglican churches.

On June 22, at St. John's, N. B., in connection with the tercentenary celebration, Professor Ganong gave the public scientific lecture for the Royal Society of Canada upon the "Modern Study of Adaptation in Plants"; and at Calais, Maine, on June 25, the address in connection with a similar celebration.

The Criterion for September and October contains a story, "Bach, the Musician", by Mrs. Lee.

Miss Bernardy has an article in the Nuova Antologia of Rome for August entitled "Per una bellezza nuova", one in La Romagna of Imola for September entitled "Medici Sanmarinesi del XV Secolo", and one in Revue Juive of Paris for July "Juifs à San Marino du XV au XVII Siècle".

The Biblical World for July contains an exegetical article by Professor Wood on James v:13-18, "Prayers and the Sick". It is an attempt to show that the interpretation of the passage must be made in the light of the ideas of the time regarding nature and the miraculous.

Science for September contains a review by Miss Whipple of "The Direction of Hair in Animals and Man", by Walter Kidd. Zeitschrift für Morphologie and Anthropologie for July, 1904, contains an article by Miss Whipple entitled "The Venial Surface of the Mammalian Chiridium, with Special Reference to the Conditions Found in Man". The article is one hundred and seven pages in length, and contains fifty-four text figures and two plates. It makes a careful comparison of the epidermic surface markings on the palms and soles of various pentadactylous mammals, and thus arrives at the morphological significance of the ridges and their configuration in the human hand and foot. It also shows the origin of the ridges from separate epidermic units which arrange themselves in rows and coalesce. The primary function of these ridges is to prevent slipping, and not, as heretofore believed, to increase the tactile surface. They have been, therefore, renamed "function ridges", instead of "papillary ridges", the usual term.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

It seems necessary that certain changes and innovations should be made in our college choir. In former years, at the beginning of each fall term there

have been chosen by the director of the choir

The Smith College Choir a certain number of girls to sing at the morning exercises and at the Sunday vesper service throughout the year. Before the reconstruction of Assembly Hall the choir, numbering not more than twenty-five, sat upon the president's platform, at the right of the official desk. The advantage of this over the present situation

is immediately seen, for, being almost on a level with those occupying the seats in the main hall, the choir was easily heard by them, and there was no difficulty in following the singing. At present, although the actual numbers have increased, the choir does not produce the same volume of tone as in former years with fewer numbers. We cannot change the position of the choir seats, so much of the tone must be lost. The only way to obviate the difficulty was to increase the numbers.

In order to have the student body appreciate that a change was to be made, the president announced in chapel that a mass meeting would be held in Assembly Hall on Monday evening, October 3, at seven o'clock, to which all the college was invited. Mr. Sleeper led the meeting, first practicing hymns and chants. He then outlined his plan for the new choir. He spoke of the vacancies in the choir, first, those left by the outgoing seniors, and secondly, that whereas last year there were only thirty-nine in the choir, this year he wanted a choir of fifty-two, so that each girl would be excused from attendance one week in the month, thus lightening the work. Mr. Sleeper expressed the wish that every girl who could sing at all would try for the regular choir. He also proposed to have a large supplementary chorus of seventy-five or one hundred voices. This will be used on special occasions, particularly for antiphonal singing, for which Assembly Hall is well adapted. We hope that Mr. Sleeper's plans will meet with the greatest success. The vesper service will undoubtedly be much more impressive if there are one hundred and fifty voices ready at any time to sing either in unison or antiphonally.

The Students' Exchange is a purely practical department of the Christian Association, and has, for two years past, been trying to meet the needs of those desiring to do work and those wishing it done.

**Students' Exchange** This part of the Christian Association work has not always had the support of the students, and it is hoped that if any girl has mending, theme or music copying, or any similar work to be done, she will place it in the hands of the Exchange, of which a representative will be in each campus house, and in the large off-campus houses.

The headquarters of the Book Exchange are in the old gymnasium, where books may be rented at a reasonable price.

On Sunday, October 2, Mr. Harland P. Beach spoke at vespers. Mr. Beach is Educational Secretary of the Students' Volunteer movement.

## CLASS ELECTIONS

## SENIOR CLASS

President, Lucy Esther Macdonald  
 Vice-President, Elizabeth Theodora  
 Babcock  
 Secretary, Marie Lois Donohoe  
 Treasurer, Lucile Shoemaker

## JUNIOR CLASS

President, Helen Jackson Pomeroy  
 Vice-President, Florence Mann  
 Secretary, Marian Beye  
 Treasurer, Mary Vardrine McBee

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

President, Elizabeth Mason Montgomery  
 Vice-President, Eda Linthicum  
 Secretary, Isabel Gray Lindsay  
 Treasurer, Sarah Meech Sheldon

## FRESHMAN CLASS

President, Elizabeth Parker  
 Vice-President, Alice Jeanette Walton  
 Secretary, Gladys Chase Gilmore  
 Treasurer, Margaret Elizabeth Fiscus

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS

## DEUTSCHER VEREIN

President, Emma Pauline Hirth 1905  
 Vice-President, Nell Day Farman 1905  
 Secretary, Ruth Morrison Fletcher 1906  
 Treasurer, Mary Stevenson Bickel 1906

## ORIENTAL SOCIETY

Executive, Ruth Nancy Bullis 1905  
 Secretary, Hilda Goulding Clark 1905  
 Treasurer, Alice Chapman Loud 1906

## GLEE CLUB

Leader, Jennie May Peers 1905  
 Manager, Mary Lois Hollister 1905  
 Treasurer, Ruth Colburn Holman 1906

## MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader, Ruth Hayes Redington 1905  
 Asst. Leader, Clara Sherman Clark 1905  
 Manager, Alice Chapman Loud 1906

## BANJO CLUB

Leader, Elizabeth Freeman 1905  
 Manager, Louise Dodge 1905

## CALENDAR

- Oct. 1, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
 5, Sophomore-Freshman Reception.  
 6, Mountain Day.  
 8, Alpha Society.  
 12, Concert by the Faculty of the Music Department.  
 15, Tyler House Dance.  
 22, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
 26, Concert by Kneisel Quartette.  
 29, Alpha Society.
- Nov. 5, Wallace House Dance.  
 7, Open Meeting of Philosophical Society. Lecture  
 by Dr. Ethel Puffer.  
 12, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
 16, Hubbard House Play.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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**ZIONISM: ITS DEVELOPMENT FROM THE VISIONARY  
TO THE CONCRETE BASIS**

Zionism may be defined as the expression of the yearning of the Jewish people for Jerusalem, their spiritual and temporal home—a yearning whose intensity has waxed and waned through the centuries, but has endured from the time when the conquered Judeans were first carried into a strange land. In this strange land they prayed earnestly and with faces turned toward the Holy City for the day when they might return to their deserted homes, to their Temple and their palaces, where the throne should be again occupied by a Prince of the House of David.

But as the years passed and these captives became merged into the life and customs of their Babylonian captors, this desire lost its keenness as all hope of fulfillment faded farther and farther away. Faithful prophets saw this tendency with regret, and with fear lest the God of their fathers should be forgotten, and they, the Chosen People, should become as the Gentiles among whom they dwelt. Ezekiel and Isaiah (the second) came forward with powerful appeals to the religious

and national ideals of the captives'. Ezekiel recounted to the people a series of idealistic visions which presented vivid and definite ideas of the Return—the city walls were to be built, the Temple to be restored, and its rights revived. There were suggestions of a Prince of the ancient line, and a detailed description of a reallocation of the land. He strove to thrill them with the future before them when they should be a Redeemed Nation, when the glory of the Lord should once more fill the Temple, and the splendor of the city should be restored, and Israel should take her old place among the nations. Then would begin the fulfilment of her mission of exemplar to the world of a pure monotheism, a lofty spirituality, and a high standard of righteousness.

Isaiah brought home to his people the old lessons which Amos had once tried to teach them, that sin inevitably brings punishment. Israel had disobeyed the commandments of Jehovah. It should be "sifted among the nations" until its sins were expiated and its "iniquity pardoned". The country would be recultivated. Its fields would once more be fertile and its vineyards would once more "drop wine".<sup>1</sup>

It was left for Isaiah to show with shrewd political foresight that while there was always the hope of a Messianic Prince who should reign over redeemed Israel, its immediate temporal deliverance was to come with the rising power of the Persian Cyrus, the "one from the North". The prophet saw that the effete Babylonian and Chaldean governments would succumb to the strong new coalition of Persia and Media, and that the resulting confusion would give a small, insignificant faction like the Jewish captives the chance to gain the fulfilment of their desire.

This opportunity came when Cyrus, whose career had confirmed the prophet's conjectures, for various political reasons permitted 50,000 of the Jewish captives to go to Jerusalem under the leadership of the prophets, Haggai and Zedekiah. But this first attempt at the literal fulfilment of the prophecies was a failure. The 50,000 had not the sturdy, indomitable qualities that are necessary for successful colonists. And those who had remained behind were uncertain, and afraid to take so bold a step, and perhaps like their ancestors, the

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel 40-48.

<sup>2</sup> Amos 9:9; Isaiah 40:2.

captives in Egypt, reluctant to leave their "flesh-pots". At least, they never followed up the van-guard. The Temple was, however, finally rebuilt, and Jerusalem became again the center of Hebrew worship. The Jews had their Holy City, but not their old national capital. They believed fervently, however, in the ultimate fulfillment of the prophecies concerning its restoration, and believed that it would be accomplished in quite as literal a way as the others had been.<sup>1</sup>

Then, two centuries after the unrecognized Prince of David came the destruction of the city by Titus, and then this "sifting amongst the nations". The country was lost, but the religion preserved. Jochanan ben Zakkai reconstructed the Sanhedrin, and substituted prayers for burnt offerings in the ritual. Judaism became more spiritual—symbols sometimes obscure the truths they represent—and Zionism also took on a less tangible form. The passionate longing for Jerusalem still existed, but its expression was almost entirely literary. The forms of daily prayer were full of petitions for a restored and glorified Zion, the poetry of the people was filled with it, but with this literary expression of their desires the people seemed content. It never occurred to them that the fulfillment rested at all with them.

The nation was dispersed, but its scattered parts did not coalesce. They might strive to assimilate themselves, might use the language of their adopted countries, but the unity of the nation and the stamp of the race were indissoluble, held by strong ties of a common past, common sufferings, and a common hope for the future.

With the enforced segregation of the Ghettos—those crowded quarters set apart for their race—unity was intensified. Within the confining walls the Jewish manner of life was preserved intact, and with this was fostered the Jewish religious ideal of Zionism—Messianism. These were indeed identical in the prayers of the Ritual and the religious verses of the Ghetto poets. Thus the longings and hopes of the scattered nation were kept alive, as dim ideals indeed, but still alive, through the long, dark years before emancipation, and the franchise breaking down the Ghetto walls caused a second dispersion, and a second fruitless attempt at assimilation with the surrounding social and religious orders.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *World's Work*, September, 1903, Zionism, by Zangwill.

<sup>2</sup> Zionism by Nordau.



Reform Judaism under Mendelssohn brought in revolutionary ideas. He breathed a Judaism wholly separated from nationalism, a conception wholly alien to the proven principles of the Jewish race, whose religion, national policy, and social life are so inextricably intertwined, and which always finds that, as in the Grecian period of its history, "with the waning of the national ideal, God becomes indistinct". The Reform, defying these principles, wished to dispense with all concrete Messianism and Zionism. The people were to accept their dispersion—indeed, to persist in it, for then they would fulfill the "Mission of Israel", which was, to live among the nations an ever-present example of lofty morality and spirituality. For those of the Jewish nation who accepted these beliefs, Zionism as we know it to-day was then at its lowest ebb, but there were still many more thousands who clung to the old, dim, but concrete ideals.

This Reform Judaism advocating dispersion thus, took no heed of the sufferings of many bands of their countrymen scattered in lands such as Russia and Roumania. Anti-Semitism began to spread rapidly in Europe—a deep vindictive hatred of a "despised and rejected" race. Those Jews who, obedient to the idea of assimilation, sought social intercourse, were brutally repulsed. If they wished to enjoy any contact with their Christian neighbors, they must dissemble and strive (always vainly) to hide their Jewish origin and individuality. Politically the rights of the Jews were and are curtailed, disregarded. In Russia the franchise is limited to members of the first guild; that is, to merchants of great wealth, or to men with a university degree—and the universities admit only a very limited number of Jewish students. The Jews are kept strictly within the pale, really a great Ghetto, and live in squalid misery and grinding poverty. France, where the sentiment toward the Jews had long seemed favorable, suddenly betrayed its true sentiments by the "justice" which it gave to a Jewish army captain. Truly, "this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore." The terrible open persecutions in Russia, both in the eighties and recently at Kishineff, with the massacres and the looting, at last drove the wretched people from the accursed country by the thousands—to the more kindly England and America. • But other Christian nations hardly offer a secure and sufficient

•

refuge for the wretched people. Their sentiments might change as had those of France. The longing grew intense for a home that should be a "refuge and strength"—a national center where Jews might live their own life free from insults and oppression, from which they might guard the political rights of their countrymen all over the world, even as Englishmen and Americans are protected wherever they go. Their countrymen? Why, they have none until they have a country, and that blessed refuge must be obtained speedily. Persecution always strengthens a noble cause. Anti-Semitism brought Zionism back sharply to a most concrete basis.

The young Russian Jews were first roused to definite action by Dr. Pinkster's pamphlet, "Auto-Emancipation", in which we find the germ of "the Jewish state". It propounded the idea of returning to the Holy Land, of founding colonies there where the most grievously oppressed Hebrews might find peace and safety, and the means of earning a livelihood by farming, even as their fathers had done before them. There young Jews led the way and the colonizing began. Societies were formed among the Jews to support them. There was no broad, unified plan of action. Federations of the local societies were formed in the different countries, France, Germany, England and America. They attempted to protect the rights of Jews through the usual channels of interference of their adopted governments. But the Alliance Israelite Universelle worked quite independently of the Anglo-Jewish Association or the Chovevi Zion, and so the work was scattered and patchy. There were various discussions as to trying countries better for colonizing purposes than Palestine. The Rothschilds experimented in South Africa and Baron de Hirsch in America, but to Palestine only would the people return with any enthusiasm. It seemed to them the beginning of the fulfillment of their old hopes and longings, though it appealed to them more as a refuge from persecution than as a center for the spiritual and temporal regeneration of their race. The colonists had to face many difficulties in their first attempts to cultivate the sterile, neglected country. It was as hard for them after the long centuries of trading, shop-keeping and other indoor pursuits as it had been for those colonists of the First Return, after the rich-soiled, irrigated fields of Babylon. But backed by the Rothschilds and de Hirsch they persisted until they could say proudly that they

had "made gardens and taken the fruit of them, they had planted vineyards and drunken the wine thereof".<sup>1</sup> And very good wine it is. The wines from Rischon-le-Zion won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition (surely not a body of judges prejudiced in their favor), and it is now being exported successfully together with the colonies' other products, honey and olive oil soap. But all this work, excellent and necessary though it was, would never have led to the long-expected great return and the regeneration of the Jewish nation.

It remained for Dr. Theodore Herzl, a Viennese Jew, to outline a definite policy for the actual accomplishment of the long-treasured ideal. In 1896 appeared his "Jewish State", putting Zionism upon a national and political basis—an eminently practical one in our century. Herzl's own words define as the object of the new Zionism "the creation of a home secured by public rights for those Jews who cannot or will not be assimilated in the country of their adoption".<sup>2</sup> This home is to be Palestine, secured by a charter purchased from the Sultan of Turkey, and approved of by the Powers. This was not a new and radical idea of Herzl's. Great European statesmen, puzzling over the problem of the Jewish race and its presence in their countries, had hit upon this very solution long before his time—Napoleon, Beaconsfield, Bismarck, Gladstone, had all favored the idea of a Jewish state in Palestine under the suzerainty of the Sultan.

It is not to be a state with political or colonizing ambitions. It is not to be even the smallest of "Powers". The nation will not expect temporal power as in the days of its ancient kings. But it will gain for itself a certain respect by having a definite country as a center, and a rallying place. The Hebrews will be brought under that principle of nationality now controlling the world which they have been the last people to recognize, trying instead to be "all things to all men", and succeeding in being only nonentities. But with this Fatherland behind them the work of regeneration can begin. And what will the repossession of Jerusalem not do for the spiritual regeneration of the nation? The Temple rebuilt, its rites restored, the fervent faith of the people will flame out again, and the worship of Jehovah will be enthusiastic and sincere.

<sup>1</sup> Amos 9:4.

<sup>2</sup> Zionist Congress Herzl Contempt.

Grants and charters giving the right to open up the country are to be purchased from the Sultan. It is a profitable country to open up. Vast tracts now lie bare and desolate. There has been no proper cultivation for hundreds of years. But in the time of Christ it supported a teeming population. It is capable of supporting ten times its present one, when proper methods of agriculture are applied. The Jews have not been agriculturalists for many generations, but they can be trained back into that trade. It is not against the traditions and customs of their race. Indeed, it was a great industry of their ancestors, but for those to whom it is really distasteful and impossible, factories will be started and industries founded in which they may find congenial employment.

And then the occupation which has necessarily been their chief one for so many generations will find there sufficient opportunity. The eastern coast of the Mediterranean has often figured in the history of commerce. The ever-increasing trade between the East and Europe will pass through Palestine upon the completion of the trans-Siberian and Euphrates Valley railroads. And when profitable western markets have been found for Palestine's own products and manufactures, a great export trade will spring up there that will give the Palestine sea-board a greater importance than it has ever yet known.

Nor does Dr. Herzl intend this Jewish state shall be of benefit only to the Hebrews. The statesmen of the great Christian powers may well approve of the foundation of such a state, for it will draw off from their hands a surplus population that is dangerous because unhappy; many a desperate Russian Jew has become a Nihilist. As a court of arbitration what nation could serve better than this little state, too feeble, too spiritual to have any prejudicial ambitions of its own? The very country in which the state is to be planted — worn-out "shiftless" Turkey—will be stimulated by the presence within it of such a young, vigorous, modern state. And the Turks are by no means adverse to the incoming of the Jews. A former sultan welcomed many of them who had been driven out from Christian nations.

Dr. Herzl would have no more private colonization, or acquiring of land by private grants, as it will simply raise the price of land when the time comes for purchasing the charter for the whole country. Till then he advises the societies to content

themselves with improving the colonies already there, since there is at present no immediate need of future immigration as an escape from persecution.

Such is Dr. Herzl's general plan of action for the accomplishment of the vague longings and desires of his people—such is modern Zionism. It is only a "paper state", some say. Before agreeing to that it would be well to look at what has already been done toward making it a very real one. First of all was noted a marked increase in the number of Zionist societies. Scores of them were formed in every country and are being propagated all the time. There are now forty in New York City alone.

Then came the Basle Conferences, the first in 1897, "where the people were assembled together" from the four corners of the earth, all sects, all factions, all classes of the Jewish nation.<sup>1</sup> (At the second conference there were 500 delegates from 913 societies.) In the mere coming together of such an assembly the promised regathering of Israel is already literally accomplished, and it proves unmistakably that eighteen centuries of oppression have not broken the cohesion of the race nor eliminated the passion for Palestine.

This remarkable assemblage heard and approved the plans of Dr. Herzl, adding to them and elaborating them at each successive annual conference; always careful to propose only the most practical and feasible schemes. The Jewish Proletariat heartily backs all these plans and Herzl's whole idea of the repossession of Palestine. Its only opponents are certain assimilated and Reform Jews. Those who have succeeded as far as Jews may in assimilating themselves with their Christian neighbors, who have striven to forget and above all to make others forget their Hebrew origin, naturally do not respond eagerly to a proposition to come out and boldly proclaim their nationality. Indeed, Dr. Herzl does not intend the movement for such as they. The Reform Jews, as has been said, would do away completely with all concrete Zionism. They protest with virtuous indignation against the practical basis upon which it has been put, quoting in support of their standpoint the words of the prophet Isaiah, "Ye shall be redeemed without money". But these two factions are not sufficiently strong to check the enthusiastic support of the rest of the nation.

<sup>1</sup> Zionism: The Future of the Jews. Zangwill, *World's Work*, September, 1903.

The Basle Conferences have inaugurated many excellent means to the great end. The International Colonization Society, following out Herzl's advice, is establishing no new colonies in Palestine, but devotes all its energies toward improving the thirty or more that are already there. It starts new industries for the colonists, teaches them to perfect the old ones, and finds European and American markets for their products, so that they are now splendid proofs of the capability of Palestine to support an energetic population, and of the capability of the Jews to make it support them.

The Jewish communities throughout the world are being constantly unified as has been said, by the local societies and national federation. A headquarters for the whole movement has been established in Vienna, and there the annual Basle Conferences and their "great" and "small communities of action" have their offices. In Vienna is published the main organ of the movement, "Die Welt". Forty other publications in different countries lend all the "power of the press" to the work, and keep the people well informed.

The alliances have founded numerous schools in which to instruct the children and also the men and women, not only in the usual branches of a public school education, but especially in the inspiring history and literature of their nation. They recognize also the physical deterioration of their race, but athletics, which have contributed to the splendid strength and endurance of other nations, will in time make the pale, narrow-shouldered Jew of to-day into a "mighty man of valor" like the early heroes of his race. Hygienic principles also are being taught anew—principles which had been disregarded in the crowded Ghetto life, but which are necessary to the physical regeneration of the Jews.

The alliances are fostering, as best they can, the spiritual regeneration of the people. The old purity, truthfulness, and love of righteousness are dwelt upon earnestly. Nor are the "outward signs" wanting to this "inward and spiritual grace". The old fast days are being observed more scrupulously than for many years.

In short, the Jew is urged not to be ashamed of his race and to make it a race of which no one need be ashamed. This is all foundation work that must be done and done at once if the renewed nation is to have a strong, vigorous, well-rounded life in its new home.

And definite steps have been taken to obtain this new home. The aim of Zionism and its projects have been presented in the clearest and most favorable way before the powers most concerned. They have given most encouraging approval and sympathy. Advances have been made to the Sultan concerning the charter. At present he flatly refuses to think of selling Palestine, but moods of sultans vary. Sultans themselves change, and this refusal is by no means a great and discouraging obstacle to the accomplishment of the project.

In order to obtain the money which will be necessary when once the Sultan consents to the granting of the charter, several means are in operation. The Jewish Colonial Trust has been formed in London under English banking laws, to have a capital of £2,000,000.<sup>1</sup> One-eighth of this amount has already been subscribed, enabling it to do business, and in the pages of the Jewish press we may see notices of its payments on shares. It is to be used especially for the purpose of the charter from the Sultan and also for the purchase of commercial rights in railroads and harbors. It will also be used for the founding of new farming and manufacturing colonies when the whole country has been opened to colonization.

There is also the Jewish National Fund, which is to amount to £200,000—a sort of reserve fund for any national “rainy day”. The societies are working enthusiastically to make up this amount, and by much the same means as their Christian neighbors—those of “fairs” and “festivals” and “suppers”. There is also a more dignified general collection of offerings or “shekels” from every Zionist on the annual “Shekel Day”. Whatever the means, it all shows a gratifying eagerness on the part of the whole people to do all in their power for the speedy and effective accomplishment of their great end.

Are they capable of accomplishing it? The task is indeed an unparalleled one—the transplanting bodily of a scattered nation to an ancestral home that is utterly strange to the descendants, the building up there of a model state which will necessitate the casting off of the habits and occupations of centuries, will take vast courage, vast endurance. But the Jewish nation has in the past braved much, endured much, accomplished much. It is aroused and can be still more. It will restore and recultivate the land—the land will renew its

<sup>1</sup>Maccabean, February, 1904.

life—and not only its national and social life. Because modern Zionism is so thoroughly modern, so concrete, so much of this world, it does not follow at all that it has not a deep spiritual force and intent. The history of the Jewish race shows indisputably that Nationalism and Judaism have been inseparably intertwined, its future history will show the same. The national spirit weakened, as in the days of Hellenism, the “fear of the Lord” grows faint. The national spirit strengthened under the new state, “the fear of the Lord” will regain its old strength and Israel will once more be honored as the “Chosen People”—“saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation”.

JANET DEWITT MASON.

### THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH

’Tis the mantle of Elijah, at the passing of a friend,  
From the lifetime spent beside one to the life without an end,  
As it falls upon the loser in the anguish of his loss  
Gazing upward at the vision, bound to earth but by the cross,  
Brings the comfort and the freshness of its touch with the divine,  
And the peace of God’s own presence to the place that friends resign.

’Tis the all one gives to others that comes back to one at last,  
Just the self that has been sacrificed and poured into their past.  
’Tis the fineness of a spirit where one helped to make it fine  
That comes back to bless one’s effort with that touch of the divine.  
Just the mantle of Elijah, never failing to descend,  
Heals the heart that’s left a-bleeding at the passing of a friend.

ELLEN TERESE RICHARDSON.

### THE ADVANTAGE OF A SYSTEM OF PUBLIC GRADED MARKS AT SMITH COLLEGE

It is a significant fact that, while Smith spirit and Smith College life are respected the world over, Smith academic work is occasionally a subject for criticism. Every year or two we are startled by some manifestation of dissatisfaction, the latest coming from one of our own recent graduates.

In the face of this criticism no one, who has the interest of the



college at heart, can stand unmoved. If we feel that the censure is undeserved, let us strive to understand and correct the false measures by which we misrepresent ourselves. If we feel the censure to be more or less justifiable, we must carefully study the present situation, trying to discover what changes can be made for our betterment. A college, like an individual, is always responsible in part for its reputation in the outside world, and the criticism with which we are met is fashioned and influenced by our own character and by our own deeds.

The ground for censure for Smith scholarship must necessarily lie in one of two conditions, or both,—either there has been negligence or indifference in carrying out the principles of our academic government; or the principles themselves are mistaken or inadequate to the present college situation. Smith has always held that the former is true, and, when assailed by outward criticism or inward conflict, has but the more strenuously enforced the laws of conduct which were the mainstay of her being in years gone by. But there have been many changes, however, in spite of this conservative spirit, and changes on the whole of undoubted good for the college.

Among those principles, however, which have been allowed to remain, there is one which I look upon as a hindrance to our fullest development—weakening instead of strengthening one aspect of our college life. It is the present “mark system”, by which communication is made from faculty to student concerning the student’s academic work.

The method now used by Smith is one which was inaugurated at the beginning. At a time when study was the main interest of the student’s life, she wisely adopted a principle which she clings to now, in an altered college condition—the principle by which good work on the students’ part rests in oblivion, secreted in the office of the registrar—while the bad is officially brought before the student’s eye. This abrupt division of work into satisfactory and unsatisfactory would seem general and indefinite on the surface, but as we look deeper and more earnestly at the matter we find its more serious and tangible shortcomings under present college conditions.

Of these evils one is ever present, yet, strange to say, we are unconscious of it until we stop to think. This is the constant over-emphasis on our poor work. It is unjust to the student. When a girl’s low grade in Latin is public property—as it must

be sooner or later—it seems hard that her strong work in history should be officially ignored. It is unjust to a class that the one definite thing known of their scholarship is the number of official warnings that whiten the bulletin-board! And it is above all unjust to the college and to the college spirit. When I look upon the college, as I know it, and see only low-grades and conditions and official warnings, I am surprised to learn that many Smith graduates have distinguished themselves in the world of scholarship, and can scarcely believe that it is a usual thing for our *alumnæ* to win the European graduate scholarship at Bryn Mawr. How can we expect the world to judge the college rightly, when the undergraduates and *alumnæ*—who represent the college to the world—cannot judge it rightly for themselves?

From another point of view the system produces an evil which it seeks to avoid. Used theoretically to prevent strain and tension on the part of the girls, in practical use it augments it—to the student whose work is not altogether satisfactory. Faced by a condition or a low-grade in one subject, the apprehensive freshman or sophomore is left in a singularly nervous and uncertain state of mind. If she has done good work in other things—for it is seldom that a student is universally dull or ill-prepared—she promptly loses sight of it in the presence of this official manifestation of her incompetence, and finds herself in a panic of alarm lest her entire standing be on the verge of the low-grade point. If she be lucky enough to have a “confidential friend”, her protestations are of no avail, and the unhappy victim wastes both time and nervous energy in fear of chimerical, threatening possibilities which a few strokes of an official pen could banish forever.

It is such a simple thing to do—this showing a girl what her record is—and would make our work so much clearer and nearer to us that I cannot understand why it has never been done here. Yet I find to my surprise that there are several objections to this well-tried and almost universal method. Two of these may be classed together, for they are more or less co-existent. One is the familiar “competition” theory, and the other expressed by the forceful epithet, “intellectual aristocracy”.

This latter seems to be a metaphysical ideal, and for that reason it is hard to determine just what it definitely means.

Judging, however, from the import of the words, it must signify that the students of some determined high standard shall form in some way a band by themselves to the exclusion of all other students. Exactly how the sheep and the goats shall be separated is a more difficult question. They could not form themselves into a club—that would be indelicate. Even if they did the rest of us could stand it. And as the students here have practically no share in the college government, they could establish no limited executive body. We might perhaps afford our “intellectual aristocrats” a few social distinctions—for instance, the honor of the first ten rows at chapel—but I do not think this probable in a college where the society girls on election morning scatter about Assembly Hall, to avoid being made conspicuous. We give no prizes, no honors, so they could not have that mark of especial favor. Frankly, I see nothing left to separate them from the rest of us save a frank recognition of their ability, and that is after all but what they deserve.

The “competition” theory is far easier to handle, for it means something definite—namely, that knowledge of our standing will engender in us such ambition and zeal towards work that we shall wear ourselves to the bone struggling to get the better of our neighbors, while they in turn are struggling to get the better of us in a strenuous “brain to brain” conflict. This state of affairs, which sacrifices our recreation and our health on the altar of intelligence, like the “intellectual aristocracy”, is possible only in a college or institution where pure brain work or scholarship holds exclusive sway as the mainspring and most potent interest in that institution’s life. If Smith College were deprived of its gymnasium and its hockey-field, if the Art Gallery and the Music School were razed to the ground, and dramatics were a thing unknown, we might have reason to fear this intellectual over-emphasis. But while one girl is well known for her interest in church work, another idolized as the leader of the Glee Club, still another made famous for her record in golf, while the basket-ball girls and the heroes of senior dramatics hold their place in our affections, we will not fear that competition in our college work, or the “intellectual aristocracy” can become a damaging reality.

Another objection to publishing marks is that the students will demand continuously the reasons for the given grades. But the feminine mind is naturally receptive, not critical, and

the average girl will accept her standing without a murmur of dissent. Still, there might be those who would ask for an explanation, and in that state of mind they most assuredly need it! A little forbearance, a little well-timed frankness on the part of the professor, would give his or her dim-sighted victim a clearer grip on the college and herself, and the professor a stronger hold upon his students.

Still more serious than this is the general feeling that public marks are not consistent with Smith spirit. We have never had them, and "why should we change?" say people here. To those people I can only say that there are two kinds of change: one arbitrary, unstable, the product of a feeble will; the other, like the change from flower to fruit, is the change of a vital breathing organism, forever seeking its highest expression, forever baffled, yet forever gaining strength as it lays aside the old life for the new.

As the extreme competitive spirit and "intellectual aristocracy" are but products of college conditions in which scholarship is over-emphasized, so good scholarship is impossible where that emphasis is not sufficiently defined. Any expedient which makes our college work more interesting to us—which makes it have a more prominent place in our every-day life, not as a duty, but as a sport (I can use no better word)—does just so much more for the intellectual work of the college and ourselves.

Of these expedients the most obvious is the "honor system". But this has many disadvantages. It above all places a premium upon scholarship, and is necessarily confined to a very few students. The "mark system", on the contrary, reaches every student in the college, not as a reward, but as a stimulating, truth-telling, "outward and visible sign" of what now rests in more or less obscurity.

The majority of students in any college are "average students", and to this majority in Smith their work is never mentioned, either by the faculty or by their friends. The brilliant student receives congratulations for an exceptionally well-put recitation, while the studies of the poor student are ever brought before her by official marks of condemnation. But the average girl pursues the even tenor of her way, doing her work day by day, never speaking of it to anyone, while no one mentions it to her. It is small wonder that it becomes monotonous.

She may do her work faithfully, but she never does more than is required. Her studies are a duty with her, and a mechanical one, all over at her last recitation. A manifestation of this feeling is the deep-rooted objection to afternoon recitations—the wide-spread assumption that all college work is over at one o'clock P. M. I cannot claim that the publication of our standing would entirely do away with this unscholastic attitude, but I do say that the certain knowledge of our class-room work would do much to make it a living thing to us, and one which we would feel to be our own. In this way it would tend to come to its proper place in our thoughts and in our interests, not as an outside duty, but as an interesting part of our college life and of ourselves.

Then there is for many of us the satisfaction and the encouragement of knowing that we have done well in our work—that “delightful sense of difficulty overcome” that spurs us on to greater effort. We are told our failures now, so we have nothing to lose in the exposure of our standing, and everything to gain, if we have any strength of will or if our Alma Mater is an influence for our betterment. How satisfying to know we have held our own against odds! How stimulating to higher scholarship!

But this improvement in pure scholarship would not be the only advantage of our graded marks, especially in this college, where more emphasis is laid upon character than upon intellect. Would this system also affect character, and would its influence be for good? For myself I most decidedly think that it would. Self-knowledge is a great thing in a world of easy delusions, and the “mark system” would certainly not hinder this, especially at a time in our lives when we are most open to enlightenment. But knowledge itself is valueless, after all, unless we have that which is the backbone of all virtues and all efforts, self-control, not alone the negative self-control, such as, perhaps, not losing our tempers when we are provoked, but the positive self-control; which gives us command of ourselves, as a captain has command of a ship at sea. The knowledge of our marks would help tremendously toward this, for it would give us something to work on, something to work with. We would learn to make the best of ourselves, whether clever or stupid or mediocre; to change our marks, or try to change them, as we judged fit, and thus to adjust and mould ourselves

and our standing to what we desire, so that growth of mind and character—which is life itself—would be more manifest to us.

The truth of the matter is, that the character of the college has fundamentally changed since 1875. Smith spirit is as strong as it ever was, but it is scattered now in a hundred channels of different interests where before it ran in one or two. The reason for this change is due to the attitude the world now has towards women's colleges, or in other words, to the position the college has now made for itself in the world. It used to be a very unusual thing for a woman to go to college—a very serious thing to be long thought over—and a girl usually came for one of two reasons, either because she was exceptionally brilliant or because she wanted to teach. In either case her interest in her work was keen and uninterrupted. No alluring Copper Kettle to wile away both time and money; no yells of basket-ball or applause of dramatics; no "fluffiness" of house-dances or excitement of society meetings for her; not even a trolley ride, for there were no trolleys. Above all, she was stimulated because she felt herself testing the ability of a woman's mind to do the work which had before been done by men alone. Now the college is an established thing—thanks to our predecessors—and girls come for a thousand and one reasons, besides love of learning or a desire for a profession. Some are "too young to come out", some have friends here, the Western girls wish to be in the East, and I know several students are here simply because they "have no home", etc., etc. While all this is true it is necessarily much harder to keep a high standard of scholarship than it was formerly — still harder because every year more work is required of a college graduate.

The faculty have long been conscious of this alteration in the college character, faced it reluctantly, and made many corresponding changes in the college government. The increased number of examinations, with the increase of examination time, is significant, as is also the fact that Phi Beta Kappa, which we once refused, we now accept. It is obvious that the laws which made the college strong in 1875 or 1885—when it was a "small village"—are not adequate now, when it is a city full, with all the additional complications of our modern college equipment.

Let us try without prejudice, conscientiously, ambitiously, for a sufficient length of time (and the longer the time, the

greater justice) this old system (new to us) of showing their graded standing to the students. If the experiment succeeds the college will be stronger; if it fails we will have justified beyond question a method to which we have always been peculiarly attached.

LOUISE KINGSLEY.

### A MATTER OF CLOTHES

I am not a pretty girl, and I know that my salvation lies in clothes. Not that I am very homely—in fact I am what older people sometimes call nice-looking, but as everyone knows who has thought much on the subject, that is as far from prettiness as alpaca is from broadcloth. Being nice-looking and wearing alpaca are both eminently respectable, but produce very little satisfaction for anyone. Therefore, when I appear in public, my hair is carefully undulated, my suits fit and boast of French touches, and my hat and gloves might really cause envy. This does not mean that, in general, I value the importance of clothes unduly; it is merely a case of arithmetic; what nature has subtracted from looks art must add on in clothes.

My story—the one they say every life possesses—has to do with a melancholy occasion when, forgetful of all mathematical laws, I neglected to add the proper amount of adornment. It was in early October, and neither cool enough to be crisp and exhilarating, nor warm enough to be comfortable; besides this there was a feeling of rain in the air, but such an illusive feeling that Aunt Susan even denied its existence, and pounced upon me to go down town to match embroidery silks for her and inquire into the merits of a new hot-water bottle which she had just heard of. I protested—it was just the time for me to write the letters I had neglected so long, or to read some German which I had been planning to do for three months, but Aunt Susan was firm.

“I can’t go on with my hollyhock centerpiece until you do,” she said, “and that water bottle will be just the thing in case you do catch an awful cold.”

“But if I didn’t go I shouldn’t catch a cold,” I said feebly, knowing how my logic would shrink before her determination to finish the centerpiece, and starting up-stairs to dress for the occasion.

I hated to wear my new suit; if it rained it would be ruined; so I finally put on a white linen, somewhat mussed, and a lingerie hat. It was not exactly fall attire I admit, but this, I felt, was not a day when I should be meeting my friends. I arrived in town without difficulty, and matched the silks, straining my eyes to perceive the difference between two shades of red, which I was sure were precisely alike. Somewhat elated to have removed this responsibility from my soul, I started on the long walk to the rubber store, which boasted of the invention of the self-filling hot-water bottle.

It was in a portion of the town devoted to feed stores, wholesale, hardware, and pawn shops, so I was not much at home. This, however, I bore very comfortably until I felt a few drops of rain on my face, then a few more, and finally saw with sickening despair that it was actually raining persistently, as though it had no thought of stopping under forty-eight hours. Vaguely I felt for my umbrella—it was gone. I had one when I started.

"The embroidery store!" I gasped. Yes, I had laid it on the counter in order to take those silks to the window, and now—who knew what person was airing that gold-handled article? Meanwhile the rain was pouring down harder, and little streams were dripping from every frill on my hat, making me feel as if I were standing under a shower bath. The sidewalk was dirty, and I soon perceived a dark-brown border around the hem of my skirt, also that my canvas shoes partook of the same shade. The sign over the door in front of me read: "Meyer Bros., Plows and Hayloaders. Wholesale." I could not go in there. The next sign said: "Johncock's Patent Stock Foods", and there were forbidding red shades drawn closely over the windows—that offered no place of refuge, so I wandered on till suddenly I heard a familiar voice at my elbow and felt an umbrella over me.

"What in the world, Marjorie," he said, "are you doing here?"

I looked up through the strings of hair which fell over my eyes.

"Oh, Ned," I groaned, "I'm—I'm just walking around," and I hurried on faster, hoping to escape him. He had always seemed to like me fairly well, but I knew he never could again if he saw my hair out of curl.



"Well, can't I go along?" he said. "You ought not to be flying around without an umbrella."

"Oh, yes, I ought—anyway, here's where I was going," and I dashed into a door without seeing anything until I was inside. Then I saw it was a pawn shop. I wandered hopelessly to the counter, where an ancient Jew smiled at me benevolently and seemed to be rapidly taking stock of my rings.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked sweetly.

It was raining harder. I must have a place to wait, and I certainly looked as if I was ready to resort to a pawn shop.

"How much will you give me for this pin?" I asked, taking out a small gold one.

"Fifty cents," he said, and I gave it to him.

"Majorie! I can't let you do this. I didn't mean to let you see me, but I must. Why couldn't you come to me?"

I turned furiously, feeling as if a steel trap had closed upon me.

"Come to you?" I said. "Can't you see I came here just to get away from you? I couldn't—there was no place else to go. Oh, please let me alone!"

"Very well," he said calmly, and walked away, leaving the umbrella behind, as I discovered when I looked up.

How I redeemed my pin and finally got home to Aunt Susan with two skeins of watery silk and no hot water bottle is more than I can tell now. I did have a dreadful cold, which kept me in bed for a week, but this I might have borne with calmness but for one thing. No flowers, no books, no, not even a telephone message came from Ned, who for the last year had been at the house every week, often several times a week. I recovered from my cold, got up, even went to a tea, only to see him talking earnestly with Anne Mitchel in the inglenook—Anne Mitchell, whose hair curls even in the rain, and whom everyone calls a beauty. I smiled encouragingly, but he merely bowed and went on talking. After that I did not go to any more teas.

In this way life dragged on for a month. I acquired a small wrinkle between my eyes and found myself irritated by the click of Aunt Susan's knitting needles. Finally, after I had gone to bed one night, I made a firm resolve to do something to end this state of affairs, and the next morning I started out on my campaign.

I had a beautiful wave tortured into my hair; I put on my tan broadcloth suit with a waist and hat to match; I assumed

some lace frills which fell over my immaculate gloves, and when thus attired in my war paint I took the car for town. I got off the car about twelve o'clock and walked serenely down the avenue, where I knew I was sure to meet Ned on his way to luncheon. At least, I was serene outwardly, but inside everything seemed to be moving as an automobile does when it is standing still and the power is still on. Sure enough, I saw Ned coming towards me, his eyes fixed on something way beyond, thus precluding any possibility of his seeing me. Then, just as he was opposite me, I executed my coup d'état, or rather, my coup de pied, for I deliberately gave a little scream and tottered as if I had wrenched my ankle, and I succeeded. Ned was beside me in a moment, helping me stand. Oh, how hard it was to pretend to be in pain, but I summoned all my dramatic ability, and if one may judge from his solicitude, the result must have been what was aimed at.

"That ankle again!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had no more trouble with it."

"It will soon be all right," I said pathetically. "I can get a car, and it will stop hurting before I reach home."

"Nonsense," he said, "you're coming to luncheon with me, and then I'm going to take you home in the machine; it's down at the office."

Of course I went, and we were soon seated at a charming little table, talking away just as we had always done.

"What a long month it has been!" he said after a while.

"Have you been working very hard?" I asked sweetly.

"You know I mean since the time you sent me away. Why did you do it, Marjorie?"

"Why, because—because, my hair wasn't curled and I looked so awful!"

He looked bewildered. "I didn't mean for you to stay," I explained, "and I didn't turn my ankle at all!"

"Marjorie! Then we'll never, never have anything separate us again, will we?"

"Do you really mean it, when you know how awful I can look?"

"I didn't think you looked any different, except your hair and your dress," he said, "and I never seem to have time to look much at those."

And I, realizing that this lack of vision might sometimes be convenient, consented.

MARION CARR.

## THANKSGIVING ON THE LIMITED

"Heah ah yo' seats, gen'men—des two and de one across de aisle." With these words the porter dexterously stowed away our suit-cases behind the chairs and waited just long enough for us to drop the comforting perquisite in his hand before he disappeared in search of further profit.

"Guess this will do until we reach Chicago," said Bob, throwing his coat over the back of the big green chair and hanging up his hat. I seated myself in my chair, and consulted the time tables. Don, who was busy hunting in the pockets of his overcoat, exclaimed, "Bother! I must have left those cigarettes in the other coat."

Bob pulled his cigarette case out and silently offered it to Don, remarking, "Wait until we start and then we'll go into the smoker."

"Much obliged," said Don, putting the case in his pocket.

"All aboard! All ab-o-a-rd!"

With a few sharp screams of the engine and a puffing and grinding and creaking, we slowly pulled out the smoky St. Louis station.

"Jove!" suddenly exclaimed Bob, looking down at the other end of the car.

"What now?" I queried, looking down the two rows of fussy, elderly ladies and uninteresting, ordinary, middle-aged men, wondering what he could see there to cause such an ejaculation. "What are you looking at?"

"There," said Bob, in a lower voice, and I saw a very attractive young lady entering the car followed by the porter with her suit-case and wraps. She sat down in the farther end of the car diagonally opposite me.

"Who is it?" I inquired languidly, but covertly jerked at my tie and passed a smoothing hand over my hair.

But Bob had risen and was reaching for his hat.

"Some one I know," he said briefly. "I'm going down to speak to her; you fellows can entertain yourselves for a while."

I watched him walk down the length of the car—a straight, tall, clean-cut fellow, handsome in his own individual way—and I sighed mentally as I compared my own short and stocky frame with Bob's well-proportioned one and wondered how Mattie — Then I saw the young lady shake hands cordially with Bob. She was a graceful girl, not too tall, and had a charming way of holding her head slightly to one side when she was listening. Her brown travelling gown blended harmoniously with her soft hair, and she seemed well-dressed, from my masculine point of view. They stood there talking for a few minutes, and I confess that I was secretly rejoiced that every chair was taken and Bob would not stand there blocking up the aisle long. Bob said something to the porter who had just appeared at the doorway, and that important gentleman vanished only to reappear quickly with a camp-stool, which he very gravely handed to Bob, who opened it, placed it near the young lady's chair, and began an animated conversation.

"Humph!" I grunted.

"What's the matter, Hal?" asked Don, looking in their direction with some interest. "Looks as if Bob was fixed for the journey, doesn't it? Say, you try that elderly spinster in brown and I'll devote myself to the fair charmer in the velvet cape and jet, and see if we don't make Bob wildly jealous."

"O, keep still!" I returned.

Bob was a nice fellow, but it wasn't necessary for him to be so nice to Mattie, or Mattie to him. Mattie is my fiancée, and attentions from men other than myself are entirely superfluous. I didn't bear Bob any hard feeling, for he was my best friend next to Don.

"Let's have a smoke," Don suggested.

"All right. Got any cigarettes?"

"Yes, Bob gave me his."

We arose and sauntered down the car, passed the girl and Bob, who merely glanced in our direction, nodded, and continued his conversation.

"Isn't he a horrid old thing?" said Don, mimicking a squeaky feminine voice, after we had settled ourselves in the smoker and were enjoying our tobacco. "He might have introduced us."

"Why, he didn't have a chance."

"O, well, he might have, just the same."

"Do you know who the lady is?"

"Yes, a Miss Edith Dudley, a great friend of Bob's sister. He was supposed to be madly in love with her last summer at his sister's house party. She left before you and I arrived."

"Oh!" I said, and then added, "very pretty!"

"Yes, is considered quite a beauty, and is very charming when you know her."

Don blew a few wreaths of blue smoke, and said, "How did your part of the business deal come out?"

"Very well, indeed. But why should the firm insist on our taking the Thanksgiving season for it and on our leaving Chicago Tuesday? Wednesday was taken up by business and to-day we're going back—travelling on Thanksgiving day when we might be cheering the Michigan-Chicago game or eating a tender turkey with cranberry sauce, or—"

"Stop it!" Don interrupted. "We'll be lucky if we get a ham sandwich before we get home. To make up for this we'll have dinner at the Annex to-morrow and theater afterward, and take Mattie and Helen."

"Anything!" I agreed.

This Thanksgiving day was to have been spent in the bosom of Mattie's family, and as it was to have been the first one, it made me very blue to think about it. I buried myself in the newspaper while Don discussed the exposition, politics, stock markets and horses with a stout red-faced gentleman on his right.

Presently Bob turned to me and pulled out his watch.

"It's just about 5.30. Let's go back and see if Bob has made any arrangement for dinner. We stop at some place or other long enough to get something to eat. Maybe we can get Bob to present us and then we'll have a jolly dinner party of four."

"That suits me," I replied.

Don smiled wickedly.

"Say, Hal, we'll fix Bob. You and I will propose this dinner party, offer ourselves as advance guard to secure a table, order a good dinner, and let Bob pay the bill. What do you say?"

I chuckled. That would make it almost even about Mattie.

"Count on me, Don," I said.

Then we wended our way back to the parlor car. Bob was still on the camp-stool. Don was ahead of me, and as he passed Bob he stumbled slightly and caught at Bob's shoulder, nearly upsetting them both.

"Beg your pardon, Bob," said Don, quickly. "Hope I didn't hurt that game shoulder of yours."

"Not at all. Miss Dudley, I should like to introduce Mr. Blair and Mr. Johnstone—old college friends of mine. We are traveling together."

Don and I bowed and murmured something conventionally polite. Miss Dudley smiled, and I noticed she had brown eyes that reminded me of Mattie's.

After a few minutes' general conversation, Don turned to Bob.

"Have you made any plans for dinner?"

Bob hesitated a minute and looked at Miss Dudley.

Don continued, "Couldn't we four dine together? They make a thirty-minute stop at the next station and we're most there now. Hal and I could go out first, secure a place, order the dinner, and Miss Dudley and you could follow."

"I should say that is a lovely plan, Mr. Blair," said Miss Dudley.

"Don and I would be only too glad to do it," I added, with a stealthy glance at Bob.

We excused ourselves and went back to our seats. Soon we pulled into a small station and Don and I hurried out, giving Bob a reassuring smile as we passed him. It was dark and cold and damp. An icy rain was falling and Don and I turned up our coat collars and hurried into the warm dining-room. An obliging waiter showed us a table for four, took our order and promised all haste. Don and I eagerly watched the crowd of people for a sign of our companions who did not appear. Presently the waiter came in with the soup.

"We'll have to wait a few minutes for our friends," I said to the waiter.

Don got up and went out on the platform to look for them. I surveyed the room carefully but did not see any signs of Miss Dudley or Bob. Soon Don came back alone.

"Well, we'll eat the soup, any way," I said, taking up the salt-cellar and shaking the salt vigorously into my soup. "Look! isn't that Bob?"

"Where?"

"No, it isn't, never mind. Heavens! Why didn't you tell me I was putting an ounce or more salt into that soup? Ugh!" I exclaimed, disgustedly draining a glass of water at a gulp and motioning the waiter to take the stuff away.

"See here, Hal, we haven't much time left, and if we want anything to eat before we reach Chicago, we can't wait for those people. Here, waiter! Bring in the rest of the order, and hurry! Nice business, this! Think of eating your Thanksgiving dinner in an out-of-the-way railroad station, with no pretty girls or good eatables to be thankful for!"

"This turkey ought to have been killed the day after it hatched out, for its propensity is to age quickly," I observed, as I exerted all my strength upon a wing, which suddenly became imbued with life and flew into the middle of the table.

"Nice table manners," remarked Hal.

"Shut up!" said I, angrily

"What polite language! We have three minutes to eat our dessert in. Hurry up, waiter!"

In a few minutes large triangles of mince pie were before us. Don eyed his dubiously. "Are you game?" he inquired.

"Certainly."

"Bill, sir."

"Why, this is for four people. There are only two of us," I said.

"Yes, sir, but you ordered for four, sir, and I brought four orders and you gentlemen have eaten it all, sir."

"O, yes," I gasped, and wondered at the small size of the orders. Don and I paid the bill.

We hurried out just in time to jump on the train when we were again on our journey Chicago-ward.

Miss Dudley and Bob were not in the car when we came in. We sat down in our seats, feeling damp, cold, and decidedly tricked and cheated.

"What in the world became of those two?" exclaimed Don. "A cordial way to treat a fellow after he about breaks his neck to get a dinner arranged!"

We both were silent. There must have been some humor in the situation but I, somehow, couldn't see it. As a consolation, I opened my watch and gazed at Mattie's picture. Don lay back in his chair beating a tattoo on its arms and giving vent to an occasional contemptuous grunt.

The porter appeared, brushed us into some respectability, and continued his good work down the length of the car.

"We're most there," said Don, looking out of the window at the lights that glimmered more frequently in the darkness.

I glanced up from arranging my belongings and saw Miss Dudley enter the car followed by Bob. She was smiling and her cheeks were pink. Bob carried himself very straight, and there was about him a general air of having done something well. He said a few words to Miss Dudley and came toward us. There was an expressive silence when Bob reached our part of the car. He looked at us for a moment with a suspicious twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Boys, I hope you aren't angry. We started to follow you, but the porter told us there was a diner in the rear and, as it was very cold and damp outside, I thought it would be more pleasant for Ed — Miss Dudley to go in there. I hope I haven't offended you."

I noticed his hesitation over Miss Dudley's name. I, too, had experienced the same difficulty at first with Mattie's. It gave me a clew, and I resolved to forgive him.

"Never mind, old fellow," I said genially, "it's all right now. But we couldn't imagine what had become of you. Thought maybe you had gotten in the wrong door or something like that. We had a fairly decent dinner, even if it wasn't in ten courses, like the regulation Thanksgiving affair."

"Sure, it's all right," said Don.

Bob looked at us quickly and a resolute expression came in his face.

"Miss Dudley and I had our Thanksgiving dinner—at least I had mine," he said quietly. "Miss Dudley has promised to become my wife."

Here Bob threw back his head and his handsome face wore an expression that was new to us—it was at once so happy and so proud.

"That's why I gave you fellows the slip," he continued. "I am going to take Edith home. See you to-morrow."

He picked up his suit-case and held out his hand, which we each grasped silently and heartily, and he went down the aisle where Miss Dudley awaited him.

Don and I looked at each other for a moment, then we both smiled.

"She is a splendid girl," said Don, heartily.

"Dear old Bob," I said, softly. Then I thought of Mattie, and was content.

FLORENCE REGINA STERNBERGER.



## SKETCHES

### CHILDHOOD DAYS

Do you remember, brother,  
The sweet old childhood days  
Before life lost its glamour?  
When we played in the woodland ways,  
Wholly and heartily children,  
Comrades of elves and fays—  
Do you remember, brother,  
The dear old childhood days?

In the cool, green heart of the woodland  
I am wandering to-day—  
Here is the spring, little brother,  
As if it were yesterday  
That we leaned o'er its edge, all breathless,  
And watched the slim, small trout,  
Shadowy in the shadows,  
Move silently about.  
Above still bend green fern fronds,  
Like a garland round a cup,  
And 'neath the water, ever still  
The white sand bubbles up.

But the little wandering children  
Here mirrored in far-off days  
I seek in vain in the wild-wood,  
'Mid green and dewy ways.  
Hand in hand they have wandered back  
Into the glad old days,  
To play there forever and ever  
With the elves and the frolicsome fays.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

Roger Atwood paced angrily up and down in his small, dingy room. Many papers lay scattered carelessly about the floor, and as he walked up and down he kicked them viciously, paying no attention to their rattling protest. At every step his rage increased, and the innocent papers suffered more abuse. All were treated with the

same scorn—essays, editorials, and even some sonnets, which represented Roger's most treasured attempts at poetry.

"The very idea! The shallowness of it all! The utter absurdity!" he muttered.

Ever since he had come back from an interview with the editor of his paper, he had been storming about in this singular manner, repeating that same formula to the unsympathetic walls. The editor, who had always treated Atwood kindly, had now set him a task against which every fibre of his nature rebelled. The Horse Show, the fashionable event of the season, was then in progress, and the editor had simply asked Atwood, as a matter of course, to write up an account of it. His parting injunction had been, "Be sharp about it and please all the ladies. Remember to get all their dresses in. You know the description of their toilettes is the most important part. Give them all a 'puff' and don't spare room in the paper."

Atwood was too stunned to understand at first. The one newspaper at Harrington Centre, his native town, was not in the habit of describing the gowns at a social function—weddings of course excepted. He couldn't understand how an intelligent newspaper could waste its columns by printing material fit only for a fashion magazine. He considered it no less an insult to himself. To think that he, Roger Atwood, who, on account of his remarkable essays in the Harrington Centre High School, had had a future marked out for him not less brilliant than Shakespeare's, should become a mere reporter of fashions! He became angrier at the very thought, and gave the long-suffering papers under his feet a kick that destroyed them forever.

Still, Atwood could do nothing but obey, and after he had ruined his papers and worn out a good deal of shoe leather he began to realize that fact himself. Accordingly, he sat to work, feeling all the time like a martyr. After exhausting his brain-matter in efforts to vary his expressions, for he found that even description of women's dress required literary ability of a certain order, there appeared in the morning issue of the paper the most glowing descriptions of the fashionable ladies' toilettes. For example:

"Mrs. van Renssalaer-Lymthe presented a most charming appearance in a handsome white lace gown with diamond ornaments and in a white picture hat."

"Miss Marie Vanderdyke was effectively gowned in gray

crêpe de chine, trimmed with real lace. A large gray hat completed a ravishing toilette."

And when Mrs. van Renssalaer-Lymthe and Miss Vanderdyke, eating their late breakfast and presenting a far different appearance in the strong morning light from that described in the paper, read Atwood's flattering notice, their hearts went out to the unknown reporter. Their sallow faces flushed with pleasure and their heavy eyes brightened a little at the way they appeared in the eyes of the world.

In fact, about the only one that was not pleased with that edition of the paper was Roger Atwood himself. He had done his duty, but no one knew how much of a struggle it had cost him. The papers on his office floor could have testified, no doubt, had they been allowed to speak. Nor was this the only time that Atwood inwardly rebelled. His soul revolted against reporting scandal, but just as in the case of the Horse Show, he found there was no way out of it, since he had the editor to reckon with.

Gradually the rebellion within Atwood asserted itself less frequently, and apparently died out. He threw himself into his work with all his energy, put aside his bad poetry and his lofty ideals, and devoted all his attention to becoming a good reporter. He made himself invaluable to the editor. If there was any tactful reporting to be done, Atwood was always the man chosen to do it. No one had his gift of making a hero realize his own importance or of giving a proud beauty so many reasons for being vain. The people in Harrington Centre heard of his success and nodded their heads. They had known that he would be a Shakespeare ever since they had heard his graduating essay on "The Sands of Time". Not even those good people had an inkling of Atwood's tendencies to reform. The secret flame had not been trampled out—it takes more than an editor to stop a would-be reformer—but it was waiting for a chance to burst out and purify the world of its shallowness.

One morning, about a year later, Roger was sent for by the editor. He obeyed the summons, and on entering his chief's office found him looking in a rather perplexed way at a telegram he held.

"Atwood," said the editor, "I've been called away suddenly for a day or two. It's an awkward time for me to leave, and I guess you'll have to take my place while I'm gone. You know all the ropes pretty well, and I think you can manage it."

"Yes, sir," said Atwood, too much surprised to realize at once what this sudden power meant. "I'll try to do the best I can."

"Oh, I have no fear that it will be too much for you. You understand the business pretty thoroughly."

On the way out of the office it flashed over Atwood that for a short time, at least, he was his own master, and there was no superior to dictate to him; he could do exactly as he pleased. Then that secret little flame in his soul that had been dormant so long at last had an opportunity to escape. Roger decided that he would do as he pleased; he would show the world how much better his methods were than the old ones; he would refuse to print the scandal about the latest American duchess, and above all, he would not fill up his paper with descriptions of gowns. As it happened, the Horse Show was again in progress, and Atwood recalled with pleasure that he would not be obliged to do what he did last year. Still, it troubled him that he had told the editor that he would do his best. Then a brilliant idea occurred to him—he would not defy precedent completely; he would print the descriptions of the ladies at the Horse Show in full, only they would be modified to fit the truth; he would see to that. And Roger Atwood always kept his word to the letter.

The next morning, as Mrs. Bernard Jones was nonchalantly looking over the morning paper which her maid had just brought her, she turned, curiously enough, to the account of the Horse Show, and began to hunt for the columns where the gowns of her fashionable friends were discussed. She read:

"Mrs. van Renssalaer-Lymthe" ("queer that her name should come before mine," was her inward comment) "was looking very much over-dressed in a shirred white satin gown, doubtless Parisian, with a very vulgar display of diamonds."

"Horrible!" gasped Mrs. Bernard Jones. "The insolence of that reporter! Still, no one can deny its truth," she mused, smiling to herself.

She and Mrs. van Renssalaer-Lymthe patronized rival dress-makers, and it pleased her that Mrs. van Renssalaer-Lymthe should be so chagrined. But as she read on and on she began to be rather alarmed. None of the notices were complimentary. They were really insulting, and showed no consideration at all for the agony the fashionable ladies had gone through with in

order to outdo their dearest friends. Trembling, she saw her own name, and what she read made her drop the paper as if it burned her. Then she picked it up and read it again and again, as if to assure herself that it was not some horrible nightmare. Even Mrs. van Renssalaer-Lymthe could have asked for nothing more. There it was in real letters.

"Mrs. Bernard Jones was certainly not at her best yesterday, and her apparent attempt to repair the ravages of time was unsuccessful. The brilliant lavender gown, beautiful in itself, was most unbecoming to her sallow complexion."

For the first time in years, Mrs. Jones' sallow complexion showed a real, natural flush—it was the flush of anger. She resolved to sue the editor of the paper for slander. Yet she knew that what the paper said was true. Just about the same hour over a hundred other women were reading the same paper and experiencing the same emotions, and eventually over a hundred letters addressed wrathfully to the editor of that slandering paper found their way into the United States mail.

The next day Roger was sitting at his desk, reading his large assortment of mail, when a man rushed headlong into the room. His hair was rumpled, his hat was on one side, his eyes were blazing, and in one hand he held a paper which he was brandishing about as an Indian does a tomahawk. He finally stopped his war dance long enough to thrust the paper before Atwood. Then he pointed to the account of the Horse Show.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" he shouted. "By allowing a thing like that to be printed in my paper? Tell me, sir!"

"Why," stammered Atwood, "I—I wrote it myself. It's—it's all true."

"True!" yelled the editor. "True! Of course it's true! But do you think anyone wants the truth slung at him in that fashion? Why, man alive, you must be crazy! Do you know you've ruined my paper? Those people are my backers, and after that article I hate to think of what will happen!"

"Well," said Atwood calmly, "they did seem rather angry. They've written all these letters to me," pointing to the hundred epistles sent by the hundred wrathful females.

"Of course they are angry, and I don't blame them. You're the biggest fool I ever saw, and the sooner you get out of here the better. Go anywhere, only get out of here! Better go to the insane asylum, I should think."

But Atwood did not go to the insane asylum. He went sorrowfully back to Harrington Centre, where he is appreciated. He is now editor of the only paper there, "The Daily News", and the leading man of the town. He satisfies his reforming spirit by encouraging the farmers to paint their fences and repair their sheds. There are no Horse Shows in Harrington Centre, and the natives allow all the poetry Atwood writes to be inflicted upon them, believing more firmly than ever that some day he will be a Shakespeare.

SUSIE STARR.

MY DOGGIE

My dearest little doggie  
Went off a week ago,  
And where that doggie's gone to  
I really do not know.

Much better than my dollies  
I liked that dog of mine,  
He was my very bestest friend,  
And with me all the time.

He came to me 'fore I got up,  
And staid with me all day,  
And when at night I went to bed  
I'd dream of things we'd play.

One day when I had gone way off,  
He slept out in the yard,  
A naughty butcher's boy drove past,  
And hurt my doggie hard.

And when I came to him next day  
He could not frisk or run,  
He looked at me with big, sad eyes,  
And did not care for fun.

And after church that very day  
A man shot off a gun.  
I knew that doggie might be scared,  
So I began to run—

But Nursie caught and held me tight,  
 Set me upon a chair,  
 Told me that I must not go out,  
 'Twas time to comb my hair.

She took a very long, long time,  
 And when she let me go,  
 I went to find my little dog,  
 I thought he'd miss me so.

I looked for him in every place,  
 I looked for him all day,  
 I could not find him anywhere,  
 He must have gone away.

Now every day I wait for him,  
 And when to bed I go  
 I ask dear God to send him back,  
 Because I miss him so.

EDITH CHARTERS GALLAGHER.

Zepherinus let his last armful of wood fall with a thud in the wood-box and dusted the splinters off the arm of his coat.

"What'll I do now, ma?" he said

**The Fallacy of Fiction** in an eager voice, such as you don't often hear from a small boy of ten when it comes to doing chores. But little Zephie was a most cheerful, willing child by nature, and besides, to-morrow was Thanksgiving Day, and there was a spirit of bustle in the air that made him want to lend a hand to almost anything.

"Did you git the 'Youths' Companion' from Mis' Black when you came past?" Mrs. Whimple stuck her head out of the pantry as she spoke, and her sharp look of inquiry turned to one of relief as little Zephie pulled from his pocket the remains of a "Youths' Companion".

Mrs. Whimple was baking pies, and she hastily slapped them into the oven and began to read the paper with avidity. Stories were Mrs. Whimple's one passion. Never a week had passed in which she had not perused from beginning to end the pages of the "Youths' Companion", the only paper that anyone in the neighborhood took. All the children had names culled from its pages. Maria, the oldest, was named after a girl who had gone to college, and had a glorious career. So Maria was at that

moment in the State Normal, and her fond parent expected to hear of the career in every letter. Then came Violet Rose and little Zepherinus, who had been named after Mrs. Whimple had read a story about a playful little wind, ending up with the phrase, "Thus played the little Zepher." Pa had objected and declared he "wa'n't goin' to have no son named after that there Zepher". So to disguise somewhat the origin, Ma, who was firmer than Pa, changed it to Zepherinus. Then there was the baby, for whom as yet no name had been found, and never did Ma lay down the "Youths' Companion" but what Pa looked at her anxiously and then glanced at his youngest.

"I don't see's we're goin' to have a turkey for to-morrow," said Violet Rose as she removed the pies from the oven.

"Never you mind," said her mother briskly. "There's lots of ways for it to come yet. Why, right in this here paper I've been readin' a story about a little boy who went out in the woods on Thanksgivin' mornin' already and shot the turkey they ate for dinner. He made up with the family livin' next door to them, too—they'd been fightin' a long time, them two families." Mrs. Whimple mused on delightedly. "Then some girl may be blocked, for it's snowin' hard enough to block any train, and they always are takin' turkeys to their grandmothers. Oh, there's lots of ways yet." Pa's face was a study of incredulity mingled with hope, and greater cheer fell on the whole family.

The next morning all the Whimples, big and little, were up at an early hour. The whole Thanksgiving dinner was in a state of preparation except the all-important turkey, which the family could not afford that year. And if one had fallen through the ceiling it would have caused little surprise, so sure was Mrs. Whimple and through her the whole family that one would turn up in one way or another.

"Now, Zepherinus," said his mother as she tied a large red muffler around her small son's neck and gave him his little shotgun, "you go 'long out into the woods an' see if you can catch a turkey. There might be one in the woods right around Farmer Jones' chicken-yard. And Pa," at which Pa meekly rose from behind the stove where he thought his sheltered position might save him from being pressed into service, "you hang 'round the station. There's snow enough to block anyone, and as sure as you see any passengers that look as if they



intended goin' to their grandmothers you bring them right along. They always have turkeys. I'll put the baby out in the yard. He's not pretty, but he's cute and he'll draw sympathy."

Violet Rose and her mother, now that all the rest of the family was disposed of, set to work at the dinner, most of which was the produce of their own garden.

At about ten o'clock Miss Little, a philanthropic young woman, came down the street with a basket full of good things "for some poor family", she told her mother as she started out.

"You cunning little thing!" she exclaimed as her eye fell on the youngest member of the Whimple family making vain attempts to get up out of a snow-drift, into which he had fallen. "Did he fall into a big lot of snow? Well, well, let me help him out. I wonder if this family has a Thanksgiving dinner to-day," she said to herself, as she extracted the child from the drift. "The house looks rather shabby. I guess I'll ask. Have you a nice dinner for to-day?" she said, smiling sweetly at the baby, who only stared in return. So she knocked at the door. "I have a few nice things in my basket," she said to Violet Rose, who answered her knock, "and I thought perhaps I might leave them here for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"We've all but a turkey," blurted out Violet Rose, at which her mother flew to her rescue and explained how they had a very nice dinner from their own garden, but they had been unable to buy a turkey.

"Well, now," said Miss Little, "that is too bad. Everyone ought to have a Thanksgiving turkey, and I'll bring you one. My father keeps a grocery store, and I'm sure he'll let me have one for you. Dear me," she mused as she went down the path, "I'm so glad I happened in there. It certainly would be a pity to have those cunning children go without a Thanksgiving turkey."

"It's not just like the story," gasped Mrs. Whimple when the door was shut. But Violet Rose seized her around the waist and pranced up and down the kitchen.

"And here comes Zephie," she panted out, "and—and—oh, Ma, see what he's got. He's got a turkey, sure's I'm alive—a great big turkey! Oh, Ma, just look!"

Up the path marched little Zephie, with a large turkey slung over his shoulder, and this he proudly and breathlessly presented to his mother, who murmured ecstatically, "Just like the story—you shot him, didn't you, Zephie?"

"No, Ma, I saw him just outside of Farmer Jones' chicken-yard, and I guess he's a tame wild turkey, 'cause he just looked at me and never ran, and I caught him just as easy."

Mrs. Whimple looked mystified and perplexed for a moment, and then they all fell to picking the bird with never a thought of the turkey that Miss Little had promised them.

In the meantime Pa had betaken himself to the station, and as it was not near any train time, he strolled into the warm little waiting room and proceeded to continue the nap that Ma had interrupted. The sound of feet on the platform aroused him from the depths of slumber, and he opened his eyes to see the tall figure of a young girl going past the window. On her arm was a large basket covered with a white napkin.

"That's her, I guess," Pa remarked, and he hurried out into the wintry air. With meagre ceremony and but few preliminary remarks, he told the girl to come along. To him it all seemed the most natural thing in the world, for had he not expected her? Had not Ma told him to bring her? And Ma generally got her way where Pa was concerned. Neither did the girl seem at all surprised except that she seemed to expect some sort of vehicle around on the other side of the station. Pa shambled up the street, followed by the girl, and still followed by the girl, upon whose face a look of bewilderment was dawning, he broke in upon the merry party in the kitchen. With a relieved wave of his hand to show that he had done his part of the business, he remarked, "I've brung her, Ma," and retired to the corner behind the stove.

Joy and absolute ecstasy were mingled in Mrs. Whimple's face. There sprang to her lips a number of phrases that had been used by Youths' Companion women in similar situations; but in her confusion all she succeeded in uttering was, "Come right in and give me your basket." The girl sat down in a dazed way on the chair that little Zephie offered her, and stared in open-eyed astonishment at Mrs. Whimple, who was exploring the basket without a thought but that this poor snow-blocked girl was overjoyed to share all that she had with the family who had saved her from spending the day in a railroad station. The first thing she took from the basket was a large turkey beautifully browned, with its fat legs stuck out in an inviting way and its wings folded complacently at its sides, decorated with a fresh bunch of parsley.

"But you know—really—I—you—there must be a mistake. I—" began the girl, rising and putting out her hand in protest against this rifling of her neatly-packed basket. But she was interrupted by a knock on the door, which Zephie opened. If a large turkey had walked in and announced himself ready for the oven Zephie would have offered him a pan to lie down in without a word. For after what had happened almost anything might happen. But no—there stood Miss Little all aglow with the joy of giving, clasping in her arms a huge bundle, from which protruded the legs of a plump turkey. "I'm so glad—" she began, and then the words froze on her lips as her eyes fell on the half-picked turkey on the table and the crisp brown turkey on the platter. She drew herself up indignantly. Her father had been right, after all, when he laughingly told her she had struck a fraud. Such base lying she had never heard of. The very idea—two turkeys already, and then going begging for a third.

"I am very sorry this happened," she began in a hard, icy tone, "but of course you can't expect me to be oblivious to the fact that you have lied to me. I shall leave my turkey with some more deserving family, who have not two turkeys already," and with flaming cheeks and quivering lips she turned and walked down the path to the gate, her little heels clicking her scorn and indignation as she went.

For an awful moment the Whimple family stood looking at each other and at their unwilling guest, whose desire to go had been augmented by this scene.

"I don't understand this at all," she said in a dignified tone, "but there has been some mistake. My uncle promised to send a man to meet me at the station to take me out to grandmother's, and I thought he," pointing to Pa, who was peering out from behind the stove in round-eyed amazement, "was my uncle's man, and he brought me here—where it is I am sure I don't know, but I must insist upon getting a carriage at some livery stable to take me out to my grandmother's at once." And so saying she began to put the things back into the basket. She hesitated a moment before putting in the turkey, as though afraid she ought to leave something with this poor family, but there lay the "tame wild turkey", and seeing this she drew the napkin over a basket not a whit less heavy than when she had entered. As the family seemed too completely petrified to

make any remarks by way of explanation, she turned and walked out of the door.

"Wal, I swan!" remarked Pa, after a space of fully five minutes, during which Ma had flung her apron over her head and Violet Rose had sunk to the floor completely overcome by the shame and disgrace of it all.

"Call her back," gasped Ma when the spell was broken. "Can't some of you all call her back and tell her how it was?" Little Zephie, in a mad effort to save the situation, rushed to the door, and flinging it wide open, fairly hurled himself into the arms of a very red, very angry little man, who grabbed him by the collar and held him suspended in the air while his eyes glanced sharply around the room, and taking in all the guilty little group, fell at last upon the turkey, half denuded of its natural covering.

"There, I know'd it," he fairly bellowed forth. "D'you think I didn't see you, you little rascal?" giving Zephie an extra shake. "D'you think I didn't see you a-skulkin' around my chicken yard this mornin' a-shootin' my turkeys? You'd better be a-lookin' ashamed, you all had," and at this his eyes blazed and his figure expanded with rage, "a-sendin' your children out to shoot other folks' turkeys! Never let me catch you 'round my chicken yard again, you—or you'll never come home to bring my turkeys to your thievin' family, you won't!" At this he gave little Zephie such a shake that the poor child's teeth rattled, and dropping him on the floor he seized the turkey by the legs and strode from the house, slamming the door after him, bubbling and sputtering with rage.

"Wal, I swan!" said a voice from behind the stove. "Is this here the way yer stories come out, Ma?"

Only a sob answered him, and a stifled roar from Zepherinus.

Another knock at the door, but this time Violet Rose fairly leapt from her place by her mother's side and drew the bolt. There was the impatient shuffling of feet on the door-step, and then the sound of retreating footsteps. After a lapse of ten minutes, broken only by sounds of lamentation, Pa shuffled to the door, broke away from his wife, who extended a hand from behind her apron and caught his coat-tails, and from little Zephie, who had flung his arms around the paternal legs and bellowed out a request that Pa should not open the door, and stood for a moment irresolute.

One eye of Ma's appeared from behind her apron as Pa, who had at last braced himself for an attack, flung wide the door. He was greeted by nothing more harmful than a blast of wintry air, and there on the door-step lay an express package. He surveyed it dubiously, half expecting something human or otherwise to leap forth. Then he picked it up in a gingerly way and laid it on the table. Now the excitement of an express package would have driven away the memories of almost any grief from the Whimple family, and forgetful of all their accumulated woes, they gathered around Ma, who cut the string and undid the wrappings. A neat little note lay on top as Mrs. Whimple took the cover off the box.

"Dear Pa and Ma and Violet Rose and Little Zephie and Baby," she read, "I know you will not be able to afford anything extra for a Thanksgiving dinner this year, because I am costing you so much. But a nice old farmer around here—my chum's father—has sent this—"

"Turkey!" yelled little Zephie, whose eager fingers had been exploring the box.

"Yes, turkey!" screamed Violet Rose, and Pa said, "Wal, I swan!"

Late that afternoon, as the whole family sat around the table, Pa observed Ma gazing meditatively at the youngest member of the family. Ma had been meditating for some time, and Pa felt anxious. His fears were confirmed when Ma opened her lips and said, "What do you think of naming the baby—"

"Now, Ma," said Pa half rising from his chair and feeling that this perhaps was after all the crisis of the day's events, "Now, Ma, I ain't a-goin' to hev no child with the name of Turkerinus. No, I ain't, so there!"

KATHERINE HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

Miss Harley was expecting the minister to tea. The minister was a new one. He had preached his first sermon the Sunday before, and Miss Harley had heard

**Mud Pies and Pickles** this sermon. She had liked the new minister's face, and she had incidentally agreed with everything he had said. Furthermore, the new minister was a widower, and Miss Harley herself was—well, she was not a widow, and yet she had no husband. Sud-

denly it occurred to her that it might not be exactly proper for her to be alone in the house with him without any chaperon. Still, she was nearly fifty years old, and he—well, he was a minister. Even so, perhaps they ought—Now there was Miss Bentley next door, who was two days older than Miss Harley. Two days make a great deal of difference when one is past forty. Yes, Miss Bentley would do. No, Miss Bentley would not do, for Miss Bentley was also unmarried, and, in spite of the great disparity in their ages, she was far prettier than Miss Harley.

Suddenly Miss Harley came to herself. For her, a professor of the Christian religion, an active member of the Methodist Church, the treasurer of the Women's Missionary Society, for her to have such thoughts! Resolutely she got up and went into the house. Then she put on her rubbers, for though there had been no rain for three days, the dew might be falling. Then she drew her Sunday bonnet out of the box and settled it firmly on her head. Then Miss Harley took the three or four steps necessary to bring her to Miss Bentley's door. What? Oh! Miss Bentley had gone out to tea, had she? And as Miss Harley turned back that faithful church worker might have been heard to breath a deep sigh of satisfaction.

After removing her rubbers and bonnet and smoothing her hair Miss Harley again went out on the porch to await the new minister, though it was still two hours before tea time. The drone of grasshoppers and the drowsy twittering of birds were the only sounds to break the quiet of that peaceful summer day. As Miss Harley lay back in her wicker chair she thought that old mother earth had not yet awakened from her noon-day nap. She imagined that the lazy drone of the grasshoppers was her gentle breathing—that the twitter of the birds was—that the twitter of the birds was—

What? Had the minister come? She arose to greet him, and after the usual remarks they both sat down and fell to discussing the weather, the omnipotence of God, and the condition of the village poor. Soon, however, their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Harley's one little maid, who announced tea. Together they walked through the vine-covered porch, through the front door to the dining-room. Face to face they sat down at the little table. A certain sort of pickle soon brought forth from the minister the statement that

not since his mother's death had he eaten that special kind. Now, this was a very extraordinary fact, for it seemed that before Miss Harley, her mother had been the sole possessor of the recipe, with the exception of one dear friend to whom Miss Harley's mother had entrusted a copy after receiving a promise that it should never pass out of her friend's family.

Thus it came to light that the new minister was the son of Miss Harley's mother's dear friend, that he also had been, long ago, Miss Harley's playmate. Then they began to talk about the mud pies they had made, the ships they had sailed, and both agreed that they would like, once more, to make mud pies and to sail ships. The new minister's eyes twinkled. "Why," said he, "should we not make mud pies? Why," said he, "should we not sail ships? The moon," said he, "to-night is full, and by its light we can see how to form the pies, we can see how to make the ships."

Before she knew what was happening Miss Harley, rubberless and bonnetless, found herself trudging along hand in hand with the new minister to the sand banks at the end of the town. A long row of appetizing mud pies had appeared, and a second row was well under way, when the sound of approaching wheels was heard.

"By the whale that swallowed Jonah!" said the new minister, "here come four of my parishioners."

Esther, who had taken the place of Miss Harley, offered to cover up George, who had taken the place of the new minister, with sand, but George would not consent to this, saying that it would not be consistent with his ministerial dignity. Nevertheless, he permitted Esther to spread herself out in front of him. Fortunately, they were not noticed. This incident, however, had dampened the new minister's appetite for mud pies, and so they walked down through the fields to a merry little brook, in the waters of which they soon launched a boat which the new minister himself had fashioned.

After a while, wearying of this, they strolled silently along towards home. The new minister was the first to speak. "Esther," said he, "do you remember that you always used to say that you would marry me when we grew up? Say it again." Obediently Miss Harley repeated the promise, then, suddenly realizing that they were both grown up, she drew herself up to her full height and icily said, "Sir, this is very improper!"

Miss Harley woke up with a start. Why, there was the new minister, and what was he saying? "No, Miss Harley, not at all improper. This kind of weather usually affects people in that way. This very morning I, myself, fell asleep while writing my sermon."

Later, at tea, the new minister refused pickles, saying that he never ate them. And later still, when Miss Harley fearfully led the conversation around to the topic, these strange facts were brought to light: The new minister had never had an appetite for mud pies, and, as a child, he had actually preferred reading his Bible to sailing ships. Miss Harley experienced a feeling of regret, for she had half hoped that the dream might come true. But the minister's refusal of the pickles that one night did not prevent a part of the dream from coming true, as was shown later when Miss Harley went to live in the parsonage.

RUTH MCCALL.

AT THE DAY'S END.

The great red sun drops slowly in the west,  
And sinks to slumber in a lap of cloud;  
Long shadows creep across the woods, and crowd  
About the calm old mountain's peaceful crest,  
When night comes on.

All life is still. The broad white sail hangs low.  
Home to its harbor creeps the tiny boat,  
There, anchored fast the long night thro', to float  
Lulled by the sea-waves' gentle ebb and flow,  
When night comes on.

So may I, too, lay down the hard day's task  
And rest my wearied arms, and cuddle down  
In childish trust, forget the old world's frown,  
And dream awhile. Yes, this is all I ask  
When night comes on!

KATHERINE COLLINS.



## *EDITORIAL*

Mention a lost umbrella and you touch at once the universal. Who among us has not felt the sudden shock of loss, the invasion of suspicion? Few within the campus fence, at any rate, where the mysterious disappearances induce a vivid imagination to conclude that we shelter the agent for an umbrella shop. The unknown collector is no respecter of handles, for gold-topped and pine knobbed, plated and inlaid, all share a common doom; not even the bent, venerable patriarch of seven seasons is safe.

We attend chapel or recitation, leaving a neat but not gaudy umbrella, plainly marked with name and address, in a secluded corner. We return expectantly to that corner, and behold! in the place of our property, a sadly twisted stick with a sagging, perforated cover! If the hopeful illusions of youth remain, we put up notices and haunt the lost and found office. Meanwhile we carry the dismal substitute, and then some rainy morn even the substitute disappears, and we skip merrily home between the drops.

Thereafter profound distrust of all womankind rankles in our hearts. On damp days we scan the racks and nooks with a detective's eye, and peer furtively at the umbrella handles of passing friends. There are some even fallen so low that they do not exempt the faculty from this suspicious scrutiny!

But the fatal work is not confined to umbrellas. A member of a campus house missed her rain-coat last spring. This fall it was returned to the lady-in-charge by a naive young person, who explained cheerily, "Do you know, I took that coat last spring! It was raining and my dress was new, so I just picked it up and wore it back. I meant to return it the next day, but it got among my things and by mistake I took it home with me. Wasn't it stupid? Of course I tore over as soon as I got back. I hope it hasn't inconvenienced the owner."

It had inconvenienced her to the extent of a new coat, but consider the refreshing candor of the explanation! The delightful confusion of *meum* and *teum*! The student who borrows heedlessly, with intention of speedy restoration, is at least more social than the student who, having been defrauded of a cherished umbrella, concludes that the college is to blame, and so makes judicious selection from the college racks. It would take a special branch of the S. C. A. C. W. to cope with that peculiar frame of mind! The result of both classes, however, is practically the same.

The borrower is too much with us, late and soon. Experience brings a certain amount of protection. We conceal our alcohol bottle in our shoe bag, and protest with conviction that we are out of stamps, even when we see an eager eye resting on our brimming stamp box; we cling tenaciously to gloves and handkerchiefs—but what are we to do with our wet umbrellas?

From the depths of my Smith College experience, I appeal to your sympathy, oh umbrellaless one! Consider not the college rack as a warehouse from which you may impersonally make choice! Each umbrella that you see before you has a loving owner, deeply, very deeply attached. Perhaps it has associations for her—perhaps it is a Christmas umbrella; perhaps a family heirloom. Hasten the dawn of the day when we may go to chapel with light and trustful hearts, leaving our umbrellas with no promonitory pang of parting, but secure in the happy certainty of reunion.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

*Beauty Through Hygiene*, by Emma E. Walker, M. D. (A. S. Barnes & Co.) Legion, indeed, is the number of books thrust upon the modern reader when he starts in search of the fabled fountain of youth and health. Many of them he dare not believe to be trustworthy guides, and more will lead him astray. It is only a few who can with truth direct him to the wonderful waters, and promise their discovery to be an every-day modern reality.

Among the quantity of charlatan work that is at present broadcast, Dr. Walker's book is sensible and to the point. It does not profess to perform wonders, but promises the comeliness of health to those who live according to its primary laws. Rules put down in black and white for daily reference, simple advice for various troubles, useful warnings and explanations,—these constitute the chief themes of the twenty-three chapters. There is no attempt to usurp the place of the physician, or to produce a work of artistic and literary value. We are told in short, concise sentences how to use for the best our physical life and endowments.

Many of the practices urged upon the reader appeal strongly to the needs of the college girl. Dr. Walker begins with a chapter on deep breathing, the value of which she rates very high. "If you once become its devotee, you will wonder how you ever lived before. It adds buoyancy to your spirits, and makes you feel you can overcome mountains of obstacles." She approves of all sports except basket-ball, "this possessing too many dangers to be truly advantageous". A number of pages are devoted to poise, with much reproof for "lounging in chairs, leaning the head on one hand, bending over books; and then hoping to correct daily wrong postures by a few hours' exercise in the gymnasium." The troubles of the stout and the thin girl are successively taken up; and the common-sense

regulations, if followed, would cause the managers of Boyden's and the Copper Kettle to wring their hands in despair. A wise attempt is made to reconcile girls to house-work. "You do not realize how you can turn every part of it into fine exercise, closely allied to those given in physical culture."

Much good counsel is given for the care of the skin, hair, eyes, and so on. Regulations too elementary to seem necessary are proved to need emphasizing. "Do not dash water on your face with hands that have not been washed." "Be careful of the voice, as it is an excellent index of both health and spirits. The voice of the American girl is noted for its unpleasant quality. Notice it at an afternoon tea, shrill, high-pitched and strained."

Dr. Walker has the gift of humor, and often puts her most excellent advice into the nutshell of a joke. There is also many an apt maxim strewn through the book. We are told "not to wear hats that are a burden both to body and mind; to hurry with our muscles, not our nerves; to look cheerful, if we don't feel so; and to remember that thoughts affect the beauty of the face, and that one walking in the sunshine will reflect its light."

At a first careless glance these precepts may seem amusingly elementary or even superficial. But a more reflective scrutiny will lead us to a different conclusion, and we will decide that this little volume is full of sound opinions and good sense.

*Betty Wales, Freshman*, by Margaret Warde. (The Penn. Publishing Co.) There are few stories of college experiences that carry conviction, especially if the reader chances to be college-bred. The community life seems to be too many-sided to have all its fleeting phases and varied points of view portrayed or even suggested with sincerity. The story of Betty Wales does not possess what we can truly call the college spirit. Betty and her friends may be types of freshmen, but we feel them to be too young, their thoughts and purposes too childish, to stand for the great body of the entering class. The atmosphere of the book seems better suited to chronicles of a girl at boarding-school. By the time she comes to college we hope she has discovered that to "amount to something" is not synonymous with "being talked about"; that the unhappiness of others need not cause her to "feel awkward and desire to

escape"; and that a year here must be marked "failure" unless filled with fun.

Betty runs the gamut of all usual freshman experiences, from getting into the sophomore "grind-book" to going through the terrors at mid-year's.

"Viewed in retrospect, the tragic experiences of freshman year seem the most insignificant of trifles. But at the time the distinction is not so clear between the intelligent reviews that the faculty recommend and the cramming that they abhor."

"And so she did not hurry,  
Nor sit up late and cram,  
Nor have the blues and worry,  
But—she failed in her exam."

Betty heeds this warning, and passes on with flying colors to the other adventures of her jolly year, winning many friends by the way. There is the serious girl, who thought, "college was a place for students, and sadly compares the red-brick homely reality with the shaded marble cloisters of her dreams". There is the girl to "whom 'fun' means power and prominence", and does too many things because "energy is in the air". There is the girl whose family is giving her "opportunities". "Because I have not told them that I work three solid hours on my German every day, and stand in line at the library to get Bryce, they make a pathetic appeal to my better self."

Betty enjoys college, "finding it much like the bigger world outside. The fittest survive on their own merits, and these merits must be obvious and well-advertised or they are in great danger of being overlooked. It is safer in the long run to do one's own advertising, and do it early."

We recognize and enjoy these bits of good local color with their pithy truths. The easy style leads us gaily from adventure to adventure, and the interest is sustained until the end. But the college story is the most difficult of all stories to attempt, because it must convey that elusive impression, college atmosphere; and *Betty Wales, Freshman*, though bright and attractive, fails tantalizingly of a real and deep insight into the spirit of the college.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

*Falaise of the Blessed Voice*, by William Stearns Davis.  
(MacMillan Co.)

*Correct Writing and Speaking*, by Mary A. Jordan. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

*The Symphony Since Beethoven*, by Felix Weingartner.  
Translated by Maude B. Dutton. (Boston Oliver Ditson Co.)

At the Academy of Music, October 28, "The Admirable Crichton". To enjoy the performance without reserve, one must accept the play in the way it is offered, as a phantasy pure and simple, where the caricature is obvious and the humor achieved by the impossible. But so much truth lurks in the situations that it seems a pity more was not made out of the suggestive material. William Gillette brought to the rôle of Crichton all the convincing manhood possible—and won all possible applause thereby—but the rôle is neither convincing nor manly. The servant is too servile, the governor too pompous, and the moral of it all seems to be that we are creatures of convention, whom not even a three years' return to nature can liberate or inspire. Perhaps—among the aristocracy. But Oh! for an American Crichton. In three years he would have been mayor of the town, in thirteen governor of the state, and Lady Mary an easy captive to his progressive power. As it was, the end of the play was inevitable, and the vague mutiny and unrest in which Lady Mary took herself off the stage remained with a great part of the audience.

M. W. H.

At the Academy of Music, October 7, "A Winter's Tale". Among the veritable procession of Shakespeare plays that have passed through Northampton in the preceding year—plays without scenery, and plays under the trees—this performance is conspicuous for its success. Miss Allen sustained a difficult part in taking the rôles both of Hermione and Perdita. As a flower-crowned shepherdess, her charm and tripping grace captivated all. The support was weak at times, Leonidas approaching near the ridiculous in his passion; but both the trial scene and the climax in the last act were impressive. As a whole the play was well worth seeing.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### POEMS

Ah, who can catch the flying thought?  
What hands can hold the  
Swift-winged dream?  
The changing light of clouds pearl-wrought  
Plays over them  
And vanishes.  
And in his hand the dreamer sees  
The empty shadow of a dream.  
The bruised wings of butterflies  
Are far less fragile things  
Than these.

BERTHA L. THRESHER '04.

### UPON SENDING THE "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE" TO A FRIEND

I would say all that she hath said, and more,  
Dear heart, but mine is not the poet's pen,  
Nor am I wise in verse, nor do I know,  
Save in a childlike, curious way, the lore  
And prophesy of poets; dimly yet  
Perceiving, as a three days' child the light,  
Here she caught the truth; there burning bright,  
The poet soul, unstained, with God has met.  
Let her say for me what no verse of mine,  
With halting movement, stumbling rhyme and slow,  
Could tell for me, even could I know  
That thou wouldst hold unworthy not a line,  
Nor weigh, with calm, judicial mind and cold,  
Its frequent lapse, its errors manifold.

R. M. GREENE 1903.

### TO A FRIEND

Not often do I see thee face to face,  
O thou, my friend!  
Not often clasp thy hand in mine,  
As hearts intend.

Our ways diverge, with work and purpose strong,  
Thou there, I here ;  
Each day intense, with life's revealings grand,  
With conquests dear.

But ah, no word or symbol do we need  
To bridge the space.  
And why? Because of bonds which stronger are  
Than time or place.

One purpose clear, whate'er the form of work  
That lights the way ;  
One will to serve where service calls to us  
That makes night, day.

'Tis this that makes us understand so well,  
Across all space ;  
And lets us speak across the void, as though  
'Twere face to face.

For needs of fellow-men, of self, of earth,  
God sets us here,  
Each one in separate place, to strive, to work,  
Without one fear.

But through the love of Him, and each, so dear,  
We live as one ;  
Eternity is ours to-day ; and heaven  
Is here begun.

LYDIA KENDALL FOSTER '98.

In early spring archaeologists whose field of work lies in the eastern Mediterranean return to their posts with a regularity that must astonish beholders. It sometimes astonishes themselves, **A Trip Through Western Crete, 1904** and they recall with some chagrin convictions held and expressed by them not more than six months before to the effect that they had had enough of a somewhat narrow and absorbing life that cut them off from friends for long periods of the year, and would henceforth seek a sphere of work larger, more human and more modern. They had been tired of the blazing sunshine and longed for a grey day and a promise of rain in the air, for green fields and shade trees.

Even the mountains had seemed monotonous save at the supreme moments of the day, sunrise and sunset, and these moments were almost to be dreaded for their poignant beauty which made the rest of the day the more dreary. To use a vigorous English expression, they had been "stale" at the end of the season, responsibilities had become a burden, tempers were frayed, and during the last weeks of museum work, which is hardly more exhilarating than would be the dusting, mending and ordering of several large dirty china



shops after the bull had been in them, their only thought had been of escape from the sheer physical fatigue, the ennui and isolation. But a few months, sometimes a few weeks, change all that. Results which on the spot seem insignificant assume greater importance at a distance of several thousand miles, when brought into relation with the whole body of facts steadily accumulating which, as John Fiske says of evolution, are "altering our perspective—teaching us that the whole of recorded history is but a narrow fringe upon the stupendous canvas along which the existence of humanity stretches back." From this standpoint prehistoric archaeology has a human interest and since its laboratory work is done out-of-doors with the collaboration of many people, chiefly of the simplest and therefore the most friendly classes, it is not so dry as dust as are many occupations with less formidable names. Then too, Greek lands have a strange power over Western minds, not the sentimental appeal of lovely Italy, but a certain austerity of beauty and a clearness in sky and air that gets into the ways of thinking and living and becomes strangely attractive at times when our more "civilized" atmosphere seems a bit befogged. Also the problems which can not be answered by any amount of library work but only by the spade, call one back.

This was my experience a year ago. I had not realised how much I was interested in a certain little deme of Crete until the Carnegie Institution, which had held out some hope of a grant, decided it would not further any excavations in the Mediterranean "because we know all about the Mediterranean"! Happily others were not of the same opinion. Mrs. Samuel Houston, while cruising with her husband, who is a trustee and benefactor of the University of Pennsylvania, had visited Gourniä and wished to know what more was hidden there. Mr. Calvin Wells, who in 1901 and 1903 had supported our expedition, joined Mrs. Houston in giving enough for a third season's work and on February 27 I sailed from Boston to join my colleagues, Miss Edith Hall, Smith '99, and Mr. Richard B. Seager, in Athens. The journey was accomplished entirely by sea—Dominion line from Boston to Naples and Messagerie Maritime from Naples to the Peiræus. We three sailed for Crete after I had had five days in Athens in which to pick up a few supplies, see old friends and learn the newest theories,—Dr. Dörpfeld's view that the Eretheion was planned to have as great an extension west of the axis connecting the North Porch to the Porch of the Caryatids as now lies east of that line, but religious scruples prevented completion of the plan as in the case of the Propylæa, and his other theory that Carians were Cretans.

This year, before leaving America to resume work at Gournia in Eastern Crete, where a large part of our Mycenaean city remained still underground, I had determined if possible to make the acquaintance of the west end of the island and of the region that lies between Canea and Candia. Convinced that little could be gained by beginning to excavate before the privations of Lent and the recreations of Easter (Greek calendar, in 1904 our 10th of April) had ended, I devoted the time between our arrival in Crete, March 26 and the close of Easter holidays to this journey. Miss Hall and Mr. Seager went with me and, as in former years, Aristides Pappadias, a native Greek of proved ability, arranged for our comfort as well as could be done.

Our landing at Canea was made a little past midnight under conditions peculiar to this part of the world. The captain of the Austrian Lloyd steamer which brought us from Athens had assured us that we might remain on board until morning, but scarcely had the rattle of the Hungaria's anchor-chain broken our sleep when the stir on deck and shouts from small boats warned us that we must disembark with what grace of mind and manner we could command. Grace of manner is a little difficult on a dark night in an open roadstead, descending by a frail ladder into a most unstable boat that one moment strikes the stars and the next descends to nether deeps in truly classic style. The reason given for this untimely landing was that the sea was rising and it would not be safe for the steamer to ride at anchor. Of course Suda Bay, about two miles east of Canea, is sheltered even in the worst storms, but captains do not like to lose time by putting in and long before sunrise the Hungaria had transferred its freight and was on its way to Corfu.

On the pier we found the Cretan government represented by two gendarmes, who promptly registered the party. Hotel "runners" quickly beset us, but their eager recommendation of the "Angleterre", "Acropolis" and other hotels, was followed by an admission that in no one of their hostelries were two rooms vacant, and that to secure even one for Miss Hall and me it would probably be necessary to turn out a present occupant. Their willingness to practice this summary expulsion may have been flattering to us as foreigners but did not appeal to our sense of fitness. Having visited two hotels which we found full and dirty, we made our way down a narrow street truly medieval in appearance, under a Venetian archway, to an inn humbler than either of those we had seen, but possessed of two empty rooms where we were able to put up our camp beds and seek rest at about three o'clock in the morning.

Canea is the capital of the island and the seat of its complex government. Here Prince George of Greece has his "palace" as Prince High Commissioner; here the Cretan parliament meets for forty days in the year to pass resolutions recommending union with Greece and here the four Protecting Powers through their consuls and garrisons promote peace, a sound currency and grog shops. What an education in languages it is to spell out the saloon signs in Russian, English, French, Italian and Greek! There is a small admixture of Turkish, but I should not venture to call the meeting-places of pious Mussulmen "saloons". One sign in Khaleppa praised the virtues of "Nut-brown October Ale", and "Army and Navy Bar" is frequently seen marking the former residence in this city of Tommy Atkins, who now is found only on the walls of Candia, leaving Canea to his continental friends. On the harbor side Canea looks like an Italian town, so high, narrow and parti-colored are the houses that line the quays. On the west the four European flags fly from an old Venetian fort, on the east a light-house and the official residence of Prince George, once the Turkish governor's house, are both built on Venetian foundations. St. Mark's lion looks down from an ancient gateway. But even at the water's edge rises a slender minaret, and farther from the sea the town loses all its occidental aspect and seems to belong as rightly to the Near East as does any city in Asia Minor. Fezzes

are common and their owners keep booths that are models of neatness, overflowing with fresh fruits and vegetables. Shoe Lane is of course in the hands of the Greeks.

A day sufficed for a brief survey of the town and recovery from our sea-trip, and early Monday morning, in spite of threatening showers, we set forth to explore, mounted on excellent Cretan ponies, with an honest but stupid guide. First came the ordeal of riding through narrow, crowded streets and passing the wretched lepers who sit begging just without the limits of the town—then we found ourselves in open country on a good road lined by tall cactus and century plants, many of which were in full blossom. The first native we met wished to show us a rare antique, which proved to be a counterfeit pound sterling that he had taken from a Turk whom he had killed in one of the many Cretan revolutions. When asked how it happened that he was able to kill a man who wore a coin bearing the image of St. George, he said, "by the power of God", which had enabled him to overcome even the mighty saint. We lunched at Brises, a small village lying in a valley made lovely by orange, olive and plane trees and by masses of flowers, especially the bright yellow gorse. Our first sacrifice to science was to climb a cruel hill reported to bear ancient ruins, but on which we found nothing more interesting than a Venetian fortress. At evening we reached the Monastery of Gonia, and found abbot and monks in a heated discussion with the Customs Guard as to whether Noah's flood had covered the entire earth—religion vs. science, apropos of the recent visit of a young English woman in quest of fossil remains. Being called upon to arbitrate, we admitted that fossils were found in America and this settled the debate in favor of religion in a way we hardly understood, but which was favorable to our reception as guests for the night. The monastery was built in 1634, and in the church are some interesting specimens of wood-work partly gilded, carved stalls, dragons supporting the pulpit, etc. The next day we continued along the coast, in the midst of scenery whose natural wildness was made more striking by clouds hanging low on jagged mountains and gusts of rain blown in from the sea. Although drenched to the skin, we could not be blind to the beauty of the rugged promontories and long level beaches across which our path led. At nightfall we came to Kalyvianni, and were entertained by the somewhat officious mayor of the village. Roman antiquities were brought us for inspection and we visited the near-by hill, where peasants had found them. Wednesday noon we reached the extreme western end of the island, where in classical times there flourished a city called Phalasarna, situated on a mouse-shaped headland overlooking an excellent little harbor. The port, with its stone landing, stages and mooring-piers, is now high and dry, for, as was proven by Captain Thomas Spratt of the Royal British Navy, who surveyed Crete in the fifties, disturbances in the earth's crust within historic times have lifted the western end of the island and have sunk the eastern end. Phalasarna's city walls stand in some places nine courses high and her towers are well preserved. In a slight depression in the promontory lay a shrine where offerings must have been numerous, for we picked up many fragments of small terra cotta figures on the slopes near this point. Leaving Phalasarna at three o'clock, we crossed a mountain ridge to the southeast,

and looking back over a magnificent stretch of plain and sea, marvelled at the apparent desertion of a plain so fertile. There was not a village in sight, nothing to mark human habitation save the ancient city. In an upland valley which had been hidden from us we came upon a half-dozen tiny villages and one ruined Turkish town. Up and down, up and down we followed most difficult paths, and darkness had fallen when a last steep climb brought us to Apano Palaekastro (Upper Old Citadel). This thriving village boasts one clean upper room with a wooden floor, where travelers are entertained. Early in the morning our door was besieged by peasants bringing coins and other small Greco-Roman antiquities. In the village lanes are remains of an aqueduct, a fountain with carved marble cornice-blocks and a large conduit cut through part of the mountain in solid rock. On the ancient Acropolis stands a small church, into whose walls are built every which way blocks bearing ancient inscriptions, one being in honor of Scipio Africanus. Close by are architectural fragments, probably of the temple of Artemis Diktyнна. The Acropolis is crowned with extensive medieval walls, gates and cisterns. It has a superb situation, standing alone, surrounded by deep valleys and gorges which cut the encircling hills, and commanding a magnificent view of the White Mountains, on that day glistening with a fresh fall of snow, of the sea south of Phalasarna and of the two gulfs of Kastelli Kisamo and Canea on the northern coast. Western Crete looks as if Turner had painted it.

That afternoon we rode to Rokkha. A school-boy on the road could not be persuaded that we were "Americans", for he had the peoples of the earth well classified and Americans should be red-men. After all he was right; we cannot boast of being autochthones, we are merely transplanted Europeans, and that explains perhaps why I find nothing unpatriotic in studying European archaeology in preference to mounds, cliff-dwellings and Pueblos. Rokkha is the most primitive village in which we stayed. It has no guest room; even its upper rooms have earth floors; the people are both curious and suspicious, and if they have antiquities keep them well out of sight. That it was once more important is proved by rock cut steps, platforms and tombs. The day was stormy and as the wind soughed through the narrow valley we were assured that the noise was caused by the rustling of the leaves of a very, very ancient book in a chapel of St. Anthony high on the mountain. Amid torrents of rain we made our way back to Gonia, happy to be again within monastery walls.

One more task remained to be accomplished before we could return to Canea and this proved to be the most arduous of all. Often I had been advised to visit the sanctuary of Artemis on the Diktynnian promontory, one of the most famous shrines of classical Crete. It was thought that the sanctity of the place must have had a beginning in prehistoric times and that something significant might be learned with regard to the true personality of this somewhat mysterious "Artemis of the Net". One of the chief purposes of this trip through Western Crete was to see whether Diktynnia was a fit place for excavation, and we should have gone out on the promontory at whose base Gonia is situated on the second day of our trip if a storm had not prevented us. On our return there was no possibility of shirking.

In spite of variable chilly weather with light showers, we had to ride ten hours steadily over the worst paths I have ever tried, a statement made without reservation, although I have had considerable experience in rough riding. At first the way was pleasant, through the pretty, prosperous village of Rhodopou, where we saw signs of Venetian occupation in a fine balcony having round arches and a central column built into a peasant's house. Beyond Rhodopou we came upon the ancient paved road, in some places ten feet wide, leading to the sanctuary. It was rough and unyielding, very hard for our little ponies. We rode forward into a wild, desolate, God-forsaken land, treeless and without sign of life. Here all the strata stood on end and our poor little beasts walked on razor-edges of rock. In four hours we saw partridges, one bull, six goats, a solitary donkey and one wild shepherd wrapped in a shaggy cloak. At last the scene brightened a little, and we came upon flocks belonging to the monastery of St. George, which is an old foundation belonging to the monastery at Gonia. Unfortunately the sanctuary of Diktynnia proved a bitter disappointment. It is prettily situated in a small glen leading down to the sea, but the only considerable remains date from Roman times, their construction is poor, and the temple site has been plundered for the sake of marble. Large cisterns show that in earlier days an abundant water supply was needed for the many worshippers. For their sakes I hope they all came by sea. For us there was no return save over those almost impossible paths. Much of the way we had to lead our ponies, trying the sword dance ourselves over the sharp rock and after black night had fallen, progress was made twice as difficult. Fortunately Aristides had remained at Gonia and we found an excellent supper ready to revive us.

On the next day, Sunday, we made a list of the oldest books in the Monastery, some of which were manuscripts and at noon we started for Canea, meeting with no mishap, although in crossing a stretch of sand Miss Hall's pony was suddenly seized with a desire to roll, which he proceeded to do forthwith, giving her barely time to slip off as he went down.

Canea seemed a great metropolis as we approached it and the clean little French hotel which we found newly opened left nothing to be desired. My account of our trip through Western Crete hardly tallies with the introductory paragraph, for in March there is more than a promise of rain in Crete—there is the real thing in large quantities. But as in beginning to write about Crete my last impressions, not yet three months old, were the most vivid in my mind, I naturally recalled first the heat and glare of those later days. This sketch of a week's experience may give an idea of one of the preliminaries to excavation work—the trip of exploration that must always precede the selection of a site.

HARRIET A. BOYD '92.

Smith College, Nov. 1, 1904.

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for Senior Dramatics should send their names to the business manager, Alice M. Holden, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer to go Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night. An alumna is allowed to buy a seat only once, and only on her own name, but she may buy "rush" tickets as often as she cares to.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'03.	Elizabeth A. Irwin,	.	.	.	Oct.	1
'01.	Elizabeth Anderson Dike,	.	.	.	"	1
'92.	Anna M. Taylor,	.	.	.		
'03.	Alice Murphy,	.	.	.	Oct. 28-30	
'03.	Florence Tullock,	.	.	.	Oct. 28—Nov. 3	
'04.	Marion Dana,	.	.	.	Nov. 3	
'03.	Mabel E. Griffith,	.	.	.	Sept. 30—Oct. 7	
'03.	Elizabeth H. Viles,	.	.	.	Oct.	4
'96.	Alice Louise McDuffee,	.	.	.	"	6
'80.	Justina Robinson Hill,	.	.	.		
'02.	Lonise Childs Perkins,	.	.	.	"	10
'04.	Margaret Leatherbee,	.	.	.	"	12-16
'04.	Bertha A. Robe,	.	.	.	"	12-15
'04.	Edith vom Baur,	.	.	.	"	14-17
'04.	Katherine Behr,	.	.	.	"	14-17
'01.	Ellen T. Emerson,	.	.	.	"	20
'90.	Rose S. Hardwick,	.	.	.	"	21-23
'03.	Bessie Norton Brockway,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'04.	Margaret Hamlin,	.	.	.	"	22
'04.	Elizabeth M. Dana,	.	.	.	"	22
'04.	Flora Bowley,	.	.	.	"	21
'04.	F. Jeanette Clark,	.	.	.	"	20-23
'04.	Eleanor K. Purves,	.	.	.	"	19-24
'04.	Emma Dill,	.	.	.		
'04.	Belle Lupton,	.	.	.		
'04.	Brooke van Dyke,	.	.	.	"	21-24
'04.	Margaret Duryee,	.	.	.	"	21-24
'04.	Helen C. Marble,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'04.	Florence H. Snow,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'04.	Alice Robson,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'04.	Alice B. Boutwell,	.	.	.	"	21-25
'04.	Annie May Wright,	.	.	.	"	19-30
'98.	Louise C. Hazen,	.	.	.	"	25
'98.	Alice O'Malley,	.	.	.	"	28
'01.	Helen E. Brown,	.	.	.		
'00.	Maude B. Randall,	.	.	.	"	29
'00.	Mary L. Deane,	.	.	.	"	29
'02.	Mary R. Howe,	.	.	.	"	29
'00.	Eleanor H. Nichols,	.	.	.	"	29
'03.	Margaret Cook,	.	.	.	"	30
'03.	Jean Cochrane,	.	.	.	Nov.	1

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

- '94. Mrs. D. R. Brigham (Lillian Rice) spent the summer in England with her two children. She will take them to Paris for the winter. Her address is Credit Lyonnais.

Mary D. Lewis is teaching in Pittsburg College.

- '95. Martha Dutton is abroad with her father for an indefinite time.

- '97. Beatrice Bardeen was married to Dr. H. Atwater of Rochester, New York, on April 7.

Grace Ethelwyn Browne has announced her engagement to the Rev. Clyde Washburn Broomell of Buffalo, New York.

- '99. Margaret Silsbee Wade's address is 102 Highland Avenue, Syracuse, New York.

- '00. Mariella Grant was married, November 1, to Mr. William G. MacKenzie, Jr., of Syracuse, New York.

- '01. Constance Charnley has announced her engagement to Mr. Cornelius Porter Kitchel of New York City.

Fanny Garrison is instructor in gymnastics at Briarcliff School, Briarcliff Manor, New York.

Clara C. Juliand has announced her engagement to Mr. Ralph D. Van Valkenburgh, Cornell '01, of Hudson, New York.

Amy Stoughton Pope has announced her engagement to Dr. George Wynn Shirk of New York City.

Bertha June Richardson has written a book entitled "The Woman Who Spends", which has just been published by Whitcomb & Barrows, Boston. An introduction to the book is written by Ellen H. Richards, in which she says: "It is in the hope of . . . opening a new vista to thoughtful women . . . and as an appeal to the conscience of the women of the land that this book is sent forth."

- '02. Mary Bohannon has entered the St. Luke's Training School for Nurses at St. Luke's Hospital, Cathedral Heights, New York City.

Emma C. Bonfoey is teaching French and Latin in the Everett High School.

Annie Louise Cranska was married, June 29, to Mr. William Austin Hill. Address 13 Marathon Street, Arlington.

Ethel A. Green is teaching in a public school of Cranford, New Jersey.

Edith W. Lobdell was married to W. W. Pusey, 2nd, October 20, at Wilmington, Delaware.

A. Louise Vogdes was married to Mr. William Ramsay of Frankford, Philadelphia, on June 15. Address 1126 Foulkrod Street, Frankford, Pennsylvania.

- '03. Mabel A. Hill is teaching Latin at Cook Academy, Montour Falls, New York.

- '03. Florence M. Kenyon is to be married, November 16, to Mr. Dana C. Hyde of Syracuse, New York.  
Emma H. Sterling announces her engagement to Mr. Preston H. Skidmore of Bridgeport, Connecticut.  
Annie D. Tuttle is teaching this winter in the Syracuse Classical School.
- '04. Myrtis Benedict is teaching short-hand in Boston.  
Edith H. Bond is principal of a government school of the grammar grade for Hawaiians, Japanese and Chinese in Kohala, Hawaii. There are three assistant teachers.  
Flora Bowley has just finished a short season in Mr. Hackett's company, playing "The Crisis", and was received with enthusiasm by many of her friends when she came to Springfield. She is now playing the ingenue part in his new play, "The Fortunes of the King".  
Maude H. Brown expects to remain at home this winter in New Britain, Connecticut.  
Helen S. Childs is to teach this year in the Catherine Aiken School Stamford, Connecticut.  
Carolyn M. Goodwin has entered the St. Luke's Training School for Nurses at St. Luke's Hospital, Cathedral Heights, New York City.  
Grace E. Haworth is teaching Latin in Miss Kearney's school for boys in New York City. Her address will be 29 West 42nd Street, N. Y.  
Sophie K. Hiss is taking a course at the N. Y. State Library School. Her address is 107 Lancaster Street, Albany, N. Y.  
Anna S. Hudson, after visiting in Akron, Ohio, and New York, will be at home in Syracuse, N. Y.  
Lois James will spend the winter at home in Syracuse, N. Y.  
Alice M. Jones is teaching Latin and mathematics in the Ogontz School, Montgomery County, Pa.  
Flora S. Keeney is teaching English and history in the High School, Flint, Mich.  
Anna Russ is tutoring at home in Scranton, Pa.  
E. Josephine Sandersen is teaching English, history and Latin at St. John Baptist School, 231 East 17th Street, New York City.  
Rita Souther's address is Greenough Avenue, Jamaica Plain.  
Edna L. Stern is attending the State Normal School at Albany.  
Nellie E. Thompson is teaching Latin and Greek in the Southbridge High School.
- Ex-'05.* Mary O'Brienness has announced her engagement to Mr. Fred Hutchinson, of Athens, O.
- Ex-'05.* Sarah McCalmont Lewissan has announced her engagement to Mr. George Hayes, of St. Louis, Mo.
- Ex-'05.* Rebekah Purves has announced her engagement to Mr. William Park Armstrong.



## BIRTHS

- '93. Mrs. Roland E. Stevens (A. L. Morris), a son, Robert Morris, born September 14.
- '95. Mrs. Arthur B. Breese (Rena Schermerhorn), a daughter, Romenia Schermerhorn, born September 5.  
Mrs. William Thompson (Allon W. Royer), a son, Henry Royer, born September 6.
- '00. Mrs. Alexander D. Jenney (Carolyn King), a son, John Lord King, born September 8.  
Mrs. George G. Scott (P. T. Persons), a son, Robert Townley Scott, born June 18.  
Mrs. Raymond Porter Tarr (Frances Cox), a son, Raymond Porter, Jr., born September 16.
- '02. Mrs. Arthur D. Truax (Martha W. Riggs), a daughter, Margaret, born August 25.
- '08. Mrs. John M. Olmsted (Marguerite Prescott), a daughter, Janet, born September 20.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

If it is true that the moral value of an action is determined by the moral value of the motive behind it, possibly my acceptance of an invitation to tell all the freshmen of our terrace about the Bible-study classes was not so meritorious as it sounds. I am not quite sure, but I suspect that a magnetic S. C. A. C. W. deserves rather more credit for the action than any morally valuable motive within myself.

Whatever the motive power, I sallied out, on a Sunday, in the hope of finding the girls unoccupied with social or academic duties, equipped with a bunch of membership blanks, a string of gold beads and a good-looking room-mate. The blanks were to show my official authority; the beads, my entire claim to consideration; and the room-mate, partly for moral support and partly to show the excellent results of the system, as I had enrolled her as a member of a Bible-study class that very morning.

In spite of this first-rate equipment, however, I had at first a discouraging time. My modus operandi was to waylay a girl in the hall, tell her at some length that I was sure she wanted to join a Bible-study class, and offer her her choice of them. The natural result of this direct method was the polite but firm information from the girl that I had quite mistaken the general character of her wishes.

After a few such discouragements, I retired for a time to meditate upon the precepts instilled into me by various politic friends. Axiom one: When there has been no definite thought taken beforehand, men get ideas, opinions, and decisions, by expressing them. Therefore, let not your man express anything until you are sure that he is about to express the thing that you wish him to convince himself of. Axiom two: Persuasion is the poorest of policies. Convince your man at the start that if he fails to accept what you have to offer, it is solely his loss. With such precepts to form a new policy upon, who could longer fail? It was with new hope that we set out for a neighboring house.

Helen and I have one acquaintance there; so we invaded her room first. There were two strange girls in the room studying with Marian and I must admit that they did not look so very glad to see visitors. Helen and I, however, sat down on the couch with Marian between us. I had a vague idea of what my first sentence was to be, but somehow whenever I opened my mouth to say the first words I shut it again in the utmost haste. An embarrassing rigidity of spine added to my discomfort. Helen, meanwhile, was chatting with well-bred ease, while a peculiar light of smug amusement flickered now and then over her face. I began to feel swelling up within me

a righteous indignation against Helen. I hadn't brought her along to monopolize the conversation and keep me from telling people about the benefits accruing from attendance upon a Bible-study class!

And then suddenly, to my horror, I found all the girls looking at me oddly, and heard a queer voice saying, "Were any of you girls at the prayer-meeting the other evening when the Bible-study classes were spoken of? Probably then you haven't heard—" and so on. I stammered a good deal, and left out 'most all the things I had intended to say, but what I did say I meant and believe to be good stuff and I took away with me three signed slips and a modicum of self-possession.

Marian ushered us into the next room and left us with four jolly girls who were deep in freshman elections and asked my opinion as to the best candidate. I said that I really didn't know yet how my vote was going, but that I had heard first-rate reports of a Miss — of — House; that I didn't know Miss —, had never seen her, but— Here a wild shriek of laughter interrupted me and three of the girls doubled up simultaneously. The fourth girl turned very pale, looked utterly horror-stricken, then flushed up and gasped, "There must be—some mistake—I—"

Five minutes later we all sat up, wiped our eyes, and prepared to talk Bible-study. It was rather difficult to handle the subject impressively, just then. At first Helen's eye, which is a very expressive eye, kept catching mine with disastrous results, until finally she fixed a stony gaze upon the opposite wall. Unfortunately, however, if there is anything more expressive than Helen's glance it is Helen's averted stare.

After this visit, we had some mental refreshments in Marian's room before continuing our benevolent mission, by visiting a bright-eyed little girl who took us to be seniors and signed her slip with much gravity of demeanor. When, however, she discovered that we also were freshmen, her face dimpled all over and she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad!" with a fervor which lingered warmly with us during our next experience—an unprofitable one with three girls clad only in kimono supplemented with hastily-clutched frigid dignity in lieu of collars and cuffs. At our next stopping-place were two girls who from the first moment of our introduction seemed a bit suspicious of my intentions.

"I've not come to persuade you to join a Bible-class." General atmosphere of incredulity. "I'm here simply to tell you about the classes and to give you a chance to show your interest in them if you have any. If you haven't, we don't want you in the class." Element of astonishment perceptible. "You'd only be a wet-blanket on the other girls' enthusiasm. We don't want numbers." Skepticism predominant. "We want girls who are going to get something out of this thing for themselves. The Bible-classes will go on just the same; if you don't go in for them, you're the loser."

During this last shining bit of diplomacy; incredulity and skepticism had gradually crystallized into a disconcertingly penetrating smile. At the last word, one of the girls smiled more broadly and said "Yes?" I passed on to my firstly; my secondly followed; then my thirdly. That was all I had to say, but the girls still sat there, intensely interested, silent, with that expectant "Yes?" as big as life still plainly imprinted upon their faces. With

much patience, however. I was plunging into my firstly again, when the same girl who had spoken before interrupted gently, "As you said before. Yes. But what is the point?"

"The—the point?" I was not quite prepared to answer that most direct of questions.

"Yes. Do you want us to join a Bible-class?"

"I don't want you to do anything unless you want to do it."

"Then you *don't* want us to join?"

"I didn't say that. I think it would be a splendid thing for you to do it."

"Then you *do* want us to join?"

"Why I—why of course I am interested in your welfare."

Then we all smiled.

"All right," said the girl. "Anything to oblige you. Hand over the blanks."

"Well now look here. I don't want you to—"

"Oh, that's all right. Just as soon sign as not."

"But I don't think—still you may take an interest in the thing later for its own sake, I suppose."

The girl smiled again and signed, as did her room-mate. I took the slips and prepared to follow Helen from the room. Just as I reached the door I couldn't help turning back to remark, "Do you know, this reminds me somewhat of the way you get rid of a book-agent?"

The girl smiled. "Say, d'you know, it reminded me of that, too, though I didn't like to speak of it?"

She closed the door behind us. Half a minute later she opened it again to call after us, with a good-natured smile, "I wish you two girls would come again sometime when you don't feel specially concerned for our spiritual welfare."

Such, in an endless variety of forms, was my experience as a fisher of girls.

GRACE KELLOGG '08.

91 Chapoo Road, Shanghai, China,

September 23, 1904.

*My Dear Girls:*—A home mail leaves to-morrow and I want to be sure to get a letter off to you even though it may not be a very long or satisfactory one. Yesterday I arrived at Shanghai from Japan and on Monday I begin to teach in Miss Jewell's school and really I am looking forward to the work. I expect to have classes in arithmetic, algebra, Latin, English, geography and perhaps something else. And I expect to enjoy it.

My rest has done me a great deal of good and after this winter at home I expect to be quite able to start medical work once more and to enjoy that again, too. It will be fine to feel equal to my work. I have had such a perfect rest this summer that I don't wonder I am so much better. I'm sure I couldn't have found a more restful place anywhere than Hakone, the little village on the shores of a beautiful mountain lake not far from Yokohama. Our whole family of five was together for the first time in five years and we rowed on the lake, swam in it, and climbed the beautiful hills to our heart's content. And indoors, we sewed, read, slept, and played games, not to

mention the tremendous amount we ate. And for the eight weeks that we spent there we lived in a little Japanese house with a huge thatched roof. Three bedrooms, a living room and a little veranda looking out on the lake, comprised our quarters. The floors, covered with soft stuffed mats, were springy, and the beds were hard, but in spite of these and other primitive arrangements, we all voted it a most charming spot. And we rested and stored up energy against the coming winter's work.

The end of August we left most reluctantly and spent about a week sight-seeing. Among other things we saw the most famous of the temples of the country. Then I stopped over two weeks in Nagasaki, while the rest of the people came on to Shanghai. This was in order to escape the heat, but I found the first week in Nagasaki pretty hot. What I did escape was the experience of moving, for when I arrived yesterday I came to my new home. The address is at the top of my letter and is mine for this winter. We are anything but settled, but we have a place to sleep, though we are going out for our meals just now. In spite of the trials of moving we are going to have a very cozy home here and I wish we could have you come to see us.

In Japan I had a little bit of experience at teaching in our boys' school there. There was no English teacher and so I taught for two hours and a half a day and found it most interesting. In the long run it might grow monotonous to keep insisting on the difference between "fry" and "fly", "pray" and "play", "must" and "most", and so on, but for the ten days of my incumbency it was only amusing.

I wish you could have seen the boys, for they were so bright and interesting, and most of them were so much in earnest about learning. There were about a hundred of them altogether, and in chapel, where I sat with the rest of the faculty on the platform, I used to like to watch their faces. All I taught was reading and spelling and one class in English grammar. There was no outside work of preparation, so that it was really play for me. I hated to leave them when I did, and if I find my new teaching half as amusing as that was I shall be more than satisfied. And I imagine I shall like it very much.

On the way from Nagasaki here I was on the steamar with a '94 Smith girl, Mrs. Camerou Johnson of Kobe. She is just starting for home and as she is going around the world it will be a long time before she arrives. But I sent my love to you by her just the same. We had a very good time talking Smith together. She has gone inland now but will be back in Shanghai in a few weeks and I shall hope to see her again then.

With love and best wishes for the coming year, yours faithfully.

ANGIE MARTIN MYERS.

On account of the resignation of Rebekah Purves 1905 from the presidency of the Philosophical Society, Marietta Hyde 1905 has been elected president. Elsie Laughney 1905 was elected to fill the office of treasurer, left vacant by Miss Hyde's election to the presidency.

The Wallace House gave a dance in the Students' Building on Saturday evening, November 5.

**The Furness Prize Essay**

Subjects for the Shakespeare Essay :

1. The Plain People in Shakespeare's Plays.
2. The Jester.
3. The Hero.
4. Shakespeare's Painting of Nature.

Names may be entered for the Furness contest at any time. The present list of competitors is :

Marjory Allen,	Amy Maher,
Bessie Amerman,	Florence Mann,
Jessie Barclay,	Lois Mann,
Eloise Beers,	Archer Martin,
Harriet Berry,	Janet Mason,
Marian Beye,	Margaret Maxon,
Lola Bishop,	Vardrine McBee,
Margaret Bridges,	Ruth McCall,
Mary Chapin,	Catherine Mitchell,
Irene Clark,	Harriet Muhleman,
Lorraine Comstark,	Marie Murkland,
Emeline Cook,	Clara Newcomb,
Virginia Cox,	Addie Newhall,
Margaret Davis,	Frances Pol,
Bernice Dearborn,	Clara Porter,
Rosamond Denison,	Phoebe Randall,
Marguerite Dixon,	Alice Raymond,
Marian Dodd,	Fannie Robinson,
Charlotte Dodge,	Frances Rockwell,
Olive Dunne,	Florence Root,
Helen Fillebrown,	Louise Ryals,
Charlotte Gardner,	Hannah Sharps,
Hazel Goes,	Nellie Sergeant,
Linda Hall,	Marcia Shaw,
Florence Harrison	Minnie Shedd,
Alice Higbee,	Florence Sternberger,
Caroline Hinman,	Margaret Stone,
Edith Johnston,	Louise Sweet,
Barbara Kauffmann,	Susan Tanner,
Elsie Kearns,	Jessie Vallentine,
Josephine Weil.	

The Press Board, although still in a very undeveloped state, met with considerable success last year and will be continued with the best energy that its supporters can give it. Its organization will

**Press Representation** probably undergo some changes in order to put the enterprise on a more substantial basis, but for the immediate present at least the work will follow along the same general lines. The Bureau of Information has chosen a central location and, with the help of a great many subordinates, will collect all the information that our vari-

ous college organizations desire to make public. This extensive work is carried on with the distinct understanding that the news thus gathered is for use and therefore all students who report for the newspapers are cordially invited to make that use of it. Up to this time at least it is the best method we have found in the evolution of our college institutions—of having our doings accurately, authoritatively and promptly reported to the outside world. In many cities the friends of the college would be glad to have news of importance to the institution reported more quickly than *THE MONTHLY* can hope to do it and so there is a growing demand on the part of the papers for this sort of information. The Bureau of Information, while only a department of the Press Board, is really at the present time its most important activity. It will be in charge of Stella Tuthill, Hubbard House, this year, who will receive press notes and distribute them to the reporters. The Board is actuated in its endeavors by a most unselfish desire for the best interests of our college and those who have studied the situation see in it great possibilities for extended usefulness, especially if it receives, as it deserves, the hearty co-operation of every friend of the college.

Many people in college seem to have forgotten the existence of the College Settlements Association. Although it is not very active just at present, we hope to arouse the enthusiasm and interest of every girl in college, in order to make our chapter the strongest in the general association. And why should it not be the strongest chapter? We certainly represent the largest woman's college in the association, and still our contributions have been much less than those of smaller colleges. This year we have been granted a fellowship, which will enable our graduates to indulge in original research in economic and sociological fields. This fact alone ought to inspire every one of us to work for our chapter and make our contributions and interest worthy of our college.

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For several years the Music Department has been accustomed to hold weekly recitals in Music Hall. The course was discontinued last year, but has been renewed this semester and is now open to all

**Faculty Concerts** the members of the college, without additional fee.

The recitals thus far, with one exception, have been given by Professor Story, assisted by Miss Bliss, Miss Holmes and Professor Mills. That of last week was an organ recital by Professor Sleeper in College Hall. The programs are always selected with some definite aim in view, as, for example, the development of the sonata form and each number is prefaced by a few words bearing upon the composer himself or some interesting treatment of form or motif.

The time at which the recitals are held—on Fridays at five—seems particularly well chosen. Coming at the end of the day, it provides, with its opportunities for musical culture, a little season of restful enjoyment found nowhere else in the busy week.

Certainly, the interest shown in the first four of the series is sufficient proof that there is a real desire in the college at large for just the kind of

culture such a course offers. It is to be hoped that they will be continued throughout the year, and become a permanent feature in the college course.

**Golf Club**

President, Florence Louise Harrison 1906; Vice-President, Julie Edna Capen 1905; Secretary, Marjorie Stuart Comstock 1907.

Governors—Edna Capen 1905; Florence Harrison 1906; Helen Curtis 1907; May Kissack 1908.

The results of the tournament are as follows:

1907.	Pts.	1908.	Pts.
Helen Curtis,	0	Ruth Wicks,	3
Kate Woods,	0	May Kissack,	3
Bertha Place,	0	Amy Gallagher,	3
Marjorie Comstock,	2½	Edith Libby,	½
Total,	2½		9½
1905.	Pts.	1906.	Pts.
Edna Capen,	3	Florence Harrison,	0
Mabel Chick,	1½	Anna Wilson,	1½
Sue Tower,	0	Alice Barker,	3
Alice Myers,	default.	Caroline Hinman,	(3)
Total,	4½	Total,	4½

1906 wins by the default of Alice Myers.

**FINALS.**

1906.	Pts.	1908.	Pts.
Florence Harrison,	1½	Ruth Wicks,	1½
Anna Wilson,	3	Amy Gallagher,	0
Alice Barker,	2	Amie Sumner,	0
Caroline Hinman,	0	May Kissack,	0
Total,	6½	Total,	1½

The class of 1905 has chosen Shakespeare's "As You Like It" for its senior play.

The following elections are announced:

Ivy Orator, Mary Wilhelmina Hastings.

Toastmistress, Katherine Hamilton Wagenhals.

Dramatics Committee:

Chairman, Helen Clarke.

Business Manager, Alice Margaret Holden

Advisory Member, Florence Lord.

Secretary, Mabel Chick.

Chairman of the Costume Committee, Edith Charlotte Willis.

Chairman of the Music Committee, Ellen Terese Richardson.

Stage Manager, Emma Pauline Hirth.



The concert by the Kneisel Quartet took place on Wednesday evening, October 26, in Assembly Hall. The appreciation of townspeople and the college was shown by the attention and enthusiastic applause of the audience.

The series of entertainments given in the Students' Building by the various campus houses began with the Tyler House dance on the evening of Saturday, October 15.

### SOCIETY ELECTIONS

#### ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Ruth Baird Johnson 1905  
 Vice-President, Margaret Gansevoort Maxon 1906  
 Secretary, Bessie Ely Amerman 1906  
 Treasurer, Jessie Caroline Barclay 1906  
 Editor, Helen Winifred Baine 1905  
 Alumnae Editor, Helen Hunter Norwell 1905

#### PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Florence Lord 1905  
 Vice-President, Frances Gleason Manning 1906  
 Secretary, Mary Wham 1906  
 Treasurer, Ruth Colburn Holman 1906  
 Editor, Katherine Hamilton Wagenhals 1905

### CALENDAR

- Nov. 14, Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Lecture  
           by Dr. Ethel Puffer. Subject: The Problem of  
           Beauty.
- “ 16, Hatfield-Dewey Dance.
- “ 18, Open Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society. Lecture  
           by Bliss Perry. Subject: Literary Fashions.
- “ 19, Alpha Society.
- “ 21, Organ Recital, by M. Alexandre Guilmant.
- “ 24, Thanksgiving Day.
- “ 30, French Lecture, by M. Funck-Brentano, in Assembly  
           Hall. Subjects: La Cour de Louis Quatorze; Les  
           Héros de Racine.  
           Hubbard House Play.
- Dec. 3, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- “ 7, Haven House Reception.
- “ 10, Glee Club Concert.  
           Alpha Society.
- “ 13, Song Recital, by David Bispham.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS,	
BERTHA CHACE LOVELL,	ELLEN TERESE RICHARDSON,
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*Vol. XII.*

*DECEMBER, 1904.*

*No. 3.*

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TRUTH IN TRADITION

We confront history every day. From the time we first realized and made use of a yesterday, history has been for us one of the main guides of our actions. We first begin to use it when our infantile memory of yesterday's accomplishments leads to the advancement of our desires of to-day. Yesterday we cried and obtained a toy; to-day's successes will therefore vary directly as the state of our vocal organs. And so, with this simple logic, we go on from day to day and from year to year, through our whole lives, using history as a guide to obtain our end.

But somehow, as our aim grows higher and higher with our development, so does history become for us more complex. The simple history of childhood and ignorance dictates the energetic pursuit of the desire nearest us. And whether we wish the moon, or protection from the great forces of nature, we go to our mother, who supplied our simpler wants and protected us from our lesser dangers of yesterday. Our childhood's history clothes her with powers limited by no laws. We imagine that her power extends to the infinite, to the boundless all, in nature. She is for us a myth, as well as a fact.

But as surely as development comes, so surely do we begin to classify the possible and the impossible. The power of our deity becomes limited. Our mother becomes for us a fact only. And the new factual yesterdays which she controls teach us first of all the futility of attempting through incompetent means a desired end. We learn to hold in abeyance the magnificent desires nearest us until we discover a more magnificent means to their accomplishment.

Narrow and barren as our yesterdays appear when first hemmed in by fact, they grow with each succeeding day more broad, more fruitful. The imagination which our mythical history fostered cannot be dislodged by our new acquirements. And together they mould out of the past ever new, ever widening laws. That mother who has been to us successively a myth and a fact, gradually becomes to us more than these—she becomes a philosophy. After discovering the law of her limitations, we seek for the spiritual law governing her selection of good and evil. And in the light of this law, we can read the truths we seek.

The life of each one of us is but a reflection of the lives of the generation of men. Each generation lives and dies as each day has lived and died for us. And as our yesterdays have guided our to-days, so has each generation guided its successor. The mother upon whom our yesterdays leaned permitted to us conceptions of her, varying with our development. And so, too, the great mother, earth, upon whom the generations of men have leaned, has permitted to man similar conceptions of herself.

Not until man learned earth's limitations did factual history begin. And not until he recognized and speculated upon the material and spiritual laws that governed earth's facts did philosophic history arise. Many generations have passed since this later history took its start, and yet there still runs by its side a stream of that mythical or epic history from which it took its source.

In the light of our later times, the old epic stream should be left far behind—should be upon the earth but a memory, a source. But though the two streams of myth and fact are ever growing more separate and distinct, we still find the waters of fact strangely mingled with myth, and myth with fact.

We do not, indeed, believe that the clouds are cows "driven

to the milking by Hermes, the summer wind"; or "great sheep with moist fleeces, slain by the unerring arrows of Bellerophon, the sun". Nor do we believe that the sun, as "yellow-haired Phoebus", drives "westerly all day in his flaming chariot", or, as Agamemmon, "perishes in a blood-stained bath".

These beautiful ideas have for ages been recognized as myth. And in the fact that they are myth lies for us their deep charm. In them we see the power of the earth over the minds of her younger generations—her beautiful influence upon man's mind and the inspiration that she has always been to him to seek and know. For ages, these stories have been protected from the injustice that any claim of fact might place upon them. If we could imagine such a claim, how quickly their beauty would fade. Immediately they would be forced into the realms of science—into the society of the astronomers' charts and the physicists' formulæ. And what a ridiculous figure they would present among such stern companions.

Although we have not forced these stories into the realm of fact—although we have not made of them incompetent means to an end—we have for ages dealt unjustly with stories similar to these. Towards that record of Hebrew life which has come down to us in the Bible there even yet persists an attitude that does it harm. Because it has been one of the chief accompaniments to our present civilization—a sort of fostering mother, even—there has grown up towards it a feeling that somehow the same sentiment that it inspired in earth's earlier generations must be preserved in this. Have we progressed so little on our journey of development that we cannot yet separate in this guiding mother the possible from the impossible? Must our reverence for the Bible deny to us still longer the recognition of its limitations? If so, then we must continue to believe, with the earlier generations, that the Pentateuch came straight from the hands of Moses; that Moses, in about 1450 B. C., recorded facts occurring 2000 or 2500 years before his own time. We must believe, too, that he often recorded the same event more than once, and with inconsistent attention to details. However inconsistent these stories are, we must believe that they are fact. And in believing one, we must be careful, at the same time, not to disbelieve the other.

But in thus forcing ourselves to believe the whole of several varying stories, do we not strain our capacity for faith? We

have long ago learned the lesson of limitations, and the first subject of this lesson was ourselves. Not until our own capacities were limited, were we prepared to learn the limitations of our mother. Before this first development was reached, what a magnificent capacity we had! a capacity for anything, in fact, even to the scaling of heaven by a ladder of dandelions.

In that happy time, we could easily have believed that the Assyrian story of the creation, simply because it is Assyrian, is a myth. And at the same time, we could have believed that the almost identical Hebrew story, because it is Hebrew, is a fact. For could the spirit of man be raised up from anything less sacred than Hebrew dust? But now, alas, our capacity is so shrunken that we cannot believe that Cain, because he was a Hebrew, could marry a wife who did not exist. Neither can we believe that the performance of Pyrrha and Deucalion, because they were Greek, is therefore less worthy of credence. When they peopled their mother, earth, by throwing her children, the stones, over their shoulders, did they not do a less wonderful, and therefore a more credible thing than Cain? Are we unreasonable in refusing to believe that the strength of Sampson lay in the "seven locks of his head", while, for all that, the weakness of Achilles, because he was a Greek, could not possibly have lain in his heel?

In refusing to apply a different standard of interpretation to Assyrian, Jew and Greek, we but bow again to that law of limitation which is an essential part of our being. We have all seen with what careless ease a rain-barrel will, under a warm sky, accommodate itself to its brimming burden. But let this burden of water once begin to crystallize, and the barrel will no longer maintain its easy symmetry. A strain will necessarily ensue, and, unless the barrel can in some way rid itself of a portion of these fast crystallizing waters, a rupture will be the inevitable result. So, the rain which heaven sends into our infant minds is soft and mobile. Its mythical and factual molecules may have unbounded freedom. But the development, which heaven also sends, is bound to crystallize our first endowment. Shall we preserve our symmetry and let the myth ooze out, or shall we strain or craze our minds in our efforts to hold it in?

We do not know just what was meant by the Jewish Wise Man who wrote:

“Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well.”

But if his wisdom will in any way exonerate us for drinking from our own cisterns—for drawing upon our own minds and consulting their capacities and limitations—then we are glad that his wisdom has been preserved.

But there are other cisterns, deeper and wider than our own, and from these, too, we may drink. The claim that the very limitations of our own minds compel us to make concerning Hebrew literature has now to abet it some of the best thought and the best knowledge of the last 150 years. By careful and deep study—not undertaken with a too rash desire to relieve their strain of mind, but rather with a predisposition to strain it to the utmost—the higher critics have banished from the realm of fact these old Hebrew stories. Now, indeed, we can judge them side by side with all the other stories of earth’s younger generations. And, in doing so, we recognize that these stories have, in the last 150 years, experienced their first taste of justice.

Now that we have learned to place these Jewish stories side by side with those of other nations, we can elevate them to their proper level. They will no longer be relegated to themes for ridicule, nor will they be considered as incompetent means to a desired end. The end for which they once lived was fulfilled long ago, and well; the end for which they now live is that same infinite end towards which we are travelling. And the truths which they teach us now are not incompetent, but very useful, means and guides upon our journey.

That end for which this Hebrew epic history once existed was an end momentous in its consequences—perhaps the most momentous end that the earth has ever witnessed. It existed that it might be a foundation for that Christian church, which, travelling hand in hand with the decaying Roman State, at last inherited its functions. In our appreciation of the welding force of these two institutions, we cannot afford to overlook the epic history that gave to each so much of strength.

The strength which epic history gave to the Roman State is well known. The common interest which centered around the names of Romulus and Remus was the strongest possible bond of union in the Roman State. The common faith in the Sibylline books guided the State through many dangers. And, in

the Augustan Age, what an impetus was given by the *Æneid* to the idea of the eternal destiny of the Roman State! Was it not a divine thing? Its foundation was under the direct guardianship of the gods themselves, and in its founders ran the blood of gods. Augustus himself was of godly origin. And with such guardianship, under such rulers, could the Roman Empire fall?

That other crystallizer of earth's generations, the Christian church, was founded, too, on epic history. From this history originated its most vital principles. Breathing through all those epic stories was the one eternal God—the ever-present Spirit—present in the Garden of Eden, present in Abraham's trials, present with Joseph in far-off Egypt. In the teachings of these stories, God was a Being of whom man was the image, and to man, His image, God revealed Himself.

The end, then, of these stories was to disseminate among men the attitude of the best men of the Hebrew nation towards the power that ruled them. This power was their God. And their God was a pure and beautiful conception as compared with the many gods of the surrounding nations.

And so we see what a competent means these stories were, both consciously and unconsciously, towards the establishment of their end. Consciously they spread their truths; unconsciously they spread their truths farther than their intended confines and laid the foundations of one of earth's strongest powers.

But now that these stories themselves are discredited, are their truths to perish? Are they for us incompetent means to the end we have in view? No, not if we take the truths and leave the myths behind. And, because we recognize as myth the stories that to the early Christian church were fact, we can lay our hands more freely on the truths. These are like gems whose hard setting of facts has been liquefied into myth. We need no longer fear to extract the gems lest their settings should be broken.

And how much larger and brighter these truths appear in their new setting! Our conception of God need no longer be tied to a personage in human form who "walked in the Garden in the cool of the day". Although this conception was, in those old mythical days, a great advance in the way of man's understanding of God, we cannot see how the conception can

help us in our present comprehension of Him. To worship God as a personage in man's image—an image the most dignified known to man—was certainly a far more adequate worship than that of other nations. These, indeed, worshipped their gods in the form of the lower animals, and even in the wholly material form of rocks and sky and sea.

But why need we strain our minds to picture God at all? We certainly have no evidence that there are not in God's universe creatures of far different form and substance from ourselves—creatures who, for aught we know, are infinitely nearer God than we upon the earth. And yet, it is useless—it is worse than useless—to try to picture to ourselves these creatures. And if it troubles us to try to picture God—to tie Him down to a material form that would restrict Him as it restricts us now—why not dare to break with this tradition, even as the Hebrews of old broke with the traditions that harassed their souls?

And now that we have taken from the Bible epic stories the presence of God in concrete human form, have we obscured their truths? We think that we can now add much to their significance. Let us take the story of Abraham, that epic progenitor, if not the founder, of the great Christian church. To Abraham, God, in man's image, appears many times, and reveals His will. And Abraham consistently obeys God's will, at any cost. The story has been for ages a strong lesson in obedience. But why has not another story been used as well? The story of Æneas is also a lesson in obedience. And Æneas, too, was the progenitor of that other great crystallizing force—the Roman State. Doubtless, we have rejected the story of Æneas, because the Roman State, with its traditions, has long since fallen. And no doubt we have nurtured the story of Abraham, because the Christian church, with all its canons, has been a living, vital force for many centuries.

But these are reasons which are not satisfying. If the goddess mother of Æneas appeared to him in human form, and he obeyed her, why may he not furnish an example of obedience as strong as that of Abraham?

But if we eliminate from both these stories the idea of a visible presence of an embodied God, and also take from them the prejudice that Roman tradition and Christian canon has made upon our minds, then, indeed, we can place the stories



side by side and treat them justly. They present striking similarities. Each has for its hero a strong, brave man. Both men owned allegiance to the God they knew. From both men their God demanded sacrifice of the thing they held most dear. Æneas, obedient to the voice of the goddess within him, sailed away, with the flame of Dido's funeral pyre before his eyes, and founded Rome. Abraham, with Isaac's much-loved figure "on the altar, upon the wood", obediently raised his knife to strike—but failed. Surely it was no material angel that called from heaven, "Abraham! Abraham!" It was the voice of the one eternal God, and the voice was not in heaven, but in Abraham. Just as the voice that had claimed from him the deed must have been the voice of his own conscience, so, too, it was his own conscience that bade him desist. And the God that Abraham knew and worshipped when he went down from the mountain was a higher, purer God than the God for whom he went thither to make the sacrifice. Tradition and loyalty had bidden him offer to his household God a sacrifice as great as any that his neighbors could offer to their gods. But the great love that he bore to Isaac produced such a conflict, such a tragedy, within his soul that he, like all God's creatures, gained through tragedy a clearer view of God.

This is the truth that we may gain from the story of Abraham. And it is a truth that the story of Æneas—strong in obedience, but weak in human love—is powerless to teach us. We see in the story of Abraham that it was not God, but Abraham, who demanded the sacrifice, and it was not God, but Abraham, who prevented the blow. But Abraham who desisted from the blow was more godlike than the God of all his former dreams. He himself was changed—developed through conflict—and therefore God was changed for him. Thereafter he saw, in his own people at least, something akin to God. And he saw, perhaps dimly, that, by loving and protecting God's weaker children, he could express his love for God the more.

Abraham, upon that mountain, travelled far upon the journey of development. But he did not see, how could he? the extent of God's relationships. God was still to him an exclusive household God. And the fact was far beyond his vision that even a ram could, as a creature of God, claim kindness and protection. And so the ram was sacrificed.

Many tragedies have been enacted since that conflict on the

mountain—tragedies that have sprung from the same cause—an inadequate idea of God. Many fires and inquisitions have been set up in God's name, much human blood has been offered up to Him, and all because man could not grasp the truth that Abraham, with his great human love, was partly capable of grasping. And this truth is, that love for all God's creatures—love, not blind obedience to tradition—is the guide that leads to God. It was obedience to tradition that was to make descend the knife of Abraham. But Abraham, with knife uplifted, could not strike. He fell from the ranks of the old tradition, and by his failure to conform to it, he set up in its place a new and lovelier tradition—a tradition more competent to guide the generations that succeeded him.

Although tradition may thus be ever changing, we may never outlive its value. It is, after all, a great economic force in human action, for it guides the many into the higher paths that have been chosen by the few. We can think of no guide to take its place entirely save a universal earnestness and love.

Perfect love we can none of us attain—for the way seems infinite. But we can at least make progress. And we know, too, that by this way only can we ever meet with God—God who knows no conflict, no tragedy, no warring of duty with pleasure—for with Him duty is pleasure, and pleasure duty, and both are merged in perfect love.

And in epic history, may we not find one of the strongest evidences of God's love? In the light of that history, we may read the truths of his character, even as we read in our childhood's history the character of our own mother. He is, indeed, the very source of that beautiful trait which we saw in her—the trait of patient waiting for development. As we see Him through epic history lending Himself to man's development—never revealing Himself except imperfectly through man—so we may hope, and, indeed, know, that our conception of Him, no matter how crude, will never be dislodged by revelation for which our minds are not prepared. We know that He, in his infinite intelligence, has endowed man—yes, and all other forms of life upon our earth—with a mere spark of His own intelligence. For did he not know that, only by the gradual development of this tiny spark, could His creatures ever hope to understand Him?

Far back in the mythical world, there was found one day a

tiny Blue Flower—a Forget-Me-Not—whose talismanic virtues opened up to its finder a magnificent hall in the mountains, strewn with rubies and diamonds. But the happy possessor, in his eagerness for the gems, forgot his little Blue Flower, and the door which the talsman opened, closed amid the crashing of thunder, and cut off one of his heels.

The spark of Himself with which God has endowed us is our little Blue Flower. Let us not forget it—let us, through all our endeavors, breathe the scent of the little Blue Flower, lest we, too, go lame and halt in our search for the wisdom that it has opened up to us.

ISABELLA RACHAEL GILL.

### A PRAYER

Over thy cradle-bed, dear,  
I bend with love and pain ;  
Above all else on earth here  
Thy pure love would I gain.  
How still the night around, dear,  
How slowly fades the light,  
Great God above  
Whose name is Love  
Keep my baby to-night!

'Twas such a night as this, dear,  
That saw thy solemn birth ;  
Thy mother left us then, dear,  
Without her, here on earth.  
Only two to bear a blight  
So bitter and so sad,  
Great God above  
Whose name is Love  
Oh! teach us to be glad!

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON.

### THE VANILLA AGENT

"A Princeton man, did you say? Why, yes, I should be very glad to meet him, Mrs. Holbrook."

"Well, I'm going to send him in, then," came a loud voice over the telephone. "The poor fellow is so lonely here with everyone away for the summer, and only the children to amuse

him! He says he can't stand it much longer, and I'm so afraid if he goes back to Michigan he'll get excited over his business and have a relapse; so you'll be real nice to him, dear. He's the only nephew I have, you know, and he's a real clever chap."

"I don't doubt it. Was he sick this winter, Mrs. Holbrook?"

"Yes, terribly—typhoid and pneumonia. The doctor said he must stop working and go to the country. So Sister Emma thought of our summer place here and sent him along. It isn't so far from the city but what he can get the life when he wants it. Is it very gay in there now?"

"No, there's nothing on, Mrs. Holbrook. The McNortons have gone, and the Clarks and Houghtons are at the sea-shore. The place is dead—stone dead. But I don't mind it, I'm learning to cook, and mother and I are having a good, quiet time."

"Ah, Catherine," came the voice over the telephone, "you're a smart girl! I expect every day to hear you're cooking for some one besides your mother. Well, good-bye. Stephen will be in by nine o'clock."

The girl on the other end smiled as she hung up the receiver, and glanced at the same time in the mirror opposite. "A Princeton man," she said, as she quickly scrutinized her trim figure, "a real smart chap—I guess I'll put on my white linen."

This all happened in the colonial house on the hill, a spacious country residence surrounded by smooth green lawns. Down at the foot of the hill, as if it might be the porter's cottage at the gate, had the colonial residence possessed anything so pretentious, was a small brown house. And at the same time that Catherine Farrell was chatting over the 'phone with her friend, Mrs. Holbrook, the owner of this brown house, a frail little woman of forty-five, was sitting on her narrow piazza listening to an agent.

"Yes, Mrs.—hem! thank you, Mrs. Halleck, you will not find a single article of the many in all your domestic arrangements more valuable than this simple little bottle of 'Crowe's Vanilla Extract'. It is useful for cakes and puddings, and especially fudge and penuche," here the agent smiled brightly, "it gives a rare and delicious flavor which is equalled by no other seasoner living; thence its use. But put it in your ice-chest and what happens? With its delicate perfume it per-

vades the place, and neutralizes and dissolves the unpleasant odors that accumulate there—er—it sheds a fragrance which gives the cook delight as she attends the cleaning of the kettle, the ebullition of the pot—hem, yes ma'am—well, altogether, Mrs.—er—Halleck"—here he gathered himself for one tremendous effort—"it is just corking!"

The kind-faced matron put the bottle down on the table and smiled long on the earnestly troubled, manly face before her. "I will take a bottle," she said. "I don't need it, but I know you want the money, and I have a boy, he's a man now, and about your age. He works in an office all day. Do tell me," she said, leaning forward and looking upon him kindly, "why do you, a strong fellow like you, do this simple kind of work?"

"It's all I could get." The young man looked at her earnestly. "I've tried five offices a day more than once and been turned away. I suppose I am a fool, but," he said fiercely, "time is too precious. I must earn enough from now to September for my final year in college. I go to Yale," he added, with a gulp of feeling.

"I'm making an awful botch of it, though," he broke out confidentially, noting her interest. "I can't seem to say the right things. The manager says I'm too wordy, and don't hit the needs of the people. And," here gloom settled on his handsome face again, "he says he will fire me to-night if I don't sell my twelve bottles. I'm merely a hindrance to the business." He groaned.

"See here, young man," said the woman, as he recovered himself sturdily, shut his black case, and prepared to go on, "try the Farrell mansion up there, and you'll sell some. Miss Catherine has a tender spot in her young heart, and you're a fine-looking young man," she glanced at his well-made outing suit, his neat tie, and polished shoes. "Why, she'll no doubt think you're coming to call." Then seeing his face flush and shoulders proudly straighten, she added tactfully, "but she'll be real business-like; you'll have to be as smart as you can with her. They've got wealth, the Farrells have, I know that much about them, but they're careful where they put it."

The young man thanked her, bowed courteously as he descended the steps, and soon was making rapid strides up the driveway that led to the Farrell mansion. More truly could it be called a country-seat—this spacious, low-lying colonial house

with its green terraced lawns sloping to the street below; its gay and regular flower-beds, and its groves of well-trimmed trees scattered here and there over the extensive lawns. Rugby paused at the corner of the piazza to regain his breath, at the same time gazing appreciatively at the landscape before him. Then, carefully brushing the dust from his coat-sleeve, he assumed his most business-like, but deferential air, and ascended the steps.

As he did so a girl, daintily gowned, opened the screen door, and, to his surprise, came forward with extended hand. "Good morning, I have been looking for you," she said, smiling and cordially shaking the reluctant hand of the agent. "Mrs. Holbrook said, when she telephoned, that you would come about nine o'clock. Do sit down. I know you must be tired after that long climb," eyeing him pityingly.

Rugby looked dazed, and dropped mechanically into the chair she offered. Wasn't she a dream! But what was she talking about! Who telephoned? By George, it must be the woman in the brown house, her name sounded something like that—Hol—Holbrook. But what a deuced fine welcome. Look what she's bringing! A palm-leaf fan, and some ice-water. Talk of cordiality! and he, only a vanilla agent!

Only an agent—the words came over him with sudden meaning. "An agent—there is some mistake," he said to himself, a feeling of disgust rising within him. "Fans, ice-water—and now she's going for a cushion. There is some mistake. Good heavens! I've had enough experience on the road to know that pretty girls don't lavish smiles on vanilla agents. I've got to get out of this mess by identifying myself, and then trot briskly down the street and sell those bottles. . . . By Jove, but this is a fine piazza. I'd like to keep quiet just ten minutes and refresh myself with the bliss of being ladies' man, but it's no use, here goes." He rose as Miss Farrell came up with the cushion.

"I will detain you only a few minutes," he began, rather feebly, but the girl interrupted him, seizing his hat and bag.

"Indeed you'll not, I told Mrs. Holbrook I would keep you all the morning, and I couldn't let you go so soon. Do give me your hat, and—er—shall I take this, too?" eyeing the black bag curiously.

"I really—I prefer to keep it," said Rugby, much embar-

rassed. "But Miss Farrell, there—there is some mistake, I assure you—"

Miss Farrell, however, was now in the hall, whence issued bits of her conversation to the mystified Rugby which gave him a slight clue to his supposed character. He heard something about "your aunt and the babies", and the phrase "to leave college", and the whole sentence, "You must be lonely way out there", gave further hints.

"H'm, so I'm somebody else, am I?" he muttered to himself, "and I live with auntie, and mind the babies. A nice life! I guess I'll stay and spend the morning since I've been so urged. Wish I knew what my name was. Whew! those bottles. Well, I'll hustle around this afternoon and make up for it. . . . But that other fellow. He'll come walking in pretty soon and kick me out. May be he won't come. Anyway he can't do more than put me off the premises. But, by George, I'd like to see him do it." Rugby straightened in his chair and looked admiringly at his great fist. "Yes, I guess I will impersonate this young stranger and spend the morning. Gad, but this is luxury."

Rugby leaned back in the green lounging-chair and shut his eyes. But it was from sheer dreamy satisfaction, not a sense of the beautiful, that he thus purposely closed out the scene before him. He could still picture, though his eyes were closed, the shaded verandah, fitted out with bamboo divans, pillows and hanging-baskets; and over the ivied rail to the lawns, that, dotted with clumps of evergreens, led down to fields of waving grain.

He had not long to enjoy this little reverie, however. He jumped in his chair at the sound of a clear, ringing voice, "Will you open the door, please? Oh! are you faint?" an astonished clatter of tennis rackets accompanying. Looking up, there, on the other side of the great screen door, with an armful of tennis paraphernalia crashing at her feet, stood Miss Farrell, who, on seeing the young man lying back in the chair with closed eyes, had dropped her burden in dismay. "I was so afraid you had had a relapse," she explained.

Rugby laughed, and was about to tell of his "never a sick day", when he realized that he was not Rugby now, but "that other man", "and a sick man at that, evidently," he said to himself, as he picked up the rackets and balls, and a huge net

she had dropped. "How unfortunate for auntie." Then aloud, "What am I to do with these?"

"I didn't mean to be so long," Miss Farrell said regretfully, "but it occurred to me you might like to play tennis. I don't want a hard game," she added kindly, "I had enough of that in the tournament last spring," her eyes flashed with passing pride, "but would you care to play?"

"I should be charmed," he said. "I haven't played since the Yale and Harvard intermeet."

"Why, I thought you went to Princeton!"

"Oh—er—yes, of course," said Rugby, recollecting very hard. "I meant the time of the intermeet. Er—that was—is—May fifth. And after that I was taken sick—er—yes—when they feared the relapse, you know," he added boldly.

"Why, I thought you were taken sick in the winter, and had to leave college!"

"Yes, I—er—was taken twice, you know. Do you want to serve?" They had reached the court, after a walk through a little pine glade that cut them off from the house. Rugby breathed freer, now that there was something to keep his companion from asking questions, and he smiled complacently as she lifted her round arm for the serve, after the warning cry of "Ready! Play!" Miss Farrell had plenty to occupy her now, for in the opposite court, vieing with her, was no weakling. Her cleverest side-stroke was returned as quietly and surely as the simplest serve, and more than once she caught herself missing a ball because she had stopped to admire the dexterous bending and reaching of her opponent that made every point his. At the end of the game she handed him the balls with a blush of shame. "I haven't been beaten so this year. It's a love game," she added, with an effort.

"Do you object?" he asked quietly.

"What do you mean?" she said, coloring.

"I mean, I can play lighter. It will be more even, perhaps."

"Oh no, no indeed," this somewhat relieved. "Oh no, I wouldn't have you for anything. You won't get this next one so easily," this with a defiant brandish of her racket as he started to serve.

"A beauty!" she cried, as the ball, swift as an arrow, touched the corner of her court and evaded her agile racket. But the following balls met with no such success, and Rugby had to



fight hard for the next game. "Think of it," Catherine Farrell was saying to herself,—“an invalid, liable to relapse—beating the girl champion of the club,—good heavens!” and she plied her racket more vigorously than ever. But it was no use. “Two love!” called Rugby triumphantly, as he handed her the balls. Miss Farrell stopped. “Don’t let’s play any more,” she said, with a little flush. “Let’s talk. I love to talk. It isn’t half so much work.”

Rugby frowned. He was “in for it” now. Questions would have to be answered, and he was not prepared. He did not know his own name, he had forgotten hers, he had an aunt, and the babies—good heavens! what else did he know? Oh yes, he was sick in the winter—the Lord knows what of,—and, worst of all, he went to Princeton. He would have to keep shy of college talk. It was hard luck!

By this time Miss Catherine had adjusted herself on the little rustic bench and was beginning to ask questions. “Now tell me,” she said, “how is Baby?”

Rugby glanced at her dismayed. She was looking up, eyeing him real rouguishly, he thought, as if she expected he would say something funny—the way men do. And she was sitting on one end of the bench with a pretty arm thrown along the back, and her feet were crossed so that one little brown shoe showed. He breathed a little sigh, and sat down on the rest of the bench, pulling up his trousers at the knees before he answered. “Why,” he said, “he’s really the cutest little fellow I ever saw in my life!”

“Fellow, why, it’s a girl!” Miss Farrell said, perplexed,—“I mean Baby Florence. What are you talking about?” she demanded suspiciously.

“Why, I—er—got her mixed up with that—er—neighbor’s little boy, I guess,” stammered Rugby,—“besides,” he said, brightening, “she wears those little blue—er—pantaloon around so much—er—that I forget she’s a girl.”

“She must be a sight,” laughed Catherine. “I wonder that Mrs. Holbrook would let her go round that way. Why, she’s seven years old now, isn’t she—and so big for her age. I often wonder how they can still call that prim little thing, ‘Baby.’ But tell me, who are your neighbors? There were none there when I was out there.”

Rugby searched his mind for some distinguished but un-

usual cognomen wherewith to honor this family so hastily created, but there loomed up before him only the two plebeian titles of "Smith" and "Jones," so he chose "Jones."

"What! P. T. Jones of Chestnut street?" exclaimed Miss Farrell excitedly. "Oh, I know them! Are there three children in the family, and is Mrs. Jones the sweetest little woman you ever saw? Oh, oh, I'm so glad! I *must* go out and see them!"

Here Rugby quickly and emphatically asserted it was *not* the one, only to be forced to the difficult task of describing in detail each member of this unusual Jones family,—“to see if I know them,” Miss Farrell begged. Unfortunately he had said at the beginning that there were seven children, and as he was not blessed with a great imagination his descriptive adjectives dwindled down till the seventh and oldest child received simply the complimentary phrase, “is tall and thin.”

“Well, I think that’s a queer family,” sniffed Miss Farrell deprecatingly, “I shouldn’t think Mrs. Holbrook would let Baby play with them,” and Miss Farrell unceremoniously dismissed the Jones family.

Rugby was now in his element, once free from this dangerous subject. The vanilla manager was mistaken when he said that Rugby could not say the right things. His courtesy, his quiet manliness, and above all, his merry good-nature, soon won for him, at least, a place of esteem in Catherine Farrell’s heart. Moreover, the two were of such natures that in less than an hour after they had paused to rest on the rustic bench, they were as good friends as if they had grown up together. Such can be judged by the conversation which ensued at the end of their talk.

“You will go with me to the lawn-party to-morrow night, won’t you? It will do you good to get out among people.”

“I can’t possibly—er—I will have important business.” Rugby was slowly coming to his senses. The black bag lay on the grass where he could see it.

“But you just told me you didn’t have anything to do all day long. It’s awfully queer—and I told Mrs. Holbrook I would do my best to give you a good time, and here you spurn my first attempt. Mrs. Carlton always has darling lawn-parties, and you will enjoy every minute. If you go I will tell you something you will want very much to know.”

"What is it?"

"I shall not tell unless you promise."

"What is it?"

"Do you promise?"

"Is it something important?"

"It is something I know that you don't know that I know, and I know you don't want me to know."

"I promise."

"I know what is in your black satchel. It flew open when it fell off the bench and I picked it up. That is all I wanted to say. Do you like cottage pudding?"

"Please!" begged Rugby, bewildered, watching her merry face. "You are a perfect enigma. Why?"

"Nothing. Only a great deal depends on your answer."

Rugby thought with care. "Yes," he said slowly. "It is my most beloved—er—dish."

"Very well, let's go to the house," she said rising. "You may stay to dinner. I have to make one for dessert. Will you help?"

"Delighted," said Rugby, picking up his black bag. Then he caught her laughing eyes turned upon it, and he colored. "What do you think of me?" he said beseechingly.

"I think you are an old fake. What did you do it for, to arouse my sympathy?"

"What?"

"Why, pretend you brought your medicine with you when it was nothing but old vanilla bottles you were carrying back to your aunt."

Rugby laughed in relief, yet felt a twitching at his conscience. Now was the time to tell her, to explain that he was a bigger fake than she had ever dreamed of. He must not go any further; his identity must be revealed soon; the minutes of this happy morning were growing fewer and fewer—perhaps that other man was now on the piazza, chafing at the girl's delay, or more likely had called and left a message with the maid.

But to look at John Rugby at this moment no one would have believed that such hot reasoning was going on within him. Meekly he followed his fair guide to the rear door, and soon the two were gayly washing their hands at the kitchen sink!

From that time on, John Rugby ceased to regret that he had

not revealed his hypocrisy at that moment mentioned. "I wouldn't miss it for love or money," he thought, as, with a gingham apron dangling from his neck, he beat eggs and at the same time tried to follow the pretty movements of Catherine, who flitted in and out pantry doors, bringing the required materials for the pudding.

A man likes to see a woman cook, if she is neat, and daintiness was Catherine's specialty. Rugby thought she would do for an advertisement of Ivory Soap, as she sat, trim and sweet, creaming sugar in a big yellow bowl, her pretty arms bare to the elbow. Or better yet, as an illustration of Crowe's Vanilla Extract, holding up a bottle in one hand and smiling at him—as she did two minutes before when he suggested they send the cook down the road for more eggs. "This is bliss," thought Rugby, as—the cake put in—the two sat scraping the chocolate bowl in the summer kitchen. "It is really too good to last." As that thought was thus occupying his mind, he looked dreamily out the window, and what he saw made him turn pale. Coming down the driveway at rapid rate, in a stylish carriage sat a stout, well-dressed woman, and a young man with dark glasses and a sickly visage—that other man, and the mother!

Rugby fumbled hastily at his apron strings. "Miss Farrell," he said, in a voice which made his companion start, "I have something to say to you. Look out of the window first, please."

The girl obeyed perplexed. "Why, it's mother, but who is that with her! I didn't—"

"It's that other fellow, that aunt's nephew you expected. Miss Farrell, I might as well make a clean breast of it to you first," said Rugby grimly. "I am not who you think I am. I—" Rugby straightened, coloring with determination—he heard the occupants of the carriage enter the front door—"I am an agent for Crowe's Vanilla Extract, and I came to you this morning to ask you to buy a bottle. I then pretended to be that young man. I had thought I could get away, after having a happy morning, and neither of us be the worse, for we would never see each other again." Here Rugby choked a little. "I am sorry to get you into trouble, and can only thank you for one of the happiest mornings I have ever had in my life. Now, if you will bring out your family I will explain, and get kicked out as I de—"

Here Miss Farrell broke in. Up to this point she had listened amazed and horrified. From the front part of the house she heard her mother coming through the rooms, calling her in a loud voice, "Catherine! Catherine!" but she utterly disregarded her.

"Oh," she said, "how could you do it? Please go away, do not let mother see you. Here, take your bag, your hat's over there. Do go."

"I prefer to take my punishment," began Rugby stiffly, but a little push from behind sent him out on the porch, just as Mrs. Farrell appeared in the other doorway.

"Catherine, Mrs. Holbrook's nephew is here. He was taken sick this morning and I—why, what is the matter? Catherine, I say, who is that man?" this suspiciously.

Miss Farrell gave no heed, but stood watching the vanilla agent cross the garden and start down the gravel driveway. The words, "Of course we shall never see each other again", rang in her ears.

"Oh, agent," she called hysterically, with a half look of recognition at her mother, "agent, please, if you call to-morrow I will take a bottle of your vanilla." Then with a tremulous little sob, "I may take the twelve if I like it. Will you come?"

It was well for Catherine that Mrs. Farrell did not see the face of the vanilla agent round the corner of the stable as he gave his joyous assent to this question.

"Why, Catherine, who is that man, I say?"

"Oh, mother," and the girl threw herself into her open arms and sobbed hysterically, "he's—an—old—vanilla—agent, and—he-e's b-been here all the morning."

"You poor dear," said her mother, stroking the pretty head on her shoulder, "how did you manage to get rid of him?"

"I told him—I'd take—t-twelve bottles, and now," she said tremulously, lifting her wet face to her mother's, and smiling her a welcome through her tears, "now that I've paid some attention to him I expect he'll never leave me alone."

And he never did.

ALICE McELROY.

## THE QUEEN OF SUMMER

The clouds are floating like splashes of foam  
In the turquoise cup of the sky,  
And the breezes are tossing the poppy heads  
And the stalks of golden rye.

The little brook crinkles over the stones  
Aglint with bright sunshine,  
While the butterflies are sipping sweets  
In the honeysuckle vine.

The mystic green-gloomed forest  
Echoes now far, now near,  
With the calls of the wild, wood creatures  
And bird-notes, sweet and clear.

And deep in a sun-flecked thicket  
Where the drowsy Morpheus keeps  
His endless vigil of silence,  
The Queen of Summer sleeps.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

## THE EVOLUTION OF A GIRL'S IDEAL

The Ideal, like the poet, is born and not made. But his process of birth is different from that of most mortals. He springs partly grown—say ten years old—from the mind of the Girl, much as Athena is said to have sprung from the head of Jove. At this early stage of his existence, the Ideal strongly resembles the freckle-faced, snub-nosed, tow-haired boy across the way, only he does not tease cats and his hands aren't sticky. Now the Real mainly distinguishes himself by such acts of gallantry as pulling the Girl's hair, or making fun of her doll, but the Ideal does none of these things. He is engaged in buying candy for the Girl, or writing on the inside cover of her reading-book some tender expression of his devotion, such as

"The rose is red,  
The violet blue,  
Pinks are pretty  
And so are you."

Of course, the Real does these things sometimes, but not nearly as often as he should, and then he always has to "rub it out" a

few times before he gets it right, and that makes her nice book look very disreputable, indeed. The perfect book, the Girl thinks, is one the covers and fly-leaves of which are filled in front and in back with these beautiful verses, which may appropriately be illustrated with arrow-pierced hearts. But this can never be, until there shall have been a mighty reform among small boys in regard to the use of pen and ink and erasers.

But suddenly the Ideal shoots above the freckle-faced boy. Most remarkable is this phenomenon of animal growth, for in a moment he is changed to a tall, slender, graceful youth with beautifully waving hair and tender blue eyes, with a necktie to match, like the city boy visiting at the house on the hill. Only the Ideal does not ride calmly past the Girl's house every morning—he is conscious of his surroundings, sees the Girl at the window, falls in love with her, and then persuades her with many beautiful words (which the Girl hasn't decided upon definitely yet) to be his bride, and they dash away through wonderful forests, on beautiful matched ponies with flowing manes and tails that touch the ground. Sometimes he varies this by sending the Girl huge boxes of roses with passionate notes written on tinted note-paper—much different from "The rose is red."

Soon the Ideal stops riding dashing ponies and goes to sea, and, for a change, a blue and white sailor suit is more becoming than the riding-suit had been. The Girl arrays herself in an exquisite costume and goes down to see him off. Ah, such a tender farewell as theirs is—words will not describe it! She thinks for a moment that she will never see him again, and the thought nearly breaks her heart and she waxes very pale and large-eyed. But he really comes back soon, very soon, bringing the Girl all manner of curious and beautiful things, but especially some Chinese slippers and a whale's tooth.

When he has gathered together for the Girl all the wonderful things from land and sea of all the countries of the earth, he thinks sailing has no longer any attraction for him, and decides to go to war, a very terrible war for a noble cause, breaking out opportunely. Of course the Girl is crushed at this news, and remonstrates with him wildly, but he refuses gently but firmly to listen to her pleadings, having the good of his country very much at heart. Now she becomes most brave, and buckles on his sword which he is to bring back and hang up in their hall to be the pride and admiration of their grand-children. The

Girl also cuts off a button from his coat for a hat-pin. The services which the Ideal performs for his country vary greatly with times and seasons and the fancy of the Girl. At first he comes home with an empty sleeve, but this proves very inconvenient for her in the future, so she restores his lost arm, and gives him in its place—no, a wooden leg wouldn't do; for then they couldn't play golf; she will give him appendicitis which is so fashionable and has such an aristocratic sound! Sometimes he is a lieutenant, the envy of all her friends, and once, at least, he becomes a great general, and sits enthroned in the hearts of all the people, who make a triumphal arch for him. There will be pictures of this arch in all the magazines.

Meanwhile, when the Girl isn't girding on her lover's sword or arranging her curios in corner-cupboards, she spends her spare hours in perusing those delightfully thrilling stories, which attract your attention by their startling illustrations, hold you with breathless interest until the climax is reached, and end with this satisfactory conclusion, "Continued in our next, three months for ten cents." The family do not have these papers—they have very bad taste and think them unfit to read—but the Girl borrows them from a neighbor, smuggles them into the attic, and thither betakes herself to be edified by them.

Now the Ideal goes through with many wonderful changes. In rapid succession he is a fierce robber whose life has been full of the darkest deeds until he meets the Girl; a pale-faced young man pursued by a terrible fate, from which she alone can save him; and an artist, with very artistic hair, who sketches pictures of her at every opportunity, and afterwards commits suicide because she refuses to marry him. But there is one scene which she especially delights in having them act,—this is the cab scene. She is walking calmly along the street when, at a dark turn in the road, she is met by two terrible masked men, who seize her and carry her to a cab waiting near by, and madly they rush away through the darkness, while the two men lash the horses and swear dreadfully. The Girl sits frozen with terror and awful foreboding, but presently she hears horses' hoofs behind, and then there are pistol shots, and one of the men on the seat falls heavily, with a groan, while the other flees across the field towards the woods. And then he rides up with pale face, and necktie all awry, but he sees that the Girl is safe,



and he is very glad, and presses her to his bosom, and covers her beautiful golden hair with kisses, while she sobs for joy and promises to be his wife. After all this the Girl would not dare to step inside a real cab, although she never tires of the ideal.

Later, the Girl cultivates nature and reads poetry until she feels within her secret self that she is very poetic, and she has a sub-conscious expectation that she will be a genius some time. Now the Ideal is a literary man, a "music maker and a dreamer of dreams", and they have a simple but beautiful home with a library and a garden. The library is an ideal place, with its pictures and pillows and bric-a-brac (like pictures of college girls' rooms), and its rows and rows of books—the Girl's books, His books, and the books which they shall have gotten since, and here the children will lie on the floor before the open fire and read with breathless delight books far too old for them. But the garden is the most delightful spot of all—there are to be white birches in one corner, daffodils "stretching in never-ending line," "lilacs where the robins build," and other things in artistic profusion. Here, in the spring, they will sit beneath some blossomed apple tree, and He will murmur, in his rich, musical voice :

"A book of verses underneath the bough,  
Some butter-thins, a box of fudge—and Thou  
Beside me reading, 'neath the Apple-tree—  
Oh, Apple-tree were Paradise enow.

Very happy is their life now, but the Fates are cruel and they snap the thread asunder. The Girl must needs seek for herself a vocation. She considers the problem long, and gropes about in this dark hallway of life seeking for an opening through which she may pass to resume the long journey. At length she comes upon two doors which will open to her eager touch. One leads to the drawing-room of a wealthy, old widower—the other to a primary school. Now the too solid flesh of the Ideal melts, thaws and resolves itself into a dew, which falls gently upon the drooping eyelids of the Girl at twilight or in the wakeful hours of the night. But the dew is soon dried by the sun of golden heads and sparkling eyes or the wind of noisy voices and naughty tempers. For the Girl has chosen the primary school.

NELLIE SERGENT.

## SKETCHES

### MID-WINTER

Morning that awakes with flashing splendor,  
Searching air a-tingle with delight;  
Snow-enfolded hills and drifted meadows  
Shining in an ecstasy of light!

Ripple of bells afield and rippling echoes,  
Sun aslant in early afternoon,  
And, behind the mountain's sheltering ridges  
Shivering, the white, transparent moon.

Low wail of rising wind at nightfall,  
Pines black against the western glow,  
And beside the lonely, narrow foot-path  
Purple shadows lengthening on the snow.  
INEZ HUNTER BARCLAY.

She arrived during the middle of the winter term, and this alone created a good deal of excitement, for it is an unusual occurrence. And yet, as Patricia—  
Hester DeForest, Poet that is my very greatest friend—  
observed, she might have passed into oblivion had it not been for a curious thing. From the moment Miss Estabrook said, "Girls, this is Hester DeForest, who is going to occupy the tower-room", we, with unfailing insight, saw at once that this girl was in some way different from any of us. To begin with, she did her hair in a strangely simple way, without a single ribbon. Patricia studied it quite a while before giving her opinion about it, and finally, when we insisted on knowing, she merely whispered, "artistic", and then we realized it was just this, ourselves. Hester's gowns were in dull, soft shades, and they had a distinct touch and air that we instinctively knew was Parisian. It may seem queer,

but none of us ever had a dress that came from abroad. And yet after all the most important difference between Hester and us was the fact that she had a most poetic temperament. At least Patricia said so, and it is such a nice thing to say about anyone that we didn't even question if she really had or not. At any rate her eyes were sad and far away, and her mouth wore the dreamiest expression you can imagine. And if anyone spoke to her suddenly, she looked up in an absent-minded way and said in her low, soft voice, "What did you say?" There was always a world of meaning in her tone, but after all it grew rather tiresome, this invariable question, and she was usually not included in the conversation. The result was that she stayed alone, and so we never felt that we knew her well.

One afternoon we were in Bob Stuart's room having five o'clock chocolate and grape-fruit. You see it was a very luxurious feast. Patricia and Jean and I were sitting on the window-seat, in the most delightful way, discussing the Junior Dramatics, when suddenly Patricia exclaimed:

"Do you know, I am sure Hester could act awfully well. She has just the personality, the forceful simplicity, the intense—"

"Hester's entirely too quiet and grumpy," declared Jean, as if that settled it. "She ought to be wakened up and aroused to something like interest."

"That's so!" we agreed. "Wake her up! The very thing, but how?" And Anna Metcalf added, "She won't dance, or ride horse-back, or play basket-ball, or even eat caramels."

"I should think that before trying to put some jolly good sense into her, you had better find out what the matter is," Bob advised. "You know perfectly well that any ordinary girl wouldn't be so solemn as she is, *all* the time."

"It is *my* opinion," began Patricia, and we listened with breathless attention at once, "that Hester is quite out of her proper—h'm—sphere with us. It is like transplanting a blue-fringed gentian from its tranquil surroundings to a bed of hardy poppies."

"What a lovely simile," murmured Emily Spaulding, in mute admiration. But her voice was drowned by Bob's deep one:

"And yet it is absurd, her being like this. Why, it makes everyone else gloomy, too."

"Not that," interposed Patricia. "If you had waited until I finished—perhaps you are unaware that Hester DeForest is a

genius." She spoke so quietly that we were all extraordinarily impressed, and a deep hush followed. Bob broke the silence—rather impolitely, I think.

"How do you know?" she asked. Patricia was silent. She looked out of the window, fixing her eyes on the one bright star which was visible. The setting sun shone straight into the room and lighted her glorious red-brown hair until it actually seemed like burnished gold. I was going to tell her so at the time, for that is one of her great ambitions—she has a good many—to have hair like that, but somehow it seemed out of place then. Patricia is very fond of that evening star. She says it gives her inspiration, but since I have taken astronomy, I can't agree with her. At last she turned around. Her eyes were blazing with intense eagerness.

"If you had seen Hester on top of Sugar Hill the other day, watching the sunset all alone; if you had seen her looking at that beautiful picture by Leonardo de Vinci, in the Art Gallery; if you could have seen her in church last Sunday, and realized what that wonderful, absorbed expression on her face meant—why, then you would know, as I do, that she is the truest kind of a genius—a poet."

"But where are the poems?" Jean inquired. The next instant, however, she was crushed by a glance, half ironical, half pitiful, from Patricia.

"I have suspected it from the first; now I am convinced," and Patricia smiled faintly, ignoring the question. "But doesn't it make you feel full of humility and joy to think that right here among us is some one whose mind is far above ours and who must become famous? Think of her soul attaining the light which we can only grope for blindly!" Patricia looked towards Bob, whom she secretly respects very much. But instead of nodding her assent, Bob got up from the floor and turned on the electric light.

"It is growing dark and here we are mooning, as if there were five hours instead of five minutes before supper. Of course I can't agree with all that nonsense, Pat," it was very seldom Bob omitted to use Patricia's full name, "and just to prove that she hasn't the least poetic tendencies, I am going to find out what the matter is with her. See you later." Which meant that we were to depart. This is always the way Bob talks to Patricia, and although it is assuming a great risk, Patricia

never seems to mind. Still it is strange that Bob should be her best friend—next to me.

Ten days afterwards Anna Metcalf rushed into my room, where Emily and I were studying and Patricia was drawing, with the excited announcement:

"Bob is in Hester DeForest's room and they are toasting marshmallows, and Hester is using Bob's turquoise hatpin. Hurry up!"

So we crept quietly out through the corridor to the tower-room and peeped in. Everything was just as Anna said, and the two were chatting as if they had been the best of friends for centuries. But Anna giggled immediately, in her old babyish way, which we were foolish enough to suppose she had outgrown, and this attracted Bob's attention.

"Come right in," she said heartily. "We've almost finished toasting and you can begin now eating them," she meant the marshmallows, of course, "while Hester gets the rest of the girls. Be quick now, Hester." And from the lips of the only true genius which the school has ever boasted of having came the words:

"You bet," as she hurried out.

We were startled, to say the least, and looked at each other in amazement. Bob turned coolly toward Patricia.

"I told you I'd find out, and I did. I almost stumbled over her on the landing when I was coming up-stairs after tea, and she was—well, awfully cut up about something. So I said, 'What's up?' and I sat down beside her and waited till she answered, 'I am just ter-ribly h-homesick, so there!' You see she never has been away from home before, and her father and mother have gone abroad for the winter. Well, I cheered her up and fished out some marshmallows that I'd forgotten about, from my desk, and talked to her a lot, until she actually grew almost jolly. And she hates all poetry, that was the first question I asked her, so now where's your genius, I should like to know?"

It was hard on Bob to make Patricia answer this, but that is Bob's thorough, straightforward way.

"Then I was wrong," and Patricia's tone never hesitated, "and I suppose it is a good thing, although—" her voice, distinctly regretful, was smothered by a volley of sofa-cushions from Bob.

RUTH ELIOT.

SONG OF THE PINES

"Hush and rest," the pine trees sigh,  
In endless, lingering lullaby,  
Till the forest wearying for sleep  
Throws off its flame-robcs in careless heap,  
Wooded to dreams by the murmuring sweep  
And rhythm of melody.

Now a song of a river that leaps  
Over crags and rocks in jagged heaps,  
Catching them up in frenzy to hurl  
Them, back again to the endless swirl  
That is rushed along by the wild wind's whirl;  
And the forest moans as it sleeps.

Now a song of a shadowed stream  
Shining over white sand's gleam,  
Winding forever, drowsy and slow  
While summer suns thro' the shadows glow  
And southern breezes gently blow;  
And the forest smiles in its dreams.

Song of a day when the sun is lost,  
When the heart of the forest is shaken and tossed,  
Crash of trees, shattered by the gale,  
Splash of rain and clatter of hail,  
Sob of the wind in a wild, wet wail;  
And the forest groans in its sleep.

So the song—now slow—now hurrying fast  
Till the forest wakes from its sleep at last,  
Trees, touched to life by the breath of spring,  
Strong in their new life, shout and sing,  
Drowning the pine trees' murmuring,  
Forgetting the winter past.

Still—"Hush and rest," the pine trees sigh  
In endless, lingering lullaby,  
Till the forest again shall weary for sleep  
And throw off its flame-robcs in careless heap,  
Wooded to dreams by the murmuring sweep,  
And rhythm of melody.

MARY CHAPIN.

"Since you ask for my brotherly opinion," which nobody had, "I'll calm your possible fears by telling you that you don't look half bad in the thing," said

**Personally Misconducted** Tommy, critically surveying Juliet, who was trying on a new gown. "The fit is superb. It couldn't fit better if it were—an epileptic. Honest, sis, don't you wish it were for your wedding instead of Madge's swell dinner?"

"Wouldn't a black velvet bow look well on the shoulder, Madge?" asked Juliet, inquiringly.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Wrexham, "you are at your best in unrelieved white."

"Aren't you and Jim ever to be married?" pursued Tommy. "It seems to me that your engagement was announced when I was a mere infant."

"What more are you now?" scornfully asked Juliet.

"True, I'm not, like yourself, in the sere and yellow, which brings me back to the point, hadn't you better haste your nuptials lest ye wither on our hands?"

"Oh, run away and play," recommended Madge.

"Charmed to seek better company," said the lad, starting off.

Rather a conscious silence fell upon the sisters. Then, "Between ourselves, Juliet," mildly said Mrs. Wrexham, "I am as surprised as Tommy that you and Jim hold off so long. Is there any reason?"

"Not the shadow of one," calmly replied Juliet, preparing to resent thoroughly and impartially anything and everything.

"You have been sewing for ages! Surely, your things are ready!"

"Perhaps!"

"And Jim is making more money than is good for him."

"Excellent."

"And you love each other—"

"It pleases us to think so!" said Juliet, heavily sarcastic.

"Oh, tell a fellow, Ju!" coaxed Madge, falling into a Tommysim. Juliet relented.

"Truly, Madge, there is nothing to tell. I hardly know myself why we don't marry and have it over. If it weren't so silly, I'd say it is because we are too lazy."

"Too lazy to be married?"

"Well, it's this way: Jim hates fuss and exertion. I hate

fuss and exertion. The quietest sort of a wedding means non-sensical preparation and trouble and display and weariness and annoying publicity. If our parents and friends would approve, Jim and I would trot around to a justice of the peace any day and be done with it—"

"Our name! our family! our position in life!" gasped Madge aghast.

"You see, you are as bad as the others. Well, Jim and I are in no hurry. When we get keyed up to the brass band and all the rest of it, we'll send out the awaited invitations and make martyrs of ourselves for the sake of 'our name, our family, our position in life.' In the meantime we want to be let alone."

"To go philandering along through another three years?"

"Possibly four."

"You are two of the most obstinate, pig-headed—"

"We are. Now let's talk of something else. The dinner, for instance."

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Madge, wrinkling her young forehead, "you do well to remind me of that dinner. It's driving me distracted."

"I thought it promised to go off beautifully," said Juliet, glancing in the mirror at her dress.

"It did. But to-day I've heard news to disarrange all my plans, and the thing coming off to-morrow night."

"Let me help you," urged Juliet.

"You can't, but Tommy can. Do send him to me."

Juliet left the room with surprise written large over her pretty face. It was seldom Tommy was considered requisite for the useful.

He and Madge, however, immediately became busy, so busy that Juliet hardly saw them at their ease until the dinner party was actually under way, and to be truthful, they were not at their ease even then, for Madge did the honors of her lovely table with cheeks too pink, and eyes too dancing for a modern hostess, and fidgety Tommy was bursting with suppressed excitement. Even big, blond Wrexham, Madge's phlegmatic young husband, was suspiciously alert.

Juliet couldn't guess what it was all about. She did not care much. She knew that she herself looked as lovely as she dared, and that Jim beside her said so continually with his eyes. He was his usual reserved and rather haughty self, and she adored him for it.



Once or twice she glanced at table and guests, to see if she could note any difference from what had been planned, and she rather fancied that there were more people present than had figured in the original list—mostly relatives.

It was a big success, anyhow, that dinner. It came to a brilliant end at about ten o'clock. Then other things commenced. When Madge arose and gave the signal for general dispersment into the drawing-room, Juliet naturally took Jim's arm, or started to, but Tommy was at her elbow.

"Mine is the honor," he said, bowing gravely. She took his arm in wonderment.

Jim glared and started to go with her.

"Come with me, old man," said Wrexham. "Think I'd desert you in such an hour?"

Here the doors between the dining room and the drawing-room were thrown open, and a gasp of unrestrained delight broke from everyone, for the drawing-room, during its two hours of desertion, had burst into miraculous white blossoms and the air was as heavy with rose fragrance as a conservatory.

Now a second gasp, more amazed than the first, heralded the fact that the assembled guests had finally resolved the mass into its component parts and had discovered white-surpliced Rev. Mr. Steadman standing statuesquely beneath a floral wedding bell. Other guests, not at the dinner, were filing in continuously.

"Dear friends," said Madge, clearly, and her voice brought a magic silence, "you are invited here to-night by my sister and myself to witness her marriage to Mr. James Arthur."

"Oh, get out!" cried Jim, stung to that inelegance.

"No such thing!" cried Juliet, rearing her head.

Each was so furious and excited that neither heard the other.

"It was their wish to plan this novel surprise," continued Madge prettily.

"Hurry up or she'll break away," begged Tommy, clinging to Juliet's rebellious arm.

"This is a farce!" flamed Jim.

"This is a sacrilege!" declared Juliet.

"Let her go!" said Wrexham, in sepulchral orders to some one unseen, and the strains of the wedding march peeled forth.

Tommy and Wrexham inexorably hauled their victims forward.

Juliet, thinking the plan must perforce be Jim's, all unholy though it was, gave in with heart-broken loyalty, and stood before the minister, drooping and shame-stricken.

Seeing this, and mistaking it for an admission that she was a party to the whole miserable, theatrical business, Jim took his disconsolate place beside her.

The marriage service, already short, seemed fairly to gallop along.

"With this ring I thee wed," prompted the minister.

Jim started to lift his hand to his dizzy head. On its passage upward it was skillfully caught by Wrexham, who thoughtfully pressed into its palm a new ring, Juliet's size.

"With this ring I thee wed," mumbled Jim, putting it on Juliet's trembling little hand.

Then they both stumbled and staggered through with their words, and before long found themselves kneeling and "being prayed over to beat the band," as Tommy told it.

"Live together in this life that in the world to come you may have life everlasting."

It was over. The minister stood smiling gravely and rubbing his palms, as if washing his hands of everything.

"Get him out of the way! Quick!" called Madge, and Wrexham blandly steered him into the hall library to sign the certificate.

"Great!"

"Congratulations!"

"A long life!"

"And a happy one!"

These felicitations came from the on-lookers. The principals were surveying each other with flashing eyes.

"Are we married?" demanded Jim.

"It looks like it! If so, *why*?" exclaimed Juliet.

"Oh, nonsense, dear," murmured Mrs. Wrexham, as if chidingly. "You are carrying too far this pretext of unpreparedness. Look."

She touched a bell, and at one door of the drawing-room appeared Juliet's stolid maid, booted and spurred for a journey, and burdened ostentatiously with the boots and spurs of her mistress, while at the opposite door appeared Jim's wooden-faced valet similarly equipped.

The helplessly amazed bride and groom were wrapped and

coated before they knew it, when they appeared again suitably clothed for the journey.

"Where are we supposed to be going?" demanded Jim, feeling that this practical question would put an end to the whole foolish business.

"Tickets!" said Tommy, stepping respectfully forward and stuffing Jim's pocket with all necessary transportation.

"How are we supposed to be going—trunkless?" flared Juliet scathingly.

"Checks, dear," said Mrs. Wrexham, presenting Juliet with the brass tags. "Your trunks are on the way."

"Checks, old man," said Wrexham, reappearing to perform a like kindly office for Jim.

"Come, Juliet," said Jim, furious but protectingly, "let us leave these—these—idiots! Cherokee idiots!" He put his arm around her and began to lead her away.

"A pretty wedding!" stormed Juliet, flashing fire at Madge.

"I did my best," admitted Madge, smirking affectedly around upon her decorations.

"Another minute and you'll lose your train!" chorused the assembly, and under an avalanche of good-byes the still protesting pair were swept resistlessly out of the house into the waiting carriage. Kind hands even slammed the door.

"I compliment you!" raved Jim, shaking his fist at his new sister-in-law out of the carriage window, "but there's one thing you forgot!"

"What?" cried Madge in a panic.

"Rice!" yelled Jim triumphantly, as the carriage rolled safely away.

"He scored!" whimpered Madge, horrified at her oversight.

"Not on your life!" sang out Tommy. "I filled the inside lining of his overcoat with it, punched a few holes careless like in the hem, and he'll percolate grain for many a day. Next!"

And he smiled around invitingly, matrimonially, upon his delighted listeners.

ELSIE ROSENBERG.

John Newcome began life with "prospects." At the age of twenty-three he inherited the larger of his father's two farms and a sum in the bank which for

The Mount of Vision those days—the late sixties—was accounted quite a fortune. It was the same year that the annual fair was held in Dedham and all

Norfolk county set agog by the news that Martin Perkins, the richest farmer in South Natick, had entered a thoroughbred at the fair races and that, in default of a better groom, his daughter would ride. This announcement had a definite effect upon the fair. Never before had it been so crowded. The young men in particular thronged the grounds and by two o'clock the racing-tent was packed.

John Newcome was in the crowd. He had reasons of his own for being interested in the races. Indeed, up to the appearance of Miss Perkins he was completely occupied with observing the paces of a lank chestnut which was being trotted about the ring by a freckle-faced, country boy who, when he came opposite Newcome, drew in his beast and touched his cap.

"Let her have her head," said John. "Don't you take no care of her, only keep your seat and guide her steady. She'll know how to make her own pace."

Then there rose a murmuring among the crowd which swelled to a cheer as a young woman on a tall grey came riding into the course. Diana Elvira Perkins had a figure and carriage which proved her worthy of her mythological namesake. She was dressed in a dark green habit and the hair that gleamed under her small hat was undeniably coppery. She rode into the center of the ring, drew in her horse, and sat flicking her riding-stick carelessly across her left hand while her eyes moved over the crowd in the seats. By this time John Newcome had forgotten the lank chestnut. Indeed he failed to be reminded that Diana's interests were not his until the first run was called.

The chestnut and the grey were not slow in proving that the issue lay between them. One horse after another dropped out of the track and, amid the excited cheering of the crowd, the country boy and the girl in green rode for the goal. By a desperate reach of his long body the chestnut came in a length ahead. But John Newcome did not receive the winner's cup with half the victorious grace with which Diana Elvira tied the knot of blue ribbons in the tall grey's mane.

South Natick was not far from Dover Hills, and John Newcome's victory at the county races turned out to be merely emblematic of a further conquest. Before this eventful year was over, Diana Elvira again yielded the palm, so to speak, to John Newcome.

Married life with Diana Elvira was not so impracticable as some individuals had been inclined to predict. Those who had been sceptical of her abilities as a wife and housekeeper—and the New England standard in these accomplishments is high—were agreeably surprised to find that Diana could sew and cook and clean as well as she could carry off the blue ribbon at the county fair. Even if outsiders had not found her satisfactory, John could not have devised the remotest possible reason for regretting his choice—and she, in her turn, seemed to find John quite sufficient.

In the early days of their marriage they made many plans. Diana Elvira was convinced that John was ambitious. She believed that she read it in his little, round, grey eyes which were always roving restlessly about, and in the tightly drawn line of his thin lips. She told him as much quite frankly and furthermore informed him what these ambitions were. The farm should be worked with prudence and skill until the small fortune in the bank should be doubled. The fields should prove richer with every "laying down." Then there would be more and better fodder with the result that they could keep more cows every year. They were near the Junction depot and could no doubt send the milk to the city. Then, the farm-house should be improved, new floors put in, and the water brought down in pipes from the spring. They could keep two hired men, even out of haying season. And their children should go to the Center School.

John agreed that he had all these aspirations and added another means of prosperity which seemed to him more certain of success than any of the schemes she had suggested. He wondered that with her keen perception she should have overlooked it. It was horse-trading. To this Diana Elvira offered no objections, yet she did not encourage it. At first her lack of enthusiasm served somewhat to dampen her husband's ardor, but after two or three successful deals, just for experiment, John decided that there was a limit to a woman's business abilities, even though she be as clear-sighted as Diana. If one could exchange a broken carryall for a horse with at least three years of hard work left in him, one was certainly profiting by the transaction.

As the years went by, Diana Elvira settled down more and more into the uneventful, yet busy, life of the average farmer's

wife. Her three children were all boys. Willis, the oldest, went through business college, married, and lived in the city. The second son helped on the farm. The youngest, a partly crippled fellow and not any too keen-witted, showed little prospects of ever being able to support himself. It was a bitter drop in his father's cup that Sydney should be of so little use. The lightest "choring" was indeed all that he could do. His mother was always gentler with him than with the others, but John did not hesitate to tell him what an incompetent fool he was.

Diana Elvira went to church in the village, and while the boys were small they went with her. She was a member of the Ladies' Social Circle and an authority on church suppers. When the town Woman's Club was organized, she joined that. At this period it is noticeable that on the list of membership she wrote her name *Anna* Newcome. Socially she was indispensable. Her perfect serenity, her cordiality, her generosity made her invaluable.

So the tide of Diana Elvira's existence flowed smoothly on, while the three boys grew to manhood, and John, year by year, occupied himself more with the vicissitudes of the horse-trade. In those days the farm-yard was full of old wagons and half worn-out farming implements, and in the pasture gaunt, sharp-ribbed beasts with dejectedly hanging heads and lumpy knees pulled at the scanty tufts of grass. Traders were constantly coming and going; or John himself would start off early in the morning in a second-hand buggy drawn by the horse that had been thrown into the bargain, leading behind one or two others of an equally enticing type to spend the day "swappin' hosses" in some other town. After one of these excursions he would return with other specimens of horse flesh invariably less hopeful than those that he had bartered. And Diana Elvira never demurred. Whether she knew the repute in which John's name was held throughout the neighboring villages and towns no act of hers ever betrayed. Even her friends who most sincerely believed it was their Christian duty to open Diana Elvira's eyes, could not, when the opportunity presented itself, summon up the courage to say that John Newcome stood for a man who had squandered a fortune and degraded himself in the opinion of all who knew him by his shiftless, good-for-nothing dealings and his association with coarse characters. But they sighed as

they spoke in subdued tones to one another of "poor, dear Diana's infatuation for that miserable man." And John himself? Why, he was satisfied and went on pursuing his own path.

One spring evening John had a visitor who shambled into the yard and explained that he had walked over from East Walpole, a town some ten miles away.

"What d'ye want?" asked John, glancing the stranger over suspiciously.

"I heerd ye've got hosses to swap." "What'll ye take?"

John thrust forward a foot in a loose, threadbare carpet-slipper, rolled out his lower lip, stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest and, after a moment's meditation asked, "What'll ye give me?"

His customer laughed uneasily.

"I can't give ye much," he began, "but before I make no offer I'd like to see the hoss."

John took the man's measure again, his keen, cold little eyes travelling from the top of his dilapidated cap to the tip of his ragged shoes. Then he shuffled across to the barn, the slippers flapping, and his customer followed. As they entered, three emaciated specimens of the equine type stretched out their necks toward them. John Newcome seized the nearest by the forelock and forced open its mouth with the air of an expert.

"See," he said, "she ain't past her prime yet."

But he let the horse's jaws come together again before the other man had a chance to verify the statement by making any personal observation. John went into the stall and the man stood in the entrance.

"All saound," said the horse-trader, running his hands up and down the animal's legs. "Saound to the marrer. Lots o' wuk in her yet. Want her for farming?"

"N—naw!" drawled the man, "what'll ye take?"

Again John looked at his companion suspiciously.

"I ca'culate," he began slowly, "that you ain't got no securities on your person—an' if you ain't a reliable party—"

"I guess she's a little too high for me," said the man, with another uneasy laugh. "You wa'nt ca'culatin' to sell them other two, was ye?"

"The black's wuth something," said John. "I'd take a clean seventy for him."

"Too much for a poor man," replied the other, shrugging his shoulders. "The white ain't so fat. He hadn't ought'r last much more'n through the summer. What'd ye take for him?"

"I dun'no as I've set a price on him," began John.

"What'd you swap him for, then?"

John drew down his mouth at the corners and surveyed the white horse through half-closed lids.

"There's go left in him yet," he said, "but he'll get used up quick. Got a caow?"

"Naw," said the man.

"A waggin?"

"A hay waggin," he answered eagerly.

John glanced out of the door around the barnyard.

"Got enough of them," he said briefly. "Anything else?"

The man appeared to reflect. At last he asked, "You wouldn't take nothin' in the way of furniture, I don't s'pose?"

"I dunno's I wouldn't."

"See here, mister," burst out the stranger suddenly, "you'll think me durned foolish to tell ye, but the facts is, I don't want that hoss for myself at all. I want it for my darter, Minnie. She's all for schoolin', an' this winter she fell on the ice an' broke her leg. It's mended now, but she can't walk fur an' it's three mile to the school-house. She graduates come June, only now she ain't no way to get to school—an' her heart's jest set on finishin'. She's the smartest gal in her class—an' we ain't never hed a hoss sence we come to East Walpole, an' there ain't no neighbors near to 'comodate us—an' I promised Minnie I'd do what I could."

He stopped, then added, earnestly, "I'd bring 'round the hayrick—or the furniture—or the hayrick full o' furniture, to-morrer."

"I guess I don't want none o' yer furniture," said John, more slowly and suspiciously than before. "I guess I won't close the bargain. I ain't fur sellin' the hoss, for the present, 't any rate. And I've got plenty o' hayricks."

He shuffled past his companion, across the yard, and into the house. There he watched from a window until his visitor was safely out of sight down the road.

Spring had been late that year, but Diana Elvira could not wait until warmer weather to begin her regular siege of house-cleaning. The result was that because of constant running in



and out of doors, bareheaded, in the raw March wind, Diana Elvira took a severe cold and for the first time in twenty years was obliged to go to bed and have the doctor. In three days after this happened it was generally known that Diana Newcome was ill with pneumonia. Many people came to make inquiries. John Newcome met and dealt with them all as uncompromisingly as he had dealt with the man from East Walpole.

At last came a night when the doctor did not leave the house. John Newcome, sitting in the dark down-stairs, listened to his footfalls in the room above. At about midnight the call that he had been waiting for came. The doctor came down to him and said simply :

"Go to her, she wants you."

Up-stairs, just outside her door, John stumbled over something lying on the hall floor.

"Dad !" whispered a frightened, imploring voice.

"You, Syd !" said the father. "Come in. Yes, come in."

They went in together. Sydney flung himself down at the foot of the bed. John went to the side on which his wife was lying, and dropping onto his knees, threw his arms across her.

"Diana Elvira !" he moaned. "Diana Elvira !"

"Yes, John."

"You wanted me?"

"Yes, John."

"You ain't been happy. I never made you happy. I took you an' I never did the things you had your heart set on. I never put in them new floors, nor brought the water down from the spring, nor improved the farm. I never sent Syd to the Center School. I never went to meetin' nor the church suppers. I never done nothin' but swap hosses, swap hosses, and the place's gone to rack, an' you've got to die disappointed ! Oh, Diana Elvira !"

He threw his arms across her again, and lay with his face buried, his body heaving.

"John, dear !"

"Diana !"

"I ain't disappointed." Her breathing became difficult. "I —couldn't be—disappointed."

He raised his head, relieving her of the burden of his arms. His thin lips were quivering beyond all control, his features

drawn with pain beyond recognition. The next moment he was stooping to catch her whispered words.

"I have been—very happy—John. I know—that—you—love me."

Day showed gray and cold in the east when John Newcome arose, stiff and benumbed from kneeling by the bedside, and left the silent room.

Sydney had stolen down-stairs nearly an hour before, and prompted half by instinct, half by memory, had fastened a black ribbon to the door-post. The man in the wagon which came rattling into the yard reined in his horse with a blank look when he saw the figure of John Newcome, familiar in shirt-sleeves and carpet-slippers, standing motionless in the open doorway, the black streamer fluttering at his side.

"Yer parden," he muttered, "I hadn't heerd—"

John met his gaze dully. Then he raised his hand. "Wait," he said, "ain't you from East Walpole?"

"Yaas," said the man, staring. John knew as well as he did that he had lived in East Walpole for the past twelve years.

"Do you know a feller there who has a gal named Minnie who fell on the ice and broke her leg?"

The man, still staring, nodded.

"Goin' right home?"

Again the man nodded.

John shuffled across to the barn. The man waited. Presently he reappeared, leading the black horse. He came up to the wagon and put the halter into the astonished farmer's hand.

"I want you to take this hoss to him," he said. "And tell him there ain't no seventy dollars about it, no, nor no hay-rick, nor furniture, nor nothin'. The hoss's his. That's all."

It occurred to the man in the wagon that his wife's death must have turned John Newcome's head. However, he said nothing, only held the black horse by the halter and drove off down the road. John stood looking after him until he was out of sight. Then he went to harness up to go to the village.

MARION SAVAGE.

## EDITORIAL

Winter is no doubt a good thing. Otherwise it would not have so prominent a place in the plan of a beneficent, all-foreseeing Providence. It offers pleasant contrast and variety ; it lends itself prettily in the hands of the nature poet to symbols of renunciation, despair, and death ; it brings sleighing, skating, skeeing and holidays, yet all this, and whatever else can be urged in its favor, scarce reconciles the student to its advent here, at least not if she has lived in the Tyler or Haven House and has survived a winter's experience with college paths !

Be we never so athletic, we cannot, in rejoicing in the bracing air and tingling glow, be entirely oblivious of the cold, wintry stream inundating our ankles, nor in feasting our æsthetic sense upon exquisitely silhouetted trees and sparkling snow fields can we ignore the treacherous sheet of ice beneath our feet,—or if we do ignore it, we are apt to have it obtruded painfully, harshly upon us. “Better a slip of foot than of tongue”, says *Poor Richard*, but ah, consider the slip of tongue that a slip of foot engenders !

Taking the matter seriously—and it is a serious matter indeed—the college paths in winter are more of a menace than a means. They are not cleared quickly enough after a fall of snow, and they are not cleared broadly enough, for when a thaw occurs the narrow passage way becomes a rushing torrent between the great snow drifts on either side. Last winter saw solitary students—brave young volunteers—digging little trenches to drain the paths, or applying sand or planks where the occasion required.

Undoubtedly last winter was unusually severe, but New England winters are proverbially trying, and considering the amount of discomfort and cold caused by wet shoes and damp skirts, it does not seem amiss to call the attention of authority to these conditions, and beg more activity in behalf of paths of less resistance.

### *EDITOR'S TABLE*

It is an old adage that there are always two sides to a story, and where is such a truth more poignantly realized than in the consideration of home letters? Many are the complaints (some recorded in this MONTHLY) that arise in the outraged hearts of the college when our inconsiderate families fail to understand the lines of the picture as we sketch it for them. Various have been the methods adopted by distracted daughters when the time arrived that they "really must write." To enliven the family by a dashing account of a whirlwind of fun; to win their approval with gloomy tales of work, and a long list of reference books; to harrow soft hearts by the hours spent out in snow-storms, or the bruises of basket-ball—these are some of the ways in which the college is represented at home. Imagine the state of the bewildered parent, who, knowing but little of our life here, receives these epistles, these flash-light pictures—often as in flash-light, with the features perverted beyond recognition. The dazed family entertain queer ideas; and these become still more prejudiced when the days here spin along too rapidly for letter-writing and every rushing moment sees the task postponed. They receive the most empty scribbles as due apology, and at last patiently urge a number of type-written slips as a convenience. "Awfully busy. Snowed to-day! Shall write as soon as I get a breathing space." Something on this style, they suggest, might serve.

The conception of college that grows up at home, and in every home, is very often a surprise to us; for it is from these letters that a great part of its reputation is built up. News of the life here departs weekly to distant places, and from our own descriptions the public gets that vague yet decided impression that marks the character of a community. Let any one notice with what zest the newspapers seize upon rumor or gossip and twist it into a sneer at the college, and then let her realize,

if she love her Alma Mater, that its reputation is in her hands. Let her spare her friends some of those vivid "jests"; for, at vacation time, some of their interpretations will distract her, and, to her dismay, ridiculous impossibilities will cling

"Photographically lined  
On the tablets of their mind  
When a yesterday has faded from its page."

Let them have no visions of their friend, supporting the fainting form of a classmate, whom a hysterical host of girls are covering with gold pins, while the president of the class showers American Beauties upon her. Nor need they imagine the whole body of the students, rushing swiftly to destruction, on tea-trays, down the broad slope of an icy hill. Nor yet need their hearts be wrung for the victim of papers, spending icy hours of dawn before the library door, waiting, in a line of fifty girls, for one moth-eaten reference book. The letters—all the letters—should be sound and wholesome, as the college is, and convey the atmosphere of its normal, sensible, pleasant life, wherever they may find their way.

At the Academy of Music, November 14, "Letty." It seems a pity that Mr. Pinero's cleverness and the art of Mr. Faversham and his company should have been devoted to producing a play of this character. The stage has undoubtedly a wide opportunity for moral instruction, but the morality of "Letty" is not wholesome, and experience has shown that for one thoughtful observer, such a presentation attracts a thousand curious, unthinking, and unbalanced. The most valuable contribution was Julie Opp's interpretation of Hilda Gunning.

M. W. H.

At the Academy of Music, November 23, "Parsifal." There are those who went to see this opera with high expectations, those who went doubtfully, and those who did not go at all. The last class missed a pleasure great as any that could have been anticipated, and a production decidedly artistic and worth while. Through pictures of bewildering beauty and high solemnity, through overwhelming harmony of sound the message of "Parsifal" is conveyed to the audience. Scenes of exquisite color and motion charm us—the red of swinging copes, the

airy grace and rainbow blendings of the flower-maidens, the sudden change from luxuriant gardens to the cold, grey, transformation of their ruin. Through it all runs the melody of song—the swelling chorus, the high, sweet notes of Kundry and the deep lamenting of the king. There were few points that marred the completeness of the performance, though the moving scenery might have been more satisfactory, as well as some of the singing. When the curtain fell upon that last impressive scene, where the grail is burning crimson above the bent heads of the knights and the dove flutters in the glory above the Guileless Fool, the hush of the audience showed that an opera in English could be a great success.

At the Academy of Music, November 7, "Ivan the Terrible." The play is one of those presentations of which it is undoubtedly true that "the least said the best for all concerned." We have heard of "art for art's sake" and art for the sake of many other ideals, personal, individual or abstract, but the latest version of that hackneyed phrase seems to be "art for Mansfield's sake."—The play itself is inexcusable. There is absolutely no unity, very little plot and less dramatic effect. The ordinary mind—the feminine mind at least—rather enjoys being pleasantly harrowed; but it is hard to conceive any charm potent enough to hold a normal, long-suffering audience for three tedious hours of unmitigated boredom, save the magic name of Mansfield. The cast was the characteristic Mansfield support—mediocre. But certain it is that there is but one word that characterizes both the acting and the interpretation of Mansfield himself, and that word is superb.

L. A. T.

#### TWILIGHT

Gray twilight, faintly blinking stars,  
The lingering hush of early spring,  
And low behind the bare tree-trunks  
A young moon, palely glimmering.

Slim, budding birches droop their boughs  
In network o'er the dusky lane,  
The air is fragrant with the breath  
Of fresh turned furrows drenched with rain.

From drowsy homesteads huddled close,  
Thin wreaths of blue smoke upward stray,  
Anp o'er the fields is borne the sound  
Of children's laughter, far away.

With day my burning passions fade  
And like dim spectres soft depart,  
And peace is o'er the land, and peace  
Gray-robed, clear-eyed, is in my heart.

My longings vaster, vaguer grow,  
Till night my soul's fast gate unbars,  
And prayers, like fair white flowers unfold  
Their opening fragrance to the stars.

*Vassar Miscellany.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The following three articles were contributed by the Chicago Association.

"No more worlds to conquer!" is apt to be our plaint in these days of travel classes, and guide-books and illustrated magazines, but yet now and then one has the exquisite delight of finding a spot not  
**Bordighera** charted upon his map of "places-to-see." And what is so rare as the pleasure of discovery! It does not in the least matter that some one has probably played Lief Ericson to your Cabot or Columbus long ago. This is partial explanation of why Bordighera is for me a name to conjure with. I discovered it, and then I found that it had other magic properties to strengthen the charm.

When London settlements and charitable institutions grew too grey and dismal to be visited and the classic halls of the Sorbonne were "bitter chill" we turned toward the shores of the Mediterranean with three half-whimsical considerations to guide our choice of locations; the desire to escape from the fashionable parades of the Riviera, to be across the Italian frontier that there might be "no more rivers" of custom "to cross," and to be near a library of which Baedeker spoke well. Bordighera met the conditions. In the spirit of dear Isaac Newton I say soberly at the distance of three thousand miles and more than half a year, "Doubtless God might have made a more delightful place, but doubtless he never did." Descriptions are under the ban to-day, but let me give some items from which a picture might be drawn.

The coast called the Riviera is a series of amphitheatres separated by the long hills that push out rocky capes into the sea. The new towns are in the sheltered curves; the old, on the points. Old Bordighera, a quaint cluster of tall, plastered houses connected with arches to give strength in time of earthquakes, with dusky streets, a tall campanile and much color fading on its walls, lies piled high up above Cap Ampeglio, named from the patron saint. Below, on the rocks, is his chapel, on the supposed site of his forge. The new town stretches along the shore and up the gentle slopes of hills, set in gardens of palms and olives and flowers. The nearest hills are covered with olives and roses on terraces; those above show the brighter green of pines, and over all, seen through winding valleys or over the shoulders of hills, are the snow-covered Alps. Such a combination of the Orient, the far South, the sea and the snow hills is surely not often found.

Looking down from the upper street, part way up the first hills, one sees a forest of palms. There are said to be more palms here than in all Palestine, and Europe draws hence its supply for Palm Sunday. The story goes that



for five hundred years one family has had the privilege of sending palms for the Papal chapel on that day. When the obelisk was being raised in front of St. Peter's, the engineer in charge was so fearful of accident that the Pope proclaimed the death penalty on anyone in the vast crowd who should speak aloud. Just as the huge stone was being lifted into place the ropes suddenly began to sag, threatening disaster. "Wet the ropes!" cried a voice, and the quick suggestion was successfully acted upon. "The man who dared" is said to have been a sailor from Bordighera, who, when the Pope deigned to pardon him, and also, in royal fashion, promised to grant any wish, asked this privilege of furnishing palms.

With the palms there are eucalyptus and pepper trees, figs and oranges and lemons, as well as many strangers, and there are acres of flowers. Roses, carnations, narcissus and stock are raised for market. Shrubs blossom everywhere, and there is always the perfume of violets in the air. Heliotrope grows higher than one's head and geraniums hang over walls or climb roofs with perfect indifference to direction.

Then there are the groves of gray, gnarled olive trees, always full of mystery and fascination. The pink-tipped daisies blossom there all winter and by February the big scarlet anemonies have come, together with narcissus and sweet wild violets.

From the groves one looks down upon the sea, as changeable and iridescent as Lake Lucerne, and to the west is a wide view of a fine line of purple hills that lies back of Mentone and Monte Carlo, a lower ridge behind Nice, and far, far off a faint blue curve that stretches toward Marseilles. If one's heart is always torn in twain when forced to choose between mountains and sea, this is a place for satisfaction.

One need not, however, live by scenery alone. There is much curious history, both social and political, connected with the old towns near by, Sasso, Borghetto, Apricale, Vallecrosia and the rest. These "rock villages" date back in some cases to Roman times, in most for at least five or six or eight hundred years. It was the pleasant pastime of pirates to raid the coasts and the villages, so the towns were put in the most inaccessible places, well walled and further guarded by the so-called "Saracen" towers that still stand in conspicuous places. Often the way to a town is but a rocky mule trail over the hill, and the entrance is as the door to a castle. The town wall is also the outer wall of many dwellings, while the streets are but arched passage ways and the piazza a court yard. As ground space was precious, the mules and chickens were kept on the first floor, the food supplies on the second and the people went up to the top, gaining thus some advantages of light and air.

Some of the towns formed a league during the Middle Ages, and their town records afford much curious and diverting information to the student of social and economic history as well as local government. Each town had its common bakery, generally a common mill, and many practical problems arose regarding their management as well as the disposal of crops, and in the case of towns near the sea, of fish. A good deal of democratic government was evolved here that is worth notice even if the communities were very small.

If one leans to ethnology and philology, here is a good and almost unworked field for study. The Teutonic inheritance of the people shows in hair and eyes and skin, and the Ligurian character seems as marked with peculiarities as the dialect. Both wait the scientific student.

The Riviera has had its romances. Ruffini makes Bordighera the scene of his fine novel, "Dr. Antonio", and links its beauty with a dark bit of modern Italian history. His word pictures are very true, yet they leave room for the artist with brush and canvas. Such a one could have done justice to a characteristic scene on the shore one gray, windy afternoon. A crowd of visitors and village folk stood watching the fishermen draw in their net. A heavy sea was plunging in; ten or a dozen men must pull on each rope; men in orange and yellow oilskins, with trousers rolled up over their brown legs, blue shirts on and colored hats. There was a long, hard pull as the great brown net came slowly nearer and nearer; then after all the strain the patient fishers drew out—a bushel or so of tiny, transparent "guancetti", no bigger than white bait!

HANNAH BELLE CLARK '87.

She was a bewildered little old woman, fearing she knew not what, as she sat alone in the long, narrow, dimly lighted lodge hall, which served as a meeting place for Local ——— of

The True Story of Kjerstine Hedin the Hand Sewers' Protective Union.

She had walked what seemed to her endless miles, and had felt her heart sink lower with every step. The ill-kept streets, lined with grimy, neglected-looking houses, the clanging and clattering street-cars which terrified her anew at every encounter, the dirty, boisterous children who jostled her on the side-walk—all these things had dazed and disheartened her for weeks, so different they were from her dreams of a beautiful city, in a wonderful new land. Such beautiful dreams they had been! so cruel the awakening that she could hardly believe it true. Sometimes it seemed as if this must be the dream, this poverty and grime and squalor all about her, and, worst of all, hardest to believe, the pain and fear which benumbed all her senses. As she shut her eyes now in a momentary surrender to fatigue, she longed desperately that they might open upon the familiar sights of her beloved Sweden, that this might prove indeed all a part of a hideous nightmare. Or if they were never to open again, perhaps that might be best of all.

The silent figures which from time to time glided in to take their places here and there against the wall, wore an air of patient or stolid resignation to some inevitable burden. If they spoke, it was in subdued tones; for the most part, they sat motionless, with folded hands and indifferent gaze. Now and then there was a little ripple of life, as some younger member entered with the air of the noisy street still about her.

Our little old woman scrutinized with eager, apprehensive gaze, the face of each new-comer. Most of them were like herself, old and sad and poor. But though they wore the look of her own sturdy northern race, there was not one that she had ever seen before. She was alone among strangers. If Hulda could only have stayed! her daughter Hulda, who had piloted her

along the noisy streets, and up the long, dark stairway that reeked with stale odors from the saloon below. But Hulda had not dared to stay; she must hurry back lest Nels by some chance come home earlier than usual, and greet her with a scolding. Nels was so hard.

Poor Hulda! The little old mother must strive to choke back the tears, as she remembered the pretty young daughter who, ten years ago, had left the little Swedish cottage for America. Ten long years they had been, but brightened now and then by letters, gifts, sums of money which to the little old mother seemed princely, photographs of Hulda in wonderful American hats, then at last Hulda herself, prettier than ever, and clothes like a fine lady, and happy with a great secret. She was to be married, and live at her ease, and some day the little mother was to cross the ocean and be taken care of for the rest of her days. Would she come now? No? Then there should be money put into the bank against the day when she should be tired of living alone.

Her neighbors thought her foolish to delay. With the money at hand for the journey, and with such good fortune awaiting her on the other side, why should she longer struggle on alone? But her garden and her pigs and chickens were enough for her, she argued, as long as she kept her strength. Time enough for America when the rheumatism should come, or her crops fail. Until then, the young people were better off without her. So she packed for Hulda the little store of linen which had been slowly accumulating for years, bade her a cheerful good-bye, and faced the long winter with a new sense of security and protection. Little fear now for her future!

By and by there came a new photograph, Hulda resplendant in white gown and veil and wedding wreath, Nels very stiff and awkward and a trifle surly, as if posing in festive attire were not altogether to his taste. And in another year, behold, the most marvelous photograph of all, in which a pair of great eyes and the suggestion of a chin surmounted a mass of snowy draperies. On the back of the card was written, "Little Kjerstine, aged three months. For Grandmother." "Grandmother" laughed and cried, and from that day felt baby hands tugging surely, surely, at the very roots of her life. Deep as those roots lay buried in Swedish soil, she knew that in the end they must yield, and the old tree put forth its last leaves beneath a foreign sky. Some day she must go, but not yet, not yet!

The day was not so far, for her longing grew apace. Hulda's letters, though affectionate as ever, were not half frequent enough, not a thousandth part long enough, to satisfy the demands of a grandmother. Therefore, when sundry twinges in her joints betokened that a long-dreaded enemy was upon her, when, moreover, the landlord announced that he had other uses for her bit of garden, there was much solace in the snug bank account which meant a ticket to Chicago. It was easier than she had dreamed it could be to turn her back upon the old home. Hulda had always been such a good daughter. And the darling baby, how it would repay grandmother for the hardships of the journey! Thus, with a long-lost sense of youth and adventure, Kjerstine Hedin, aged sixty, set out for a new home and a new life.

That had been months ago, and of all that had occurred in the meantime she hardly dared to think. If she had only known, if she had only stayed among her own people—

A friendly hand upon her shoulder brought her back from her dreaming. A pair of kind eyes looked down into hers and the speech of her native land fell upon her ears.

"I am glad to see you here. It will be all right, only keep up your courage."

It was the country-woman who, according to Hulda, possessed a strange power over this dread something called the Union, and had promised to "do all she possibly could" to secure to Hulda's mother the privilege of hand-finish trousers at fifteen cents a pair. For such was the sorry fulfilment of poor Hulda's promises.

The Walking Delegate—it was none other—moved on down the hall, nodding in friendly fashion to right and left. Behind her came a brisk little elderly woman, with keen, dark eyes and an up-lifted chin that bespoke conscious authority. The two mounted together to their places beneath one of the threatening canopies, and after the briefest of intervals the older woman rose and tapped sharply upon the table before her with a little wooden mallet. There was no dreaming now for Kjerstine Hedin, but rather a painful alertness. She could not understand a word of English, otherwise, as an uninitiated candidate, she must have been banished to the ante-room. As it was, she had at least the cheerful looks of the Delegate to reassure her. There was much preliminary rising and sitting to the tap of the little mallet, much reading from one of the great books and at last, as the ringing voice of the Walking Delegate filled the hall, the would-be member of Local —— heard her own name.

It was a sorrowful little story that the Walking Delegate told; how Kjerstine Hedin, sixty years old, coming alone from Sweden to her daughter's house, and expecting to be taken care of for the rest of her days, had come upon a drunken son-in-law, who flatly refused to keep the promises made long ago to his wife; how the old mother, driven from the house by his threats, had worked as a hotel dish-washer and then as scrub-woman as long as the rheumatism would allow it; how now, as a last resource, she was learning to "finish pants". The members of Local —— all knew what that meant, even when one was skilful. It would be long enough at best before Mrs. Hedin could earn what would supply her barest needs. The Delegate recommended that Mrs. Hedin be granted the protection of the Union without the payment of any initiation fee.

There had been little nods of approval and of sympathy here and there as the story went on. At its close one heavy-featured woman rose in angry protest.

"I tink dat our delegate wass all time too good-hearted. I tink dose woman ought to pay her money yust like us."

But as a murmur of indignation spread through the room, the heavy-faced woman sank into her seat. Another murmur of voices, a rap of the gavel, and then the Delegate came down the hall. In the next instant Kjerstine Hedin was standing before the owner of the keen, dark eyes, and listening to a Swedish variation on the Union ritual.

"Now I just want to welcome you into our little Union, and to tell you that we hope you will feel yourself among friends. If you will come to

our Union meetings, you will see that the Union means no harm to anyone, but only that we should all work together to help each other and to bear each other's burdens. When I ask you to give me your hand in token of your pledge of loyalty to the Union, I promise you that you need never regret that pledge. Now as president of Local ———, I declare you a union member in good standing."

As she turned away, the Delegate was at her elbow, and led her to the table in the corner. There was still a terrible doubt in her mind. "Have I money enough?" she whispered, as she fumbled with trembling fingers in her shabby purse. The Delegate was nodding mysteriously to a pale little woman who had slipped behind them, and who now laid her hand over that of the new member, and gently pushed her aside, purse and all. The Delegate, beaming with pleasure, nodded approval of them both. The pale woman, with one hand still upon the shabby purse, laid some small silver coins upon the table. Kjerstine Hedin felt that the handkerchief held in the hand which lay upon hers was wet, as if with tears. There was a little group gathering now about the table, and with each arrival the pile of coins grew larger. They were very small coins, but there were many of them when at last the heavy-faced woman counted them, and then broke into unexpected smiles. Kjerstine Hedin put forth her hand mutely for the bit of cardboard which some one held out to her. The Walking Delegate patted her reassuringly on the shoulder.

"That is all, your card is paid for three months. Then you come and pay thirty-five cents."

The group about the table melted away. The new member sank into the nearest chair, for her knees failed beneath her. But she smiled back bravely at the Walking Delegate. "Oh, but there are good people in this world!" said old Kjerstine Hedin.

MARGARET S. HOBLITT '90.

Ireland is a witch with a fairy's wand, you shrink from her at first, then next you know she holds you spell-bound at her feet. It is the weather to begin with that turns you against Ireland. "It's such Northern Ireland a wet place," as the English say; it can rain for days in succession, be grey and lowery for just as many more with hardly a peep at the sun. Then to augment the dismalness, throughout the country districts, are the forlorn peasantry, their unkempt heads, gnarled fingers and miserable rags in perfect keeping with their background, a country as uncanny as they are uncouth.

The bogs are scraped of their green coverings for peat which is piled about in funereal looking mounds all along the outskirts of the black pits. Here little, moth-eaten looking donkeys stand patiently waiting to have the loaded baskets swung over their backs. From the bogs great bleak hills rise like prison walls on all sides, upon whose tops the clouds constantly rest like filmy veils, ready to obscure any too bold a gaze of the sun. Not a flower can you spy anywhere, worthy of the name, this July day, only the bog-cotton, like a wisp of white hair, blows in a fly-away manner from its leafless stem, adding a most weird bit to the landscape, where the brilliant red homespun skirts of

the peasant women make the only speck of color. As a final touch, and the most pathetic, stand here and there roofless huts like sobs turned to stone, for they lost, when their inhabitants were evicted, all rights to the claim of homes. Standing on the hillsides, outlined against the sky, they look like sad spectres for their souls will never be released until every stone falls away.

But whisk! Out bursts the sun; you see in the peasant's eye a twinkle and over the great bare hills steals a haze changing the barren peaks to opals; the blue sky peeps at herself in her watery mirrors, the bog-cotton dances and once I saw a most pitiful looking donkey kick up his heels so high as to upset his entire burden of peat. You could almost vow that some fairy bog-trotter had touched your eyes with her wand, for you glance down, and lying at your feet is a donkey's tiny shoe, a most portable harbinger of good luck. Another turn of the lane and right in your path, a solitary sweet-briar blossom smiles up at you from its muddy bed. Then a shadow steals across the hills, and another, tears come into the sky, she runs away from her mirrors, leaving her mood reflected in the eyes of the peasants; the wind blows and a grey bird, flying low over the bog, screams its weird call. Every sound ceases and a feeling of wild longing and loneliness creeps over you.

Like Irish skies are Irish moods, ever changing, but they have at least one characteristic that is always constant, their courtesy, which is so inherent as often to lead them into veritable falsehood. Should you say, "The shamrock has no flower, has it?" they would invariably reply. "Oh, no, Miss, never," but had you implied that you thought it had, they would just as invariably have answered, "Oh, yes, Miss, always," which is well enough when it concerns only shamrock but not when it comes to distances, especially if they lie between you and your luncheon. For then, in their efforts to reduce the number of miles to a minimum, they can draw one out to such an elongated state as only the concave mirror at the "Chamber of Horrors" could produce. Finally, when you do arrive at a most primitive little inn, the maid lays the table with all the deliberation in the world, then most engagingly asks, "And what will you have for luncheon, Miss?" Delmonico salad and American iced drinks immediately spring to your mind; you suggest, however, roast chicken with bread sauce, their Sunday dish. After waiting for all details of the order, the maid replies, absolutely unmoved, "Well, we have only bacon," which when it comes is entirely raw.

But when your luncheon of tea is over and you are off on a jaunting car, the horse flying, the breeze blowing and you just jolting and spinning grown-up fairy tales, it's little you care if the bacon was raw, for your heart you have laid at old Ireland's feet, ever to rest on her shamrock mat.

CLARA L. DAVIS '02.

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for Senior Dramatics should send their names to the business manager, Alice M. Holden, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer to go Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night. An alumna is allowed to buy a seat only once and only on her own name, but she may buy "rush" tickets as often as she cares to.

Although the blanks have been returned in great numbers, there are graduates as well as non-graduates who have not responded. About 350 have been returned by the post office unclaimed. Appended is a list of those who have not been found. Will anyone knowing the addresses of one or more of these aid the committee by sending them to the chairman?

NINA E. BROWNE '82, Chairman,  
10½ Beacon Street, Boston.

## GRADUATES

Caroline C. Guyer '81	Harriet I. Cutter '97	Katharine L. Dillon '01
Caroline H. Nye '85	Jessie W. Lockett '97	Julia E. Sullivan '01
Sarah E. Dole '88	Mary E. Shepard '97	Inez L. Wiggins '01
Katharine E. Rounds '91	Frances A. Bridges '98	Annie M. Clark '02
Helen A. Johnson '92	Laura B. Crandon '99	Ida M. Hurlburt '02
Joanna L. Gaylord '93	Gertrude Craven '99	Nellie Cunningham '03
Helen H. Whitman '93	Madeleine Z. Doty '00	Georgie L. Field '03
Elizabeth K. Chapman '94	Mary T. Lord '00	Mavida Fiske '03
Medora E. Loomis '95	Helen Ober '00	Ethel S. Keep '03
Theona C. Peck '95	Edna W. Collins '01	Eleanor C. Putnam '03
Genevieve Cloyd '97		

## NON-GRADUATES

Abell, Lillian E., '00-1	Cooly, Clara, '87-90	Gray, Elizabeth E., '00-2
Allen, Mary B., Art '88-9	Cottrell, Cora M., '81-2	Gray, Mabelle R., '98-00
Atwood, Eliza W., '98-00	Crittenden, Daisy L., '89-91	Green, Carolyn M., '98-00
Avery, Mary E., '88-9	Crocker, Avice W., '98-9	Griswold, Alice C., Art '96-7
Bagg, Laura S., Mus. '88-90	Crofoot, Sarah E., '92	Haight, Elminor C., '00-01
Baker, Alice H., '96-7	Crossley, Ida L., '93-9	Hale, Mary G., '84-5
Baker, Emma S., '88-90	Curtis, Cora B., '81-2	Hall, Eliza F., '96-8
Barker, Grace S., '98-00	Davis, Prudence A., '97-8	Hamilton, Ethel, '97-8
Barrett, Lefe G., '88-90	Davis, Lizzie M., '86-7	Hampton, Helen, Art '90-93
Beck, Ethel M., '98-9	Davis, Mary L., '85-6	Hanna, Edith J., '97-9
Bennett, Esther, '92-5	Davison, Jeanette B., '99-00	Hancock, Edna M., '96-98
Benton, Mary, Mus. '87-8	Day, Mary A., '91-2	Harris, Marion C., '88-9
Bigham, Lillian M., '92-5	Dick, Mabel E., '99-00	Hartwell, Blanche, '89-90
Blackwell, Charlotte M., '88-9	Diehl, Grace C., '00-1	Hanser, Jeanette, Art '85-6
Blake, Anna R., '85-7	Doane, Marion E., '01-3	Hawks, Mabel M., '92-4
Blanchard, Ada J., '86-9	Dodge, Louise V., '92-3	Hayden, Ruth E., '98-00
Blanchard, Mary G., '80-2	Douglas, Helen L., '99-01	Hayes, Clara L., '78-80
Bliss, Helen R., B. M. '91	Douglas, Nettie W., '87-8	Hayes, Millicent G., '89-90
Bobo, Brieta, '97-8	Douglas, Kate S., '86-7	Hazen, Maria F., '87-89
Bowns, Felice M., '97-00	Dow, Alice M., '87-9	Hedge, Sarah W., '98-99
Brett, Maude R., '84-5	DuBois, Antoinette, '99-01	Hedges, Abbie M., '77
Bridgman, Nellie S., '85-7	Dudley, Ellen, '96-7	Henderson, Helen B., '97-9
Brooks, Ruby M., '89-90	Dwight, Alice E., '79-80	Henry, Esther M., '79-80
Brown, Katherine L., '98-9	Edgerly, Marion C., '98-7	Hibbard, Mary G., '87-8
Burchard, Frances M., '98-4	Edgerton, Lillian, '82-3	Higgins, Eliza R., '89-90
Burnham, Mary E. L., '84-6	Edwards, Harriet S., '91-3	Hilt, Susan C., '95-6
Bursy, Jerusha C., '98-9	Edwards, Nellie E., '79-80	Hine, Mary H., Mus. '80-1
Burt, Daisy F., '98-00	Ellis, Grace, '85-6	Hodge, Alice M., '93-5
Butler, Frances L., '85-6	Evans, Abbie A., '01-2	Holbrook, Margaret C., '96-8
Butler, Katherine J., '01-2	Evans, Bernice, '98-9	Holmes, Emma C., '89-90
Bybu, Mary A., '86-88	Farmer, Edith H., '89-90	Holmes, Helen P., Mus. '97-8
Campbell, Mary B., '80-1	Faye, Georgina R., '86-7	Hoover, Helen M., '01-02
Capen, Louise, Art '91	Fernald, Mary, '94-5	Hotaling, Mary A., '86-7
Carlton, Alice B., '94-5	Ferris, Bertha M., '98-9	Howard, Myra L., '86-7
Case, Myra W., '86-9	Fisher, Annie A., Mus. '82-4	Hubbard, Julia L., Art '92
Chambers, Charlotte W., '95-7	Fisher, Mary E., '84-5	Hufnagle, Alice, Mus. '96-7
Chase, Mary, '87-8	Fisher, Mary P., '90-5	Hulbert, Mary E., '78-9
Childs, Viola L., '80-1	Fiske, Ida M., '85-7	Hutchinson, Rachel, '98-9
Christian, Caroline, '94-6	Forbes, Grace M., '97-8	Hyde, Florence A., '94-5
Clancy, Laura E., '96-8	French, Fannie S., '92-3	Ingals, Melissa R., '01-02
Clark, Clara E., '84-5	French, Isabella, '84	Jackson, Alice H., Mus. '88-9
Clark, Emma H., '82-4	French, Mary, '78-80	Jackson, Elvenia J., '97-8
Clark, Mary A., '79-81	Faye, Gertrude H., Art '81-2	Johnston, Laura M., '88-90
Clark, Mary S., '90-1	Fuller, Elizabeth T., '78-8	Jones, Edith L., '98-00
Coakley, Elizabeth T., '97-99	Gardiner, Laura A., '83-4	Jones, Grace E., '98-9
Collins, Mary G., Art '83-4	Gibbs, Minnie D., Mus. '89-91	Judson, Alice C., '93-9
Colt, Mary L., '84-5	Gilman, Carrie S., '97-8	Kalish, Bertha, '80-1
Conwell, Agnes E., Mus. '96-7	Goodell, Katherine A., '95-6	Kelsey, Hattie G., '88-9
Cook, Mabel M., '82-3	Goodell, Mary E., '78-9	Kennedy, Bessie M., Mus. '92-4
	Gower, Kate H., '84-5	Killins, Elsa S., '98-9

Kyle, Julia, Mus. '87-8	Pratt, Edith L., Mus. '89-92	Taylor, Sarah H., '86-7
Lane, Florence B., '92-3	Prentiss, Mary E., '89-92	Temple, Elizabeth, '94-00
Lane, Lucia, '86-7	Pritz, Mildred C., '98-9	Thacher, Mary R., '98-9
Lathrop, Anna M.	Raymond, Lillian A., '98-9	Thayer, Marion A., '82-3
Lawrence, Caroline, Art '83-5	Read, Georgia W., '99-01	Thyng, Annie K., '00-2
Leonard, Mary A., '77	Reid, Alice, '87-90	Towar, Lila, '99-00
Lewis, Eva May, '97-9	Rich, Mary A., '80-1	Townley, Margaret, '87-8
Lewis, Grace M., '97-9	Richardson, Alice M., '81-5	Tucker, Mabel, Mus. '92-5
Lindsey, Grace E., '91-2	Richardson, Dorothea, '99-00	Turner, Edith M., Mus. '87-8
Little, Edna E., '91-3	Richey, Guida H., '98-00	Turner, Marie, Art '87-8
Lockett, Grace G., '93-4	Richolson, Edna L., '00-1	Tyler, Florence L., '95-7
Lombard, Julia W., '90-1	Rickard, Annie, '80-1	Underhill, F. W., Mus. '91-2
Lord, Mary V., '00	Riddle, Edna M., '98-00	Van Shyke, Dorothy L., '98-9
Lunt, Nellie, '97-9	Robinson, Emma F., '90-1	Vrooman, Rachel, '91-2
Lunt, Olive A. M., Art '02-03	Robinson, Marg't A., Mus. '80-1	Waite, Jessie E., Mus. '86-7
MacMillan, Frances, '90-1	Robinson, Marian, '81-2	Walbridge, Isabel E., '91-2
Mannheimer Estelle, '99-01	Robison, Myrtie M., '95-7	Walker, Alice M., '93-5
Martin, Jennie C., Mus. '80-1	Rogers, Julia McC., '98-9	Walker, Marguerite M., '80-2
Mason, Mary C., '90-1	Rosenfeld, Bertha M., '99-01	Walker, Mary M., Mus. '72-4
McClure, Annie M., '98-00	Ross, Ellen R., '82-3	Walker, Alice L., '83-4
McKnight, Alice, Art '91-2	Sanders, Mabel W., '00-1	Ward, Frances H., Mus. '90-1
Mead, Marian A., '86-7	Sawyer, Eleanor F., '81-6	Ward, Lily E., '89-91
Mead, Mary L., '84-5	Sawyer, Frederica, '97-8	Ward, Rosie G., '96-8
Mead, Sarah E., '79-82	Scholey, Edith M., '01-2	Warner, Lottie J., '93-4
Miller, Helen, '77-80	Scripture, Emma, '88-91	Warren, Helen, Mus. '89-92
Miller, Josephine D., '94-6	Shepard, Alice L., '90-1	Warren, Jennie P., '85-8
Miller, Mary M., '88-9	Shepard, Anne N., '85-8	Watson, Effie, '78
Montague, Fannie S., Art '88-9	Sherman, Annie D., '98-9	Weed, Alice L., '99-00
Moreland, Carrie H., Art '82-3	Sherman, E. E. N., Art '93-7	Weil, Lily R., '99-00
Mulholland, Mary E., '93-5	Simpson, Kate L., '85-9	Welch, Anna E., '83-5
Nagel, Edith C., '98-9	Smith, Antoinette J., '83-5	Wheeler, Mary L., '95-7
Naramore, Elfrida M., Mus. '80-2	Smith, Bertha M., '93-4	White, Marion B., '88-9
Nason, Mabel F., '84-6	Smith, Emily P., '98-9	White, Nellie M., '81-2
Nettleton, Mary E., '77	Smith, Florence S., '91-2	Whitney, Nettie L., '84-5
Newcomb, Marion, '93-5	Smith, Georgena M., '94-6	Whittier, Charlotte M., Art '84-5
Nichols, Fannie A., Art '81-92	Smith, Minnie A., '81-2	Wilkie, Mary S., '77
Norton, Agnes B., '80-1	Smith, Sophia G., '84-7	Williams, Alice L., '86-7
Norton, Maude M., '79-81	Snow, Alice D., Mus. '82-4	Williams, Lura M., Art '94-6
Noyes, Emily H., '97-00	Snow, Maria F., '94-5	Wilson, Carrie E., Mus. '97-8
Noyes, Grace E., '82-3	Soule, Edna W., '96-7	Wilson, Ella M., '86-7
Nutting, Grace K., '98-00	Sparrow, Mabel S., '85-9	Wilson, Hattie E., '82-3
Ogden, Katharine C., '98-00	Spencer, Alice J., '03-4	Wilson, Mary D., '98-9
Olcott, Helen K., '97-99	Stairbuck, Anna L., '86-7	Wilson, Sarah, '97-8
Ordway, Mary E., '77-8	Stegen, Charlotte S., '98-9	Wood, Emily S., '81-4
Owen, Mary E. H., '94-5	Stillwell, Sarah R., '82-3	Wood, Julia F., '98-9
Packard, Caroline E., '92-4	Sterling, Grace H., '86-8	Wood, Mary E., '98-9
Park, Sophia B., Mus. '84-5	Stetson, May, Mus. '91-5	Wood, Mary L., '79-80
Parker, Elizabeth H., '92-3	Stevens, Caroline A., '91-2	Woodruff, Harriet E., Mus. '85-6
Parker, Lelia C., '97-8	Stevens, Gail, '00-2	Woodruff, Mary C., Art '92-3
Parker, Irene E., '95-6	Stockton, Alice S., '95-6	Woodward, M. G., Mus. '84-5
Parks, Jessie E., Mus. '81-2	Stone, L. Mabelle, '91-2	Woodward, Mary J., Mus. '86-7
Parsons, Sarah L., Art '85-6	Story, Kate B., Mus. '81-2	Worthington, Mary H., '96-7
Perkins, Sarah M., '92-4	Strawn, Myra H., '91-3	Wright, Georgia A., '98-00
Peters, Helen E., '97-9	Stursburg, Nellie B., '79-90	Wright, Hattie E., '78
Phillips, Alice B., '97-8	Stutson, Nellie T., '84-5	Wright, Lizzie A., Art '80-1
Phillips, Maria, '79-80	Stulz, Josephine R., Art '98-4	Wright, Mary L., '96-8
Phillips, Martha C., '86-87	Sullivan, Edith, Mus. '88-90	Wyman, Anna W., '96-7
Pike, Edith M., '98-9	Taylor, Cornelia C., '97-00	

The Western Massachusetts Alumnae and Non-Graduate Association of Smith College held its annual business meeting and luncheon at Plymouth Inn, Northampton, on Saturday, November 5th. The luncheon, which was attended by about seventy-five alumnae, was delightful. Mrs. Silas R. Mills, the president, presided and introduced the speakers and guests of the Association. Miss Mary Jordan spoke on the achievements of the Smith College Alumnae. Miss Harriet Boyd gave a most interesting account of some of the details of the work of excavation last year in the Island of Crete. President Seelye spoke a few words of greeting to the alumnae and of appreciation for their work. The Association numbered also among its guests Frau Kapp and Miss Peck, upon both of whom, in recognition of twenty-five years of faithful service, the college recently conferred the Master's degree. During



the early part of the luncheon the College Glee Club gave the alumnae a pleasant surprise by singing "Fair Smith" in the hall of the Inn.

At the business meeting, which preceded the luncheon, the Association voted to help in the raising of the \$10,000 fund, promised by the General Alumnae Association to the Students' Aid Society. Upon the resignation of Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Charles D. Hazen '96, was elected president in her place. The other officers are, vice-president, Miss Caroline Weston 1900, of Dalton, secretary and treasurer, Miss Dorothea Caverno '97.

The close of the year finds the Association in a very flourishing condition. This is as it should be. It is not well for us to make comparisons, but many of us feel that the Western Massachusetts Branch should be the most effective of all the branches of the Alumnae Association, for those of us who are in closest touch with our Alma Mater should be the most loyal and devoted of her children. It was certainly a great gain when, four years ago, the headquarters of the Association was moved from Springfield to Northampton. The change was made with the idea that the Branch, thus brought closer to the college, might by frequent communications with the other alumnae keep them also in touch with the life of the college world. The Branch, therefore, with this end in view, constituted itself a sort of "news committee," and each year letters have been sent to all the other associations giving them items of college interest which might not otherwise reach them.

The Branch owes a very great debt of gratitude to its outgoing president. Mrs. Mills has served the Association most faithfully for four years, and a large part of the increase in membership and enthusiasm is due to her personal influence. During these four years the Association has raised over five thousand dollars, which has been divided between the Students' Building Fund, the Hundred Thousand Dollar Fund and the Students' Aid Society. Surely the Western Massachusetts Branch may look forward with encouragement to the future.

Those who were present at the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association last June, will recall the interest that was roused by the proposal to raise a fund of \$10,000 for the Students' Aid Society; Alumnae Fund of \$10,000 for this fund to be the Society's reserve capital; Smith Students' Aid Society its income and such of the principal as should be necessary, to be used annually to supplement the entirely inadequate income received from annual and life members; this fund to be kept from depletion by the annual return of loans. The proposal to raise this fund not only roused interest but received the enthusiastic support of nearly all the members of the local associations present at the meeting. To organize some plan for raising this \$10,000, the undersigned committee was appointed last autumn, and its first purpose has been to spread information in regard to the history and work of the Aid Society and the object of this fund. To that end circulars have been sent to the alumnae, to non-graduates, whose addresses could be obtained, and to the members of the Aid Society. With these circulars have gone pledge-cards and cards with President Seelye's cordial endorsement of the work of the Aid Society and his hearty approval of this plan of the Alumnae Association for placing

the Aid Society on a strong financial basis. The committee has also come in touch with the local alumnae associations and in several of them sub-committees have already been appointed to further this work. The honor of making the first contribution to the fund belongs to the Smith College Club of Washington, D. C.

It is earnestly hoped that the work for this fund may receive the hearty sympathy and the active support of all the alumnae organizations and of the alumnae in localities where there are no associations. The general committee will be glad to be of service to any of the local committees or to any alumna who will undertake to further the interests of the fund in her particular locality.

The chairman has extra copies of the circulars, pledge cards and President Seelye's endorsement for any one who can make use of them.

NELLIE SANFORD WEBB, *ex-'85*, Chairman.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE '86.

MARTHA WILSON '95.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'01. Alice Kimball, . . . .	Oct. 31—Nov. 5
'01. Louisa B. Kimball, . . . .	" 31— " 5
'03. M. Cooper Cook, . . . .	" 31— " 7
'02. Grace Whiting Mason, . . . .	" " 8
'96. Grace Lathrop Collin, . . . .	" " 8
'98. Elizabeth B. Thacher, . . . .	" 8-11
'08. Margaret W. Thacher, . . . .	" 8-11
'96. Florence Stewart Anderson, . . . .	" 10
'97. Grace T. Lyon, . . . .	" 10
'95. Mabel H. Cummings, . . . .	" 11
'95. Elsie Seelye Pratt, . . . .	" 12
'04. Rachael E. Rising, . . . .	" 12
'04. Gertrude J. Coney, . . . .	" 12
'99. Ruth Shepherd Phelps, . . . .	" 14
'97. Alice T. Lord Parsons, . . . .	" 18
'01. B. J. Richardson, . . . .	" 23-28
'01. Constance Charnley, . . . .	" 23-28
'98. Della M. Finch, . . . .	" 26
'04. Alice B. Wright, . . . .	" 23-30
'04. Margaret Mendell, . . . .	" 25
'04. Mary L. Peck, . . . .	" 25
'04. Hilda T. Johnson, . . . .	" 25
'97. Lillias S. Blaikie, . . . .	" 26
'03. Carolyn M. Fuller, . . . .	" 24-28
'01. Helen C. Pooke, . . . .	" 19-26
'01. Florence A. Pooke, . . . .	" 19-26

The Smith College Club of Southern California asks all alumnae or undergraduates who may be in Southern California during the winter, to notify the secretary, Carrolle Barber, 519 Oakland avenue, Pasadena.

The Smith College Club of Philadelphia asks all alumnae or non-graduates who may be living or visiting in Philadelphia or vicinity to notify the secretary, Edith Dudley Sheldon, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue. They should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

'82. Katherine E. McClellan, who opened a studio at 33 State Street last winter, has returned to Northampton and has again been chosen class photographer for 1905. She has just finished photographing the class of 1905 at Vassar College.

ex-'96. Sarah M. Perkins was married, October 19, at Seattle, Washington, to Dr. Milton Gorham Sturgis.

'97. Alice P. Goodwin was engaged as nurse on the floating hospital, Boston harbor, during the summer.

ex-'97. Eliza Levensaler was married to Mr. Edward Dillingham Carlton, at Thomaston, Maine.

'98. Cornelia Sherman Harter was married on November 26, to William Dexter Stiger.

Elizabeth Hoy is spending the winter in Rome.

'99. Helen Abbott is teaching in St. Mary's School, Garden City, New York.

Mary Dean Adams is teaching at the Briscoe School in Washington.

Elizabeth Hall took a trip around the world in 1903-4.

Bertha Harris was married, July 21, to Mr. Ross C. Cornish.

Ethel James has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Albert Quinn.

Kate Lincoln has announced her engagement to Dr. Porter of Quincy, Harvard '97, and Harvard Medical School '02.

'00. Aloysia Mary Hoyer was married, September, 7, to Mr. Gilbert Franklin Davis, Harvard Law School '04. Her address is Windsor, Vermont.

Charlotte Lowry Marsh was married to Mr. Martin M. Post, on August 13.

Edith Dudley Sheldon is superintendent of the Domestic Science department at the Berean Manual Training School, Philadelphia, and is doing research work along bacteriological lines at the University of Pennsylvania.

'01. Mary F. Barrett is studying for A. M. at Columbia.

Ethel Young Comstock announces her engagement to Mr. John C. Bridgman of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Minerva E. Crowell is travelling in the west at present. Her address this winter will be The Portsmouth, Los Angeles, California.

- '01. Helen L. Harsha has announced her engagement to Mr. Edwin Morgan Sherman of Chicago.  
 Marianna Higbee was married to Mr. George Barker of Newark, New Jersey, November 21.  
 Helen Shoemaker was married to Mr. S. Lewis Elmer, on August 3. Her address is Suffern, New York.  
 Marie Stuart was married to Mr. Robert E. Edwards of Lafayette, Indiana, October 14.
- '02. Clara A. Gerrish was married, July 30, to Dr. Donald McLean Barstow of New York. Their address is 19 West 81st Street, New York.  
 Helen E. Kelley was married, November 17, to Mr. Chauncey H. Marsh. Her address is 27 Hillside Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey.  
 Elizabeth Leavitt has announced her engagement to Mr. Mortimer Yale Ferris of Ticonderoga, New York.
- '04. Katherine I. McKelvey has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Ausley of Youngstown, Ohio.

## BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. Charles E. Bronson (Amy Talbot), a son, Charles Atwater, born September 21.
- '97. Mrs. John McCollum Curran (Mae Rawson Fuller), a daughter, Katherine, born August 8.
- '98. Mrs. Strong (Julia Peck), a son, Frank Peck.
- '99. Mrs. Guy E. Beardsley (Jane Hills), a son, John Hills, born October 27.  
 Mrs. Ferdinand I. Blanchard (Ethel West), a son, Edward Richmond, 2nd, born July 12.  
 Mrs. Andrew H. Ward (Margaret May), a daughter, Elizabeth, born August 18.
- ex-'99. Mrs. Harry Ryman (Elsie Gould), a daughter, born June 8.
- '00. Mrs. Harold M. Curtiss (Edith G. Hollis), a son, Robert Hollis, born in September.
- '01. Mrs. Howard Crosby Rice (Amy S. Jones), a son, Howard Crosby, Jr., born October 24.
- '02. Mrs. Albert E. Lombard (Marie Pugsley), a daughter, Marie, born August 4.  
 Mrs. Louis A. Olney (Bertha H. Holden), a daughter, Margaret Lucia, born July 24.
- ex-'02. Mrs. Charles Edward Robertson (Helen M. Darrin), a son, Delmar Darrin, born July 31.
- '03. Mrs. Spencer Carlton (Ernesta Stevens), a son, Baldwin, born October 10.

## DEATH

- '01. Marion Goodhue Holbrook, on November 23, in New York City, of typhoid-pneumonia.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

President Seelye attended, November 16, the inauguration of Dr. Charles William Dabney, president of the University of Cincinnati.

Professor Gardiner has contributed to the *Encyclopedia*

**Faculty Notes** Americana the article on Jonathan Edwards.

Professor Wood has contributed a story called "The Man who Threw Away Christmas", to a December number of the *Congregationalist*.

Professor Wood is giving, under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, a course of eight lectures entitled "From Prophecy to Apocalypse: Second Isaiah and Daniel."

A. C. Armstrong and Son, New York, and Hodder and Stoughton, London, have published a book by Professor Wood entitled "The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature: A Study in the History of Religion." The interest of the book is in the psychology of religion and not in speculative theology. It is an exposition of the history of the subject from its earliest beginnings to the end of the apostolic age, including Palestinian and Alexandrian Judaism. The conclusion is that the Spirit is the name of God acting; that it began with the attempt to explain the peculiar psychology of the ecstasy of the lower prophecy and in the Jewish and early Christian writings is confined to God acting in the Messianic ages, in the New Testament that means the church.

From the Cambridge University Press comes a monograph on "Old Northampton", by Professor Hazen; an address delivered before the faculty and students of Smith College, June 7, 1904, on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Northampton.

Professor Hazen is conducting the course in American History at Mount Holyoke College during the present semester.

Miss Fuller has recently prepared and printed, A Syllabus (with references) upon the Outlines of English History from 58 B. C. to 1832 A. D., for the use primarily of students in Smith College.

There has recently appeared from the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, "A History Syllabus for Secondary Schools," prepared by a special committee of the New England History Teachers' Association. It is the purpose of this syllabus to outline with topical reference, the four years course in history recommended by the Committee of Seven of the American Historical Association. The sections relating to Roman history were prepared by Dr. Kimball.

Miss Boyd sums up her exploring trip through Western Crete March 26-April 9, and her excavations at Gournia, Crete, April 18-July 25, in this

wise : "Assisted by Miss Edith Hall, Smith '99, and Mr. R. B. Seager, I carried on excavations at Gournia for a third season with about 85 workmen and 11 girls. We uncovered the rest of the small acropolis and gave especial attention to different periods in the town's history by examining the deposits under floor levels, etc. Miss Hall studied a new style of *Ægean* pottery having elaborate geometrical designs painted in white on a black ground, of which she examined more than 15,000 fragments from a trench outside the town. Mr. Seager found about 100 whole specimens of a ware practically unknown heretofore in Greek lands, which is now called "Vasilike" ware, from the village site two miles southeast of Gournia, where these whole vases were discovered stored in a well constructed building which is probably not later than 2000 B. C. These two discoveries, together with the tombs, which yielded a large quantity of whole vases, from primitive hand-made incised sub-neolithic wares down to "late Mycenaean" pottery, as well as stone bowls and a silver cup (silver is extremely rare in the prehistoric *Ægean*), enabled us to determine seven periods in the ancient occupation of the Isthmus and are therefore important for the prehistoric chronology of the Eastern Mediterranean."

An article by Miss Boyd, entitled "Gournia: Report of the American Exploration Society's Excavations at Gournia, Crete, 1901-1903," appears in the Transactions of the Department of Archaeology, University of Pennsylvania, Vol. I, Part 1, 1904, pp. 7-44, 21 illustrations and plan. This is an introduction to the report, which will be continued in succeeding numbers.

Miss Boyd has been elected member of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. The seat of the Society is London.

There has been added to the archaeological collection of the college 160 casts impressions from seal stones. This collection of these impressions is the first of the kind brought to this country. The stones themselves in the museum of Candia are of agate, onyx, rock crystal, hematite and steatite, and are probably of the period from 2500 to 1200 B. C. They fall into three classes, stones bearing pictographic, and linear characters of pre-Phoenician script, and the so-called Mycenaean gems on which animals and fabulous monsters are engraved. These Mycenaean gems have, during the last five years, excited much attention from archaeologists.

On October 26, Miss Jordan spoke before the Worcester Smith College Club upon "The Literary Atmosphere at Smith"; on November 4, before the Western Massachusetts Branch of Smith College Alumnae on the "Accomplishments of the Smith Graduates"; and before the Congregational Club of New York City on November 21, on "The Five Talents of Smith College."

A. S. Barnes published in October, "Correct Writing and Speaking," by Mary A. Jordan, a 12mo volume of 252 pages, including an appendix giving an index and books of reference for the reader. The subject-matter has been classified under the chapter headings of "The Standard, The Spoken and Written Word, The Office of Criticism, Speaking and Singing, Prose and Poetry, The Speller and the Copy Book, Bad Grammar, The Dictionary." This book is not addressed to the reader who would speak and write correctly by the cheap and easy process of codified rules; but to him who is willing to substitute a knowledge of phonetics and the history of the English language

for the mystery and doubt surrounding any but the commonest and most incidental of English expressions; to him who would learn to speak and write correctly at the cost of catholicity of taste, mental alertness, and rigid self-discipline. The thought of the book grows out of the facts that English is the most living of tongues, that from the beginning it has been practical rather than dogmatic; that English speech and writing are closely entangled with those social relations that make existence intelligible, endurable or enjoyable, and that the constant association with the entire body of English expression is necessary to the most vital and interesting employ of its resources. The originality of the book lies in the nature of its material: it is singularly free from allusions to academic treatises, it uses the facts gathered from personal observation of the way man speaks, writes, and acquires knowledge of himself and his relations to his fellow-men. Prose and poetry assume a new relation to each other, and the subject of criticism suggests a new point of view. Emphasis is given to the uninteresting human voice and a plea made that it be added to the pleasures of human experience by the means of careful cultivation. The book reflects, in addition, the method by which college students have been interested in English work:—that of making all the resources of English speech—in cause and effect, in big and little—serve to widen the intercourse with men, things and ideas and to press on to the ideal of man thinking.

Herr Aloys Brandl, Professor of English at the University of Berlin, and editor of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, has invited Miss Scott to become contributor to that journal. Miss Scott's first paper, "A Possible Source of Benedick and Beatrice", deals with Shakespeare's dramatic addition to the story of "Much Ado About Nothing".

On October 22 Mrs. Lee spoke before the New York club of Smith College Alumnae on "The Literary Atmosphere and Opportunities of the College".

Professor Sleeper, in November, attended the dedication of the new chapel and M. Alexander Guilman's organ recital at Vassar.

Professor Story, on October 28, attended the exercises at Columbia University, celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of King's College.

Professor Mills spent part of the summer vacation in study at the National Summer School of Music at Round Lake, New York.

Professor Waterman attended the dedication of the Scott Memorial Laboratory of Physics at Wesleyan University, December 7.

The International Instrument Company has placed upon the market an improved piece of apparatus for determining the vapor pressure of liquids at various temperatures. This instrument was designed by Professor Waterman, and is used in the physics laboratory of the college.

The American Journal of Anatomy, Baltimore, Vol. III. No. 4, November, 1904, contains an article by Professor Wilder, "Duplicate Twins and Double Monsters". It is eighty-five pages in length, with eleven text figures and two plates, and shows the remarkable correspondence in palm and sole markings in twins of the "identical" type (here called duplicate), and emphasizes the difference between them and the other type of twins, the "fraternal", a non-identical type. The similarity is shown between true duplicate twins and

double monsters (diplopagi), the difference being only one of degree. From these data are drawn conclusions of general biological interest, such as preformation in the egg, the composition of the germ-plasm, etc.

Professor Wilder has just received palm and sole prints of many of the aboriginal peoples on exhibition at the World's Fair at St. Louis. The collection contains the prints of Ainus, American Indians, Patagonians and the Central African pigmies. The prints were taken for Professor Wilder by Mr. C. E. Hurlburt, an assistant in the Department of Anthropology at St. Louis.

In excavations at North Hadley, October 1-11, by the members of the department of zoölogy, the nearly complete skeletons of two Indians were obtained and brought back to the college. One of these was a man about 45 years, 5 feet 9½ inches in height; the other an old person of slightly more than 5 feet in height, and probably a woman. Both skeletons were placed upon one side in a doubled-up position, the knees to chin. The head of the first was directed east, that of the other south.

The Annals of Botany for October contains an article by Professor Ganong on "An Undescribed Thermometric Movement of the Branches in Trees and Shrubs", describing and illustrating a wide-spread in-and-out movement of branches in winter so clearly correlated with temperature changes, that the author has named it thermometric.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

On the afternoon of Saturday, November 12, in Chemistry Hall, Miss Mabel Cummings, Smith '95, gave a lecture on her travels in the "Far East".

Lecture by Miss Cummings Miss Cummings described Manila, where she spent six months, and told of the Filipinos, their life and environment. She spoke of Hong Kong and Canton with their curious temples, which she visited on her way to Japan. Yokohama and Tokio were described, the former as very European, the latter as typically Japanese. Miss Cummings told about the Japanese festivals, each celebrated in honor of the flower in blossom at the time, and the imperial party given on November 3, when chrysanthemums and autumn leaves are at the height of their beauty.

The lecture was beautifully illustrated with stereopticon views, artistic both in subject and in coloring.

An open meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday, November 14, in the Students' Building. Dr. Ethel D. Puffer of Radcliffe College spoke on "The Problem of Beauty".

Lecture by Dr. Puffer beautiful, the end toward which all art strives, may be looked at as good of an æsthetic kind. As such its nature has been sought from many points of view. The empirical study of the facts as they are deals with the beginnings of art. Its aim is to find the origin and relations of art forms. The geometrical figures, the artistic curves, for example, are studied as developments of religious symbols. Even though we know the detailed course of a development, however, its cause may be shrouded in mystery. Thus, the inner nature of beauty is not



shown by its development. From another point of view art may be studied as an index of the soul of the artist and of the nation. A work of art may be fully described, its characteristics fairly catalogued, but still the reason for its beauty is yet to be sought. In the study of the "Psychology of Beauty" the psychologist records his mental state while in the presence of some artistic production. From a study of the characteristics of that production he tries to find how they could bring about his feelings. The elements that are found to have a direct influence are considered to be elements of beauty. The philosophical foundation of the problem of beauty lies in the nature of beauty itself, as an excellence, an idea of value. Defined philosophically, according to Kant, beauty may be said to be the reconciliation between the world of freedom and the world of phenomena. The reconciliation lies in the fact that a beautiful object brings one into a state of unity and self-completion. The observer does not merely mirror the perfection that is before him, but for the time he embodies that perfection by having a perfect moment. Equilibrium with heightened tone is the result of a balance between the elements of simulation and repose. Through this balance comes the object of beauty in the immediate creation of a perfect moment within the realm of sight and hearing.

On Monday evening, November 21, an organ concert was given in Assembly Hall by M. Alexander Guilmant. The program was "international", including works by composers of seven different nationalities. M. Guilmant's remarkable skill in improvising was shown by his treatment of the theme of "Fair Smith".

On November 28, 1904, at the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, Mr. Bliss Perry delivered an address on "Literary Fashions". He said that literary fashions are as suggestive as historical or

Lecture by Mr. Perry sociological whims, and reflect the fashions of the hour. Moreover, the new school of criticism, beginning with Taine, enables anyone to study literary fashions. Fashions play a great part in the formation of literary types. According to a French critic certain types exist which become fixed, modified, or transformed. But Mr. Perry thinks this not altogether true. First, because there is no real evolution of types, as there is no sure progress toward the better. Second, there is not enough attention paid to the original genius of the author. The study of literary fashions aids our sense of proportion, and is an unfailing resource for our sense of humor. After showing the more humorous side of literary fashions, their whimsicalities, Mr. Perry closed by saying that "Really good books are admired after the fashion of the day, but through whatever spectacles we view them, there is always beauty there—serene, tranquil, and imperishable."

M. Funck-Brentano, professor in the College de France, one of the eminent French lecturers, sent each year to America by the Alliance Française, lectured before the college in Assembly

Lecture by M. Funck-Brentano Hall, on the afternoon of November 30. His subject, the development of French monarchy, was treated from an original and interesting point of view. He

said in sum: The French monarchy differed radically from those of other European nations, in that it was the direct outcome of the earliest institutions of the people. After the invasions and disorders of the seventh and eighth centuries family organization formed the basis of the state. For purposes of mutual protection, and by natural degrees, weaker families grouped themselves about the stronger until, after a time, the Feudal system attained supremacy in the nation. The Feudal Baron was analogous to the father of a family, and indeed the names applied to this organization, "Familia", "Chef de Familia", and "Patria", show what its origin was.

Hugh Capet, the greatest of the Feudal chiefs of the Ile de France, became by a natural process head of the nation, thus showing that the royal power was a direct outcome from the position formerly occupied by the head of the family.

This had its influence upon the whole organization of the French monarchy. State ministers were a gradual outgrowth from offices which had been simply domestic. The queen held the position of a mother, and upon her devolved also in early times all the financial duties of the realm. To the king belonged the sole power of administering justice.

The divine character of the French kings was also linked to the early ecclesiastical supremacy of the father of the family. To this is ascribed the miraculous cures, and the intense faith of the French people in the divinity of their kings. Finally, the simplicity of life of the French monarchs was made the point of another analogy to family life. The most intimate domestic affairs at the Louvre and at Versailles were laid bare to the public. Entrance to these palaces was free. The king interested himself in the humblest petitions of his subjects, and they in turn came to him as to a father.

The lecture was closed by a vivid account of the terror which followed upon the downfall of royalty in France. The people were for a time like children whose natural protector had been taken from them. The later attempt of Napoleon to reestablish paternal government in the monarchy was a failure and to the lack of it was due in some measure the weakness of that dynasty.

M. Funck-Brentano's clear delivery, and his logical, comprehensive treatment of an interesting subject, made the lecture a delight to all who attended it.

On Wednesday evening, November 30, in the Students' Building, the Hubbard House presented "King René's Daughter," by Henrik Hertz. The choice of the play was an interesting one. It has a delicacy, a charm quite its own and the lines—some of them—are even exquisitely beautiful. But it is, after all, rather a reading play than an acting one. The stage setting, with its bower of flowers, was very effective and showed evident pains on the part of the committee. The colors—the red, the purple, and the green—were none too many for a natural garden. But when into this setting, so artistic in itself, the cast appeared, their costumes seemed rather too brilliant, too pronounced—the colors jarred a little.

The play, as has been suggested, is charming and it was perhaps more from a curiosity in the play itself than from any dramatic skill on the part

of the cast that the attention of the audience was at first held. But the moment that Mary Clark in the title rôle appeared, a new interest was immediately felt. Her conception of a really difficult part was unusually satisfactory. The tones of her voice, the grace of her movements, the natural ease of her manner, held the audience from first to last. It seems not too high praise to say that her conception of a rôle, in itself so wonderfully appealing, was the redeeming feature of the play. There was a sweetness about it which won from the first, yet she did not fail to be convincing when she awoke from her blindness into the world of color and light. We, after all, do not expect perfection in our house dramatics. Yet in the title rôle of "King René's Daughter," despite moments of slight monotony of voice, despite a not always satisfactory facial expression, we found something not far from it. The incidental music was effectively introduced and the song by Louise Day merits particular mention.

With the title rôle so well taken the play could not help being interesting. And though there may have been a good deal that was crude and awkward on the part of the rest of the cast, there yet seems no excuse for the lack of seriousness at times displayed by the audience. Humor is an excellent quality, but there are times and places for all things. Are we not falling into a habit of more than audibly smiling whenever there is anything in a play, though meant to be serious, which appeals to our sense of the ridiculous? Are we always quite courteous, I wonder—we as invited guests. The cast was as follows:—

King René, of Provence,.....	Marion Frank
Iolanthe, his Daughter,.....	Mary Clark
Count Tristan, of Vandemont,.....	Frances Rockwell
Sir Geoffrey, of Orange,.....	Louise Day
Sir Almerik,.....	Caroline Hinman
Ebn Jahia, a Moorish Physician,.....	Katherine Frankenstein
Bertrand,.....	Stella Tuthill
Martha, his Wife,.....	Eleanor Adler

Scene, in Provence, in a valley of Vancluse, lasting from midday to sunset.  
Time, the middle of the fifteenth century.

On Friday evening, December 2, at the first lecture given by the College Settlements Chapter, Miss Frances Keller of New York City spoke in the Students' Building on "The Opportunities for Address by Miss Keller College Women in Civic Life". She emphasized, first, the need among college girls of an ideal of living for the good of the community rather than for oneself alone, and, second, the demand in all forms of charitable activity for women who are fitted by the study of sociology and economics for the practical training which the Settlement can give. Among the various forms of work suited to college women the College Settlement is the most important, both for the sympathetic worker, who deals with individuals, and for the student, who brings the organization into relation with the community by investigating social conditions and promoting legislation for their betterment. This work, although less often emphasized than sympathetic help, is fundamental, since

a thorough knowledge and understanding of the facts must precede any practical reform. The Consumers' League, the Health Protective Association, and countless other forms of organized charity offer opportunities for college women to aid in the improvement of civic life, yet the heads of these organizations expect little from college women, because of their lack of the necessary fundamental training. Miss Keller closed by urging a desire for intelligent preparation and an interest shown by working and contributing in the improvement of civic life.

On Friday evening, November 11, Mr. George Henschel gave a lecture in Assembly Hall on his personal recollections of Brahms. Mr. Henschel himself is a man of world-wide reputation as  
Lecture by Mr. Henschel composer, teacher, and vocalist, and having been acquainted with Brahms for over twenty years, he gave a most interesting and personal appreciation of the great composer. He portrayed him as a man of high ideals, of a tender and sympathetic nature, and of exceeding modesty and love of simplicity. Mr. Henschel told many anecdotes which brought out these characteristics very strongly, and at the end of the lecture the hearer felt that he had been permitted a glimpse into the inner and more private life of one of the world's great musicians. Mr. Henschel closed his lecture by speaking of Brahms's death in 1897, and the loss which such a man was, not only as a great musical genius, but also as a friend.

The speaker at Vespers on Sunday, November 13, was Mr. Arthur S. Lloyd, secretary of the Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions.

On Wednesday evening, November 16, a dance was given in the Students' Building by the Dewey and Hatfield Houses.

On Friday evening, December 8, at the open meeting of the Greek Club, Miss Boyd gave an extremely interesting talk on her excavations in Crete.

## ***CALENDAR***

Dec. 8, Open Meeting of the Greek Club. Lecture by Miss  
Boyd.

“ 10, Glee Club Concert, 4 P. M.

“ 10, Alpha Society.

“ 13, Song Recital, by David Bispham.

“ 21, Christmas Vacation begins.

Jan. 5, Winter Term begins.

“ 11, Concert : The Persian Garden.

“ 14, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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THE ADVANTAGE OF THE COMPROMISE SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT OVER STUDENT GOVERNMENT, AT SMITH

The question of student government has lately come before many of our leading women's colleges and several of these institutions have seen fit to adopt that system. The organization at Smith, which will pass as a compromise between government by the faculty and student government, seems to meet the needs and desires of the student body at large. First of all, the council organization is an advantage to the college; it creates an atmosphere of general good feeling between students and faculty—somewhat the effect of compromise in a quarrel where each one pats himself on the back and thinks himself the victor. At any rate, there exists at Smith a sense of unity and sympathy between students and faculty such as is found in few of the colleges. The council, standing as it does for the spirit of the students as a body, is led to consult with the faculty committee on subjects of common interest, such as cases of too heavy work for students, or too many papers required at nearly the same time. This committee of students and faculty has, we believe, done much to create just this spirit of sympathy and loyalty, of which Smith is so proud.

The advantage which accrues to the students from the council system is, we believe, found in the "division of labor." The responsibility of government does not rest entirely with the students; the council is made to feel that it is to be held responsible for some things. But the main part of responsibility is divided, and enough is allotted to the students to teach them how to govern and yet not enough to be a burden or to detract from their work. Again, through the conference committee the students are brought into close contact with older and wiser heads; the conference committee is composed of the council and the members of the faculty, with the president of the college as chairman. Thus the students meet the faculty on grounds never touched by a student government association.

Now the advocates of the student government bring many arguments against these above named advantages and assert that they cease to be advantages at all when compared with those to which student government lays claim. It is maintained that since the rules are made by the students themselves, or rather by their association as representing them, they can not consistently break them; that it becomes more a point of honor with them to hold closely to these rules. But we believe that the main reason for their not breaking the rules is, that they are watched by the eyes of a score of proctors, house-presidents, committees, all provided by the student government association. On the side of the council government, there is an honor system; no herd of monitors and proctors to invade the houses and insist upon rules. Each girl is left to her own conscience. And we believe that rules are exactly as well kept by the council system as under student government association with its vast network of committees. From the vantage ground of experience again, the student government advocates say that it is a splendid lesson for the students to have just this responsibility of government in their hands; that it affords them practical knowledge which they could get in no other way. Perhaps it does—but it scarcely seems good for this responsibility to exhaust so much of the students' time and energy that their work suffers in consequence. Then, too, from the very nature of the student government organization, the responsibility must in the end rest on one student; she it is who must finally decide all questions and she is also answerable for everything. So we leave the president of the student government

upon whom an inordinate burden rests, which she can never shift for a moment. In the council, on the contrary, this disadvantage is abolished by the division, and the president of the council is not in any case loaded with an over-burden of responsibility. It is also asserted that the students having power enough to form a student government association must of necessity increase in self-respect and self-reliance. True, but may they not grow to have too much self-respect and self-reliance and so create in the college a spirit of indifference and irreverence to superiors. Then again do students come to college primarily to gain self-respect and self-reliance? To be sure, that enters into the education of every truly cultured woman, but is it the first and foremost aim of a college course? Decidedly not; the student comes to college, not primarily for study, but to be under the control of her intellectual superiors, to come into contact with them and learn from their broader views. On the contrary, student government leaves this element in college culture entirely out of account, by allowing the students to be under their own supervision and by widening the distance between the sympathies of the students and those of the faculty.

The supporters of student government bring forward also many arguments which have to do with the honors coming to individual students. They affirm that in student government a large proportion of the students obtain college honors. Objections are made to this statement, in the first place, on account of the organization of the council. "The council shall be composed of ten members. There shall be three seniors, two juniors, and one member of the second class, together with the presidents of the four classes. One of the acting sophomore councillors must be re-elected each year, and two of the acting junior councillors. The council recommends that the second sophomore member and the third junior member be girls who have not before served on the council, or whose term of office has closed at least a year before re-election." This clause from the constitution of the council serves to show how the councillors change from year to year; many students are thus enabled to have the opportunity of serving on the council. The honors are divided. Besides this, the council has the right to appoint committees for some college events, such as the Washington's birthday rally, and so honors are further subdivided, although



those students receiving appointments to committees are not in any respect included in the council system. On the other hand, the student government is apt to grow very large and unwieldy with its numerous committees and proctors, so that it becomes difficult to transact business. The council is small and allows free discussion of all questions.

By turning now to those colleges where the student government has been tried, we will find some specific arguments in favor of the council organization. In Vassar one great objection to the student government is the limitation set upon the election of some of the representatives; officers and members of committees are to be elected from a certain hall, class and district. For instance, the president of the organization must be a senior and from the main hall. Thus the election of officers in the association is not absolutely free to students. On the other hand, the election of councillors is limited in absolutely no way except by class. Then, too, the Vassar association has suffered from the weight of responsibility resting on one student. The president of the student government there has broken down in health for the last three or four years from the strain put upon her by her office. It is certainly asking too much of a student, even though it is considered an honor. The president of the council has the council members closely associated with her and thus divides the responsibility. There is, besides these two objections, a great social disadvantage connected with student government in Vassar. For if any student, from principle or prejudice, sees fit not to join the association, she is fairly ostracized from society; she must, if she would be among the élite, join the association. In the Wellesley association the greatest disadvantage has been found in the size of all committees—there are so many officers and committees that it is exceedingly difficult to call them together and to carry forward the business with ease.

In Bryn Mawr we find perhaps the most fully developed system. Here too we find a spirit incompatible with the ideal of a woman's college. There is an air of indifference and irreverence between faculty and students, the latter feeling too forcibly their own importance. It is a case of too much self-reliance.

Just such disadvantages as these mentioned arise out of the very nature of the student government organization, and these objections exist in all places where the system has been tried;

they can not be done away with. On the contrary, the council system has been in existence for eight or ten years at Smith and has been found exceedingly practical in all respects. It is advantageous to both students and faculty ; it gives to a considerable number of students the opportunity to serve in the government system ; and above all, it has created in the college a spirit of sympathy and respect which is to be found in few of our colleges—a spirit which is the special pride of Smith.

RUTH BAIRD JOHNSON.

VERSES

SUNSET ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

A rayless sun sinks into the west  
 Behind the woods' black line,  
 And the gathering shades of the afterglow  
 Silhouette a pine  
 Standing alone on the upward sweep  
 Of a scarce perceptible slope,  
 A never-wavering hand upstretched  
 To the God of truth and hope.  
 Great endless fields of cotton spread  
 Between the woods and me,  
 And behind the pine, gaunt sentinel,  
 Is the corn—a far-flung sea.  
 Twilight hastens her halting steps  
 And a wind comes up from the west  
 A parting gift from the dying sun  
 For a world on the way to rest.  
 From over the fields comes the sound of a voice  
 Full and rich and strong :  
 A negro glad that the day is done  
 And glad in his plaintive song.  
 Nearer he comes, and the song is blent  
 With the rhythmic jingle of chains.  
 Home from his work, with never a thought  
 For schools, or books or brains.  
 Across the fields of cotton moves  
 A singing, shouting band,  
 Riding their mules with noisy chains  
 In a halo of dust and sand.  
 Home from the toil and heat  
 Of a blistering noon-day sun.

Home! and the whole world glad!  
 Home! and the day's work done!  
 Scampering pickaninnies  
 Play in the deepening night,  
 And the flickering flame of the supper fire  
 Shines like a beacon light.  
 Darkness falls on a listening world,  
 The pine grows dim on the hill,  
 And out of the woods comes the wild, sweet note  
 Of a Southern whip-poor-will.

#### THE OPEN SEA

There's a stir of unrest in the world around,  
 A sigh for the never to be.  
 But he leaves sorrows of men behind  
 Who steers for the open sea.

And who though he holds in his hand the world  
 And all that was meant to be,  
 Can rob me of God's free out-of-doors  
 Or the wild gray path of the sea?

So a laugh for the littleness of men,  
 And a smile for what's lost to me.  
 For youth and the joy of life, thank God!  
 And so for the open sea!

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

#### THE MAJOR'S PROPOSAL

The Major had given the matter serious, deliberate consideration, and was prepared to say that he was doing the gentlemanly thing. He had even convinced himself that his heart was in it—that he was really in love. Nevertheless, as he began to dress for the ordeal he wished he had not come to the decision so soon. Not that he regretted it. No, by Jove, sir! When he had made up his mind there was no hesitation for him. He was too old a soldier for that. He never gave an order and recalled it. When he made up his mind to fight, he fought! And he won, too. The Major nodded vigorously at his reflection in the mirror. And there was no reason why he shouldn't win in love as well as in war. In the twenty years in which he

had been calling on Miss Miranda she had given him every reason to suppose she—ah—respected him. To be sure there had been a time some eighteen years ago when just as he got to the important question she had jumped up and run out of the room. But being somewhat older now and more staid, she probably would hear him through.

The Major struggled with a refractory tie for a moment. There, that would do. He wished it weren't black. Black was too sober for a man of his age, and one who was contemplating marriage. A white tie, of course, was the kind for a wedding. But for to-day—she always wore lavender. Hum! Didn't he have a lavender tie to his name? Well, what was he thinking of? There was a pinkish one that would do,—she always kept the parlor darkened. Hum! Very hard thing to tie! That tie was the invention of Jupiter Ammon! The pink tie flew to the farthest corner of the room and the wrathful Major, standing over it, remarked in precise tones, "I am almost tempted to use language. Yes, by Jove, sir!"

Blue and gray ties followed, accompanied by a constant succession of "By Jove, sirs" and "Jupiter Ammons". But as the strain on the Major's nerves became greater classical allusions failed to satisfy him, and at last he brought out a round, soul-stirring oath which cleared the atmosphere and made him feel quite rakish.

The black tie came out again and was arranged to his entire satisfaction. Of course after his marriage none of these little difficulties would trouble him again. *She* would feel it incumbent upon her to look after such things. Yes, he would be a freer man than ever. To be sure, in some respects she was a little more firm than he would have desired, but you can't expect perfection. "No, by Jove, sir! you can't."

The Major caught up his hat to practice his bow before the glass. He brought his heels sharply together and bowed from the waist. "Indeed, madam," he murmured, "if you feel as well as you look, your health leaves nothing to be desired." Hum! That sounded well. Yes, by Jove, sir! that was capital!

He left the house as the clock was striking three. Just the time he had set for himself. He believed in being punctual. That was why he had always been a success in love and war. Well, to be sure, he had not tried love as yet, but it would be over before long. Such a simple matter, after all. Why did

people make so much of it? All he had to say was, "Will you?" and she'd say, "I will," and it would be all over.

But just as he came to the corner nearest her house, the Major's heart suddenly and unaccountably began to flutter. He had thought out his speech carefully and committed it to memory, so there was no need to worry, but—well, it wouldn't do for him to stand there on the street. So the Major stalked rapidly past her house to the opposite corner. No reinforcements awaited him, however, and no accident happened to detain him. He wheeled so rapidly that his coat-tails stood out straight behind as he started for the first corner. Oh, how like a fool he was acting! This time he would go in. He had been brave enough to face cannon, but was afraid of a woman. Well, by Jove, sir!

He did very well until he came to the gate. Then, half-way in, he gave a wild gesture with his arms and started pellmell down the street.

"Say, mister," called the ubiquitous small boy, "Youse don't see anyting. Yer only tinks yer does!"

This brought the Major to a realization of his appearance. Probably every woman on the street had been watching him. Well, by Jove, sir! why didn't he think of that before? He turned again and marched sturdily to the door.

Now if the Major had been in his normal frame of mind he would have known from the twist on Miss Miranda's lips that she was not to be approached with impunity on this occasion. But all the Major noticed was that her cap was slightly awry and that she was knitting with extraordinary rapidity. The cap disturbed his soldierly soul and the knitting meant nothing to him, so he heaved a great sigh, and from the depths of his perturbation began the attack.

"Hum! Ho-hum! Yes, by Jove—er—" Oh, heavens! what was he saying—swearing before the lady of his choice! "I—a—yes—I sincerely beg your pardon, madam. Far be it from me to swear before the—oh—hum!"

Miss Miranda gazed severely over her spectacles. She had been watching him from the window for the last ten minutes and her suspicions were deep and awful. But she believed in observing the conventionalities even under trying circumstances, so she said, "Good afternoon, Major," crisply and pointedly.

"Oh, ah yes! Good afternoon, madam. Delighted to see you, madam. As I was saying, if you only looked as well as you feel, your looks would leave nothing to be desired!"

Having concluded this remarkable statement in one breath, the Major wiped his moist forehead and waited for encouragement.

"I'd look differently to you if you were in a normal condition," snapped Miss Miranda.

The Major wished Miss Miranda were not quite so firm. Firmness was not exactly a feminine quality. He wished she wouldn't interrupt his speech. But she had given him an idea and he was always the man to catch an idea.

"Ah, madam, I see with your feminine instinct that you have perceived my trouble is in my heart!" he said, raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"Oh, your heart!" sniffed Miss Miranda.

There she went again. Why couldn't women learn to keep still? He *would* finish that speech. Yes, by Jove, sir! Now, then!

"Ah—hum! Ur—r—r—hum! Seem to have a very bad cold coming. May be grippe!" he gasped. "Yes, as I was saying, madam,—hum, hum! After—long—and—serious—consideration—I—have—conveyed—myself—and—my—ardent—feelings—hither—to—er—hum! huh—huh—hum! May be tonsillitis. Yes—er—as I was saying, it is now twenty years since I first became acquainted with you. I must confess, madam, as I look at you, it does not seem a third of that time!"

The Major leaned back in his seat, grasped one knee and drew it up towards his breast. He was doing finely, he was, by Jove, sir!

Miss Miranda glanced up. "Twenty years, Major!" she said, "not a day over eighteen!"

"Eighteen, madam! *Eighteen!*" cried the Major, straightening up, and emphasizing his remarks with the third finger of his right hand on the palm of his left. "No, you are mistaken, and I'll prove it to you. Your first cousin's wife died on the twelfth of August. On the fourteenth I drove you to the funeral. That was your birthday, and you were twenty-three years old, madam, as you told me yourself. I was then in my thirty-first year and we worked out the difference between our ages, which was seven years, three months and thirteen days.

Yes, madam, I am now fifty years old and you are forty-three, and the difference between us is still the same, madam. Yes, by Jove, it is, sir!"

"You're all wrong, Major," said Miss Miranda, knitting furiously. "My cousin's wife died the day I was twenty-one, and it was two days later that we went to the funeral. I am just forty-one years old."

"Beg your pardon, madam! Beg your pardon!" said the Major, warming up to the discussion, "let me recall the incident to you. You will remember that just as we were discussing our ages, Brown Betsey bolted and ran away, and you held on to me with both arms around my neck all the way down the village street. Your mother saw you and rebuked you before I left your yard. I heard her distinctly. Yes, by Jove, I did, sir! And she said, 'A girl twenty-three years old, and acting like that!'"

"She didn't say any such thing! She said, 'twenty-one years old!' As if I didn't know my own age!" scolded Miss Miranda.

"Oh hum! argue with a woman!" said the Major. And he had just come to ask her to marry him! Well, there was no vacillation about him. He would see this through to the bitter end. So he took up his speech at the point where he had been interrupted.

"And in the course of that twenty years I have come to know you better. Yes, by Jove, I have, sir! Once before I came to you to ask you—hum, ah—huh, ah—huh, hu—u—um! Very bad cough! Seems to extend quite to my stomach! Hum! May be pneumonia! Yes, madam, once before I came to you, but you would not listen. No, hard-hearted, you ran from my presence just as I was about to ask you—ur—r—rgh! Ho—hum—ah, hum! Worried about this! It may—it may be *whooping-cough*! gasped the poor Major.

"Nonsense! said Miss Miranda. "Whooping-cough! Nothing in the world the matter with you but a bad conscience. For pity's sake, say it, if you can, and if you can't, don't try!"

Thus encouraged, with a prodigious effort and a cough that made the room reverbrate, the Major launched his proposal.

"In fact, madam, I want to be your husband. Yes, by Jove, I do, sir!"

Having freed himself of the momentous announcement, the Major considered the matter as good as settled, and rose to cross

the room to the sofa where Miss Miranda was sitting. Consequently when the storm broke it caught him poised on one foot with the other drawn up like a startled chicken. Miss Miranda, standing firmly on both feet, with her cap over one ear and her spectacles askew, delivered her sentiments with force and precision, if not with elegance.

"Well, I never! *I marry you!* Well, 'there's no fool like an old fool', and if I did that there'd be two of us! I want you to understand distinctly that when I marry it won't be a superannuated old major who can't remember back eighteen years and get it correct. Huh! according to your reckoning I ought to adopt you! But I tell you right here, when I marry or adopt, he won't be a man who can't tell too much whiskey from the whooping-cough!"

In a state of dazed relief the Major made his way to his room, and forgetting his hat and gloves, took off his black tie and carefully laid it away. He looked at himself squarely in the mirror and ejaculated, "Well, by Jove, sir!" Then, catching the tails of his coat in either hand, he performed an elaborate hornpipe in the middle of the floor, and started for his club, minus the tie.

LINDA HALL.

### ODE TO SLEEP

White-wingéd Sleep—  
 Thou art so gentle-mild;  
 White-wingéd Sleep—  
 Thy little weary child,  
 I give thee all I am, and without care,  
 For thou hast golden gifts and treasures rare,  
 White-wingéd Sleep.

Into the night I drift with thee as guide,  
 Nor hear the dark waves beat against the shore  
 Whence I shall turn my restless steps no more—  
 The wan shore of the day that scarce has died.  
 Thou callest—and I leave the little life  
 That fretted me with many an unwished pain.  
 Thou callest—and the murmuring of strife  
 That oftentimes sounded low a sad refrain,  
 Sweet silence keep.



Take me to some far land, where in the sun  
 The tall trees rise, and little ripples run  
 The day long down the stream.  
 There let me wander when the shadows fall—  
 A timeless wandering—while over all  
 Hangs low the wondrous memory of a dream.  
 Or bear me to a magic land unknown,—  
 A land of mysteries the winds have blown  
     From olden days,  
     And golden days,  
     From days of sunlit gleam.

Thy soft caress is on my cheek, and I am glad,—  
 Glad with the gladness of a soul at rest,  
 As those who, laboring in a life-long quest,  
 And finding all they seek—a star—are no more sad.  
     Sleep, gentle Sleep, thou art so dear  
     And yet I know thee not.  
 By all men thou'rt forever loved,  
     What'er their changing lot—  
 Forever loved—white-winged Sleep,—  
     Thy fane a sacred spot.

Art thou a goddess, who with listening ear  
     Dost answer prayer  
 And waft thy lovers to Olympian heights  
     Where, free from care,  
 They drink thy nectar, breathe thy drowsy air?  
 Or dost thou walk with folded wing the sunless grove,  
 And tangle flowers in thy flowing hair,—  
 The rich wood violet and the crested columbine,  
 The blood-root pale, and many a blossom rare  
 That hides in solitary haunts, lonely and passing fair?

Thou hast a song thou singest—white-winged Sleep,—  
 A song as softly tender as a mother's lullaby,  
 A mystic crooning melody of things hid in the night,  
 Of little whispering breezes, roaming through the spangled sky.  
     Rest is sweet, is sweet, is sweet,  
     And waking and the morning meet.  
 Rest is sweet when hearts are weary,  
 Rest is sweet when days are dreary,—  
     A mother's lullaby.

Fold me within thy bosom, for I fain would hear thy song,—  
 Would close my eyes to dream awhile, nor know the road is  
     long  
 That leads from visioned victories to warfare brave and strong.

I would forget the night through what I cried for in the day,—  
The faded flower,  
The wasted hour,  
The laurel cast away.  
Forget—forget one moment—all the white light and the gray.

Thy ways are calm, a calm that giveth rest.  
Thou bringest me to-morrow—that is best,  
For in the morrow find I victory blest.  
White-wingéd Sleep,  
Thou art so gentle-mild !  
White-wibgéd Sleep,  
Take me, thy little child.

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

### A CHANGE OF IDEAS

The Hawkins family were in a state of excitement and confusion which even the Saturday baking and cleaning could not justify. There was the feeling of an approaching crisis in the air, and the rushing up and down stairs, the pushing in and out of obstinate bureau drawers, and the frantic search for ribbons and neckties showed that whatever that crisis might be, the Hawkins's, one and all, were going to meet it in festal array. Mrs. Hawkins stood nervously combing Angy's hair into stiff shiny ringlets, beautiful to behold, but so perishable that Angy dared not so much as look around. Sarah, the older daughter, packed apple pie and sandwiches into a basket and studied the effect of her gold breastpin by turns, and the boys wrestled with stiff collars and squeaky shoes with many murmurs against the world in general and good clothes in particular.

"Aren't you all ready now?" asked their mother,— "there's your father driving round to the gate. Now don't touch those curls again, Angy! Come right along or we'll never get there in the wide world."

This awful thought had some effect, and they were soon stowed away in the carryall, though not without much discussion on the part of the younger children as to which one should sit on the front seat and drive.

"I declare," said Mrs. Hawkins, settling back wearily, "I feel as beat out as if I'd done a whole day's washing, but I don't

care—I've waited twelve years to have our pictures taken in a family group and I'm going to do it, if I never do another thing." I shouldn't wonder if we could have them a little bigger than sister Nettie's were," she added to her husband.

This then was the cause of the Hawkins family going to town in their Sunday clothes on the busiest morning of the week. But when the great event of twelve years actually comes to pass, even such things as baking and sweeping may well be forgotten. So great had been the strain of preparation that they talked little, but what they did say showed they felt to the full what the occasion meant.

"There's Miss Adams," burst out Tilly, suddenly.

"So it is," said his mother. "I wonder why a city girl like that is staying out here,—she's awful close-mouthed. No one knows any more about it than I do."

"Good morning," called the girl in the runabout, as she drew up her horse, "you seem to be going off for the day."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hawkins, "we're going to have our pictures taken—in a group."

"How very nice. I've always thought family groups were so interesting, though somehow we never had one taken."

Mrs. Hawkins fumbled awkwardly with the lap-robe. Somehow the idea of the picture did not seem so splendid now, though she could not tell why.

"I guess we must be getting on," said her husband, breaking the pause, "it's after ten a' ready."

"Well, good luck," called their friend, as she drove on.

"She's awful nice and sociable," said Sarah, "but I always feel kind of gawky with her."

"Nonsense," said her mother, "you're every bit as good as she is," but she looked as if she understood.

The rest of the drive to town was in silence, and by eleven o'clock they had hitched their horses near the little park, and were going up the long narrow stairs which led to the photographer's. The room, when they went in, seemed deserted. Even the interior sanctum labeled "operating room" showed nothing but the camera, draped in what looked to them like a funeral pall.

"Are you lookin' fer the photographer?" asked a man who shamled up to them, "'cause if yer are, he's gone away fer ten days,—his aunt's dead. I'm jest here to look after the rooms."

No one spoke, but all the pleasure was gone from their faces, and their good clothes looked out of place and a little pathetic.

"I guess we'd better go," said Mr. Hawkins at last, "we can eat our lunch out in the park, and perhaps I can get some peanuts for you."

"I've waited twelve years," said Mrs. Hawkins, "and now this is what's come of it. I'll never try it again, so long as I live."

The park was shady, and the outdoor luncheon would have been as good as a Sunday-school picnic but for the load on their spirits. They could think or talk of nothing else—forgetting to notice anything—even the young man who was sitting on a bench near by, and who seemed to be interested in what they were saying. Finally he came over to them.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I heard you talking about the photographer being away. Were you going to have your pictures taken?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hawkins, glad to have some one to pour out her soul to, and before she knew it she had told him all about their disappointment.

"I dabble a little in photography myself," he said when she finished. "I am here to-day to get orders, and if you'd let me, I'd like to take your pictures, just for the sake of practice."

Without waiting for them to say anything he brought his camera from where he had been sitting, and soon had them arranged and actually taken.

"I'll send you some as soon as they're ready," he said.

"But——" began Mrs. Hawkins.

"Oh, that's all right. I never take them except for pleasure, any way—good-bye."

Before they could speak, his tall gray-clad figure was disappearing between the rows of trees.

"That's what I call a first-rate young man," said Mr. Hawkins, as he climbed into the carryall,— "no airs about him."

"Wasn't his smile nice?" asked Sarah, sentimentally.

"Yes," said her mother, "but his eyes looked so kind of tired."

Two weeks later, the pictures came—twelve large ones—with a card in the package with "Best wishes from John Rutters Reed" written on it. Even two days after, when Miss Adams came over to make a friendly visit, their pride was hard to contain.

"Oh, I want to see the pictures!" she exclaimed. "Why, where did this card come from?"

They poured out the story in all its details, while an expression first of surprise and then of something else settled on Miss Adams' face.

"He was such a comfortable, plain sort of person," said Mrs. Hawkins. He left you feeling so good inside."

"Yes," the girl replied absently, "I am afraid I must go home. I—good-bye."

As she passed by the window outside she heard Sarah say, "Isn't it funny how kind of stiff she makes you feel all the time, and he was just as well citified, but you forgot all about it."

Miss Adams' thoughts, as she walked home, were full of chagrin and, strangely enough, a certain relief. She remembered her last conversation with him,—“I can't marry you,” she had said. “You belong so absolutely to our sphere, and I'm so tired of it all. I don't just know how to tell you, but I can't imagine you fitting yourself into the lives of any but the people you've always been with. I know you are a man to be proud of, but I want something broader. I'm tired of the same life and the same people and the same ideas. I'd like to run away from it.”

She saw all that her experience of a month here in the country and the episode of the pictures had taught her. That night she packed her trunk and announced to the people with whom she was boarding that she was going back to the city the next morning, and then and there spent many hours in writing a letter.

“I have learned many things”—part of it ran—“some time you shall know more. First of all, that I was not even broad enough to get out of my own tiny sphere and into yours far enough to understand you. I have gotten completely away from the people we have always known, and I think I should like to go back to them again. I know that I must live my own life even if it is a little narrow—and, to be absolutely sincere—I don't care about living any other. You will understand. Do you still wish that we should live it together? That is the only thing I really care about now.”

MARION CODDING CARR.

## THE LAST NIGHT

Dost thou hear the bugle call, silver clear,  
Blow a last sad, sweet salute to the year?  
Dost thou hear the echoes dying,  
Far adown the forest sighing?  
Dost thou hear the wood jays crying  
Far and near?

See him as he creepeth, tottering slow,  
Sad old year, all bowed and bent, with many a woe,  
Long gray locks wildly streaming,  
Muttering low, with dull eyes seeming  
Of the dead days to be dreaming  
Long ago.

But he sees the stars a gleam with frosty gold,  
In the grim night sky, low-hanging, black and cold,  
And he hears the wild notes calling,  
Shrilly rising, sadly falling,  
Then, the air in death entralling,  
Midnight tolled.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

## SONG OF LIGHT

The lover looked up to the stars  
As he murmured his sweetheart's name,  
And he drank in the soft white light of the moon,  
And he cried in his heart, "They're the same :  
The light of the stars and  
The light of the moon and  
The love in my heart are the same."

The hermit looked up to the stars  
As he murmured his evening prayer,  
And he breathed in the pure white light of the moon,  
And he cried in his soul, "It is there  
In the light of the stars and  
The light of the moon that  
The true profit is found : only there."

The poet looked up to the stars  
As he murmured the song he'd begun,  
And found life in the bright white light of the moon,  
And his spirit cried out, "we are one !"  
The light of the stars and  
The light of the moon and  
I and the Maker are one."

ELOISE GATELY BEERS

## SKETCHES

### LIFE IS A SONG

Life is a song, dear, life is a song,  
Hear you the melody floating along?  
Love is the key-note and hope is the air,  
And faith is the signature written there.  
Sometimes the movement is light and gay,  
Like the laughter of children at their play,  
And then, just to make it seem sweeter still,  
A sadness and longing begin to fill  
The soul of the music. That is life's pain,  
Which gives to the song, dear, a minor strain.  
For sadness and joy make the harmony,  
But joy is the theme of life's melody.  
For God did not make life all sorrow and sighs,  
But He gave us the beauty of earth and the skies,  
And the power to love and to sing and be strong.  
So life is a song, dear, life is a song.

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG.

The three Misses Weatherby were considerably over thirty, and unmarried. They lived together as peaceably as in them lay; at times they were remarkably

According to Paul amiable—times like Sunday afternoon after a good sermon on brotherly love. At other times Jane, the eldest, and Vina, the youngest, sparred intermittently. Martha poured the proverbial oil if her own interests were not at stake; if they were she quarrelled in a far more masterly way than either of the others.

She was a devoted church member. Her attendance on Sunday morning was as certain as the sun to rise, and her voice in prayer meeting the one sure thing about the meeting. Her opinions were as steadfast as the rocks, and she defended them ably and often. To her the orthodox creed was sacred as nothing else in the world.

Martha was not young, but she had something very winning about her when she was in a happy mood, something that quite took the place of youth. Her hair was only slightly streaked with gray. At times when she came in from the garden looking "like a fright", as she apologizingly averred, she seemed almost pretty.

So she seemed to John Carson, whose way led past her garden hedge. He had long been an occasional visitor at the Weatherbys', but his attentions had been so extremely mild, so bafflingly impossible to gossip over, that not even the most energetic match-maker in Kirkville could build any suspicions upon his actions. Still, he never went anywhere else, and the ever smoldering fire of gossip in Kirkville was only waiting to be fanned into a blaze. Martha's name was generally left out of these speculations, for she was not ashamed, indeed often boasted of her single state. She was not a professed hater of men like Jane, nor yet a seeker after their company like Vina. She was equally indifferent to their charms and oblivious to their defects. She ignored them. Yet it was to Martha that the romance came.

It happened in this way. Martha was setting out the pansies. The breeze was fragrant with plum-blossoms and the smell of spring. The same wind had blown Martha's hair across her face in an unmistakable curl, and John Carson passing at the moment could have sworn he saw a dimple in her cheek as she smiled impulsively at him. The smile soon vanished, however, when the dignified Martha realized her undignified pose. She was on her knees before the pansy-bed with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

Perhaps it was the light of unwonted admiration in his eyes, perhaps only embarrassment on account of her appearance, but she greeted him shyly, and, much to her dismay, felt her color rising at every word. The slow and backward John was affected by something stronger than his usual diffidence. He plunged in.

To say it was sudden would be putting it mildly. Suffice it to say that Martha answered "Yes" in a very flustered manner, let him kiss her once, and then sent him flying because the pansies must be set out before they wilted.

For some time all went well, that is, as well as could be expected. The sisters were alternately vexed and pleased.



They stormed at Martha or petted her according as the spirit of envy or human kindness inspired them. Kirkville took some time to recover from the shock of seeing John and Martha "appearing out" at church together. The pink in Martha's cheeks deepened to a crimson as she walked up the aisle amid the rustle of turning heads. But she went to church as regularly as before and took John with her. (He had never been especially devout.) She also took him to prayer meeting and talked there more than ever.

The subject of doctrine seemed unavoidable sometimes in their conversation. The discussions even waxed warm, and John would go home in a spirit not quite gentle. Martha was a firm believer in the letter of the Scriptures. If her arguments were not convincing, she fell back on the King James version with positively no restrictions. She said she believed in *that*, and who could say it was not worthy? John tried to change her views in places; he argued and argued, but to no purpose. She accused him of trying to turn her from her faith, and, accordingly, she became more heroically faithful than ever.

One day she made a rash statement that foreboded disaster. She claimed implicit belief in "every word St. Paul ever said". John left in despair, but he knew he must break the spirit of the indomitable Martha, or his life would be one continual controversy. He went home, sat down and read the epistles of Paul and the Acts till he found what he desired.

The next evening he made his usual visit to the Weatherbys with his heart full of exultation, armed with more knowledge than he had ever had before. However, he was resolved not to broach the subject himself. He would wait in patience till she brought it up. He knew, wise man, that his shot would be more effective if it seemed to come by chance. But he could not resist a little ingenuity in bringing things around. Martha mentioned Paul.

"Well, now, Martha, not intendin' in the least to stir up trouble, didn't I hear you say once that you believe in every word he said?"

"Yes, seein' you asked, I *do*," snapped Martha.

"And you don't make no exceptions?"

"No exceptions."

"Well, now, not intendin' in the *slightest* to stir up trouble,

Martha," John was getting nervous, but he was determined to carry it through, "What do you—er—I want to know what you think *this* means." His hand was not so steady as usual as he opened the immense family Bible, and, turning to the fourteenth chapter of Corinthians, read :

*"Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak."*

He closed the book. Martha, the testimony-giver, the mainstay of the prayer meeting, was daunted. Once and twice she opened her mouth, only to close it again with a snap. Then, "It may be so, John Carson," she brought out. "It may be so. I'll not gainsay Paul, tho' the women of to-day be different from the unregenerate he knew. Silence in the church I'll keep, but he ain't said nothing about the home, and I'll speak my mind there! So you go!"

And John went, but there was engendered in his heart a new awe of women, a new perplexity concerning the things of religion, and a new love of celibacy. And he never came back.

The Weatherby sisters, all three, sat and sewed by the windows that did not open upon the pansy beds. There had been a warm discussion.

"Well, may be he *is* gone for good," ejaculated Martha in a tone that suggested finality. "May be I never *shall* get another. May be I *am* doomed to die an old maid, but I tell you, Viny and Jane, there's compensations—there's compensations!"

But Martha did not open her lips in the next Wednesday meeting.

JULIA BOURLAND.

TO A ROSE

A thought of God came down to earth  
Amid the winter snows.  
The warm spring came with its sun and rain,  
And the thought became a rose.

MERTICE PARKER THRASHER.

VILLANELLE

Oh, were I but a little fairy,  
Of height about an inch or two,  
I'd find a tiny elf, and marry.

Upon the land we would not tarry,  
 But gather up a Pixie crew,  
 Oh, were I but a little fairy.

Our pea-pod boat a fish would carry :  
 Were I but sure that he'd be true  
 I'd find a little elf, and marry.

The day would be both bright and airy,  
 A daisy for a shade would do,  
 Oh, were I but a little fairy.

Of rocks and fishes we'd be wary.  
 Were I but sure he'd love the blue  
 I'd find a tiny elf, and marry.

None of our crew would be contrary,  
 Our honeymoon would last life through.  
 Oh, were I but a little fairy  
 I'd find a tiny elf, and marry.

AMY EVELYN COLLIER.

Sometimes, when the day was hot you played on the beach.  
 You had blue sunbonnets, but they always fell back when you  
 were playing, and your faces  
**On the Shore of the Pacific** were very pink with sun-burn.

You would dig cool trenches  
 in the dry sand beyond the high-tide mark, under the drooping  
 branches of the haw-tree, and you would lie there on your  
 faces in the quiet of the noon-time, picking off the big cool  
 leaves that trailed across your bare neck in the breeze. And  
 your voices would grow lower and lower, and finally one would  
 stop altogether, and brother would be fast asleep.

And you would lie there and look out over the ocean, where  
 it was purple, beyond the reef and the white breakers, and  
 nearer shore, where the water was all blue and green and  
 always changing, and the only sound was the soft swish of tiny  
 pebbles at the very edge of the beach, where the water was  
 shallowest and you could hardly tell which was water and  
 which was beach. And a big crab came up out of his hole not  
 a yard from you, and looked about suspiciously, but you did  
 not move, and brother was asleep, you know. So Mr. Crab  
 came out and scurried down the beach to get his dinner at a  
 big bunch of seaweed. And a little wave came up and caught

him, and you could not see him any more. And all this time you lay very still and did not move, for mother said it was wrong to frighten crabs and spoil their smooth holes.

You looked up into the green depth of the tree, and wondered how long it had been growing there, and how long the water had lapped the stones around the pier, to make them all slippery and covered with barnacles and green seaweed. And you wondered where the white clouds came from, and what made the sun so hot at noon, and why—and why—and why that little crab was speckled just like the sand itself, and why he winked his little eye at you, and you kept on wondering until all the unanswered questions melted away into a dark stillness.

And then you heard Mother's voice saying, "Why, little boy, you've been asleep out here on the beach, and sister has, too, I guess. Come, it's time for lunch now."

And all the questions faded away before a very decided interest in covered dishes and cool-looking pitchers. And nurse washed your face—carefully where the sun-burn was—and you put on a clean dress, and went in to see Father and Mother.

But sometimes it was stormy, and you had to stay in-doors. Then you made paper boats and dragged them from rug to rug. The biggest rug of all was San Francisco, and a little door-mat was Home, and you sailed back and forth and loaded coal and sugar into your ships, and sometimes carried passengers even 'round the Horn, sometimes until you would look up and see that the rain had stopped, and Mother would say you might go out for a little while on the beach.

So the paper boats would be put away in the dark closet, and you would take little brother's hand and go out onto the beach. The water was still gray, and the sky heavy, very black towards the south, and the air had a strong salt smell that was never there except in a south storm. The tide was already beginning to go out, yet the waves pounded angrily against the hard, smooth sand. All the trees were wet, and the high wind had left the ground covered with twigs and leaves and even big branches. But the beach was the strangest of all. You ran and got a pail to collect the wonderful new things you found. There were bright shells that grow only where the sea is purple, beyond the reef, and sparkling jelly-fish, red and blue and new kinds of seaweed, and coral. But once you found a real flying-fish, and he was not quite dead, so you filled your pail with

water from the next wave, wrapping your skirts high and screaming with delight as the wave almost wet them. And you kept him for two whole days, but then in the morning he was gone, and Mother said he must have flown away into the ocean, and beyond the breakers, where it is purple.

And then the wind came back again from the sea, and made the waves pile higher and higher, and the foam wet your cheeks as you faced the wind, with your hair blowing straight out behind. For you loved the sea when it was gray and cold even better than before, and you wished that you were a man and could be a sailor and always feel the salt wind blowing against your face. But the drops fell big and heavy and cold on your face and hands and bare legs, and you took little brother's hand and ran into the house. And Mother wondered why your eyes were so bright.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE.

#### THE RIDE

Oh it's past the orchard and up the lane,  
Across the meadow and back again,  
A turn in the saddle to wave good-bye,  
And we're off—the dog and the mare and I.

A quick, wild rush up the village street,  
Till we reach the road by the winding stream,  
And the breath of the field is passing sweet  
As we linger a moment just to dream.

When even the birds are hushed and still,  
And the world seems lapped in a slumber deep,  
Then scampering onward toward the hill,  
We leave the stream and the fields asleep.

The sunbeams dance on the sparkling pond,  
And the great hill rises just beyond.  
We skim the ground as the swallows fly—  
The dog, the little black mare and I.

With a clatter of hoofs we're past the bridge,  
And leave the pond where the lilies grow;  
Then a cat-like scramble up the ridge,  
And we pause to look at the fields below.

Where the wind from the hills has bowed the grain  
And bent the trees in its savage play,  
Where the cloud-shadows vie with the sun on the plain  
And rest on the forests far away,

We look far out from the hilltop bare,  
And the wind blows fresh in our faces there;  
We are all alone with the earth and sky—  
The dog, the little black mare and I.

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY,

If the *Æsthetic* Freshman had not made such a brilliant recitation in geometry that morning, the very ordinary and uninteresting idea of cleaning house would probably never have occurred to her, but success in one line had inspired her with the desire to succeed in others as well, so that when she opened her door at twelve o'clock and looked about on the books and papers and garments strewn over the furniture and here and there over the floor, she cried out suddenly and warningly her intention of cleaning house.

The *Æsthetic* Freshman's room-mate, who had been hunting in vain for an article of clothing in the closet, merely replied "Fudge" to this sudden resolution of the *Æsthetic* Freshman, and immediately began combing her hair, which was a way she had of showing disapproval whenever she chanced to be in her own room or the room of an intimate friend. But the *Æsthetic* Freshman was quite undaunted by the coldness of her room-mate's manner; in fact, she had scarcely noticed it, for the remembrance of the brilliant recitation was again uppermost in her mind, and she was standing in the middle of the room, looking with a pleasant expression at the students' table in front of her, and thinking of the "Well done" that had come at the end of her demonstration. She heaved a gentle sigh, and moved slowly over to the students' table; then picking up a red necktie in one hand and a note-book in the other, she started for the closet.

"There!" exclaimed the room-mate, turning around with the comb in her hair. "I knew that would happen if you opened the closet door. You'll have a terrible time pushing those things back again, I can tell you."

"But I'm not going to push them back again," replied the

Æsthetic Freshman stoutly, returning to the present. "I'm going to—"

"You don't mean to say," said the room-mate, interrupting her, "that you are really going—"

"I am going to clean house, yes," said the Æsthetic Freshman, "most certainly I am; and I am going to clean the closet first of all," and she straightway disappeared in the closet.

Presently the room-mate heard strange noises issuing hence. They continued for a short time, ceased, recommenced, and then stopped again, and the Æsthetic Freshman appeared in the door-way, looking flushed and a little disheveled.

"On the whole," she observed, looking about the room but not seeming to see the room-mate, "on the whole, I think that perhaps it might be better to commence on the room first and leave the closet until afterwards."

"It wouldn't be a bad plan if you're intending to finish before one o'clock," advised the room-mate, smiling unpleasantly.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the Æsthetic Freshman a little stiffly. "I wasn't thinking about that in the least. It's merely a question of the most important coming first, that's all."

"Yes," she continued as though to herself, "I think that I'll begin on the students' table, and leave the closet until afterwards."

The students' table certainly needed all the attention that the Æsthetic Freshman could bestow upon it, and very badly indeed. On account of its size and central position in the room, it had become the receptacle for substances gathered from all parts of the room—north, south, east and west. There were, in other words, a great many things on the students' table, and not only a few of the articles which belonged there, but a great number of articles of a foreign nature as well, so that the Æsthetic Freshman decided that the best possible thing to be done was to remove everything to the couches first, and then to replace only those articles that strictly belonged to the table.

"Good-bye," said the room-mate, who had finished combing her hair and was putting on hat and coat preparatory to going out. "I'm going for a walk."

"Good-bye," said the Æsthetic Freshman cheerfully, staggering under her first load. "Have a nice time."

"Thanks. Don't get too tired," replied the room-mate.

"No, thank you," returned the Æsthetic Freshman politely,

until she reached the end, where she gave a little sniff. She squared her jaw as the door closed, and bent herself resolutely to cleaning the table. When everything had been transferred to the beds, however, and she had begun her search for the blotting-pad, her jaw relaxed little by little, until at length her mouth was looking quite natural again. Then the remembrance of the brilliant recitation returned to her mind, and she stopped hunting for the blotting-pad and smiled.

"On the whole," she remarked to the tea-pot, "I don't believe I'll clean up any more before lunch. I think I'll do my French for to-morrow instead. The French is, after all, the more important of the two, and besides, I'm just in the mood for studying French, I believe," she said, with a little flourish of the arm. "I shall recite well to-morrow." She went over to the looking-glass and repeated the little flourish once or twice, and then began to wonder where her "Victor Hugo" might be.

"Hugo, Hugo, where art thou, Hugh?" she cried, still in front of the looking-glass. "Where hast thou gone, oh my Hugo? Where art thou, my dear little Vic?"

She went over to the revolving book case and lifted half the pile of books and papers which were heaped on top of it into her arms to carry over to the students' table, but on the way she spied her "Victor Hugo" lying on the floor half-way under her chiffonier, so she dropped the books and papers into the Morris chair near by, and went to get it.

She cleared her desk stool by placing the books and papers that were encumbering it on the floor, and went over to the students' table to study.

She had been studying for some time when there came a knock on the door, and a very neat and clean looking girl entered the room.

"I came to return this book," she said. "Thanks, awfully. I'll put it here. And do you happen to know anything about a note-book of mine? I remember lending it to one of you the other day."

"Oh, yes!" replied the *Æsthetic* Freshman. "It's somewhere in the room, I'm sure. I saw it only this morning, I think. Let me see."

The girl gave a hasty glance about the room.

"Oh, never mind," she said, "don't disturb yourself, please."



I'll come back again. I don't need it before three o'clock this afternoon, anyway. My, what a state your room is in!"

"It is pretty bad, isn't it?" agreed the *Æsthetic* Freshman. I believe I'll fix it up."

"I don't see how you can study when it's in this condition," said the neat and clean looking girl, closing the door.

The *Æsthetic* Freshman slammed her "*Victor Hugo*" to and set her jaw once more. She went over to the desk, carried everything on it over to the students' table, and dusted it carefully with her handkerchief. Then she remembered that she had been hunting for the blotting-pad, so she went over to the revolving book-case and brought the remainder of the pile of books and papers back to the desk. No blotting-pad was to be found, however, and she decided that before hunting for it any longer she would clean out the book-case.

The top of the book-case being bare, she dusted it off carefully with her handkerchief, as she had the desk, and then began taking the books off the shelves and laying them on the top. When they commenced to tumble onto the floor she took the rest of them over to the students' table, and then wiped off the shelves very carefully with her handkerchief, as she had the top and the desk.

By this time her handkerchief was full of dust, and she was going to the window to shake it out when she unfortunately tipped over something on the floor and hit the screen, which staggered, lost its balance, and fell onto the sewing table. There was a crash, a heavy thud, and the lamp, minus chimney and shade, rolled under the Morris chair.

It was at this point that the luncheon bell rang.

"It isn't possible," exclaimed the *Æsthetic* Freshman, viciously seizing the screen and setting it on its feet with such a thump that it very nearly lost its equilibrium a second time, "it isn't possible that it's ten minutes past one already!"

She looked out of the window, but instead of seeing the clock on College Hall she saw her room-mate coming up the asphalt walk.

Her room-mate waved and nodded when she saw the *Æsthetic* Freshman's head appearing in the window. She had been having a delightful walk with an upper-class girl, but now the thought of the poor *Æsthetic* Freshman staying home alone and working hard to put the room in order troubled her con-

science, and she was prepared to be very agreeable with the poor *Æsthetic Freshman*.

"Finished it yet?" she shouted up pleasantly.

"No," replied the *Æsthetic Freshman*, who was not inclined to feel agreeable towards her room-mate, "I haven't."

"Never mind," said the room-mate, "I'll help you after lunch is over."

"No, you won't," returned the *Æsthetic Freshman*, "I'm going to English 13 at two o'clock."

"Oh, well, I can do it alone!" said the room-mate, determined to be good-natured.

The *Æsthetic Freshman* was silent for a minute or two, and then she called:

"You'd better not come up before luncheon. It's very late, the bell has rung."

"Oh!" cried the room-mate, going into the house, "you'd better hurry down if that's the case."

It was a few minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon of that same day when the *Æsthetic Freshman* came down the steps leading into the back entrance of Seelye Hall and turned to her left. As she reached the top step of the second flight of stairs in her campus house she was startled on hearing angry voices coming from her own room. Hurrying down the corridor, she hastily opened the door and beheld a sight that made her heart beat faster.

The room, though one might doubt the possibility of such a thing, was in a worse condition even than when she had last seen it, and in the midst of all the confusion, one on either side of the students' table, stood the room-mate and the neat and clean looking girl. The former was dressed in her gymnastic suit all the way down with the exception of one shoe, which was missing; the latter wore hat and coat, and carried a book and fountain pen in her hand. They stood confronting each other with flushed and angry faces.

"Do you think it's nice," cried the neat and clean looking girl, "to come down to my room and borrow my books and never return them to me?"

"Do you think it's nice," cried the room-mate, "to come up to my room—"

"But I did return your book," interrupted the other, taking

particular pains to enunciate her words very distinctly. "I did return your book! I did return your book! I tell you I *did* return your book!"

"Then where is it?" demanded the room-mate triumphantly. "If you returned my book, where is it?"

"I—I guess I must have lost it," said the wee voice of the Æsthetic Freshman, who was standing in the doorway.

The room-mate and the neat and clean looking girl turned slowly and regarded the Æsthetic Freshman with an icy stare.

"You lost the book?" inquired the room-mate.

"Yes," answered the Æsthetic Freshman humbly, "when I was cleaning house. I'm going to look for it right away." She went over to the students' table and began fumbling with the books as she spoke.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the neat and clean looking girl, "I've been over that table three times, already!"

"But not for this book," said the room-mate impatiently.

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed the neat and clean looking girl, "that you are going to go all over this room again and hunt for that other book? But it's after three already, and I've *got* to have my note-book."

"Now calm down, do," urged the room-mate, beginning to move away from the table. "I'll find your note-book for you in just a minute if it's in this room. Don't get excited, that's all. You never can do anything when you get excited."

"Don't get excited!" wailed the neat and clean looking girl bitterly. "You talk as though it were a very easy matter to put your hand on anything you wish to in this room; just as though we hadn't spent an hour and more already looking for my book that *you* lost."

"I lost your book?" cried the room-mate hotly. "Not I. I put it on the table very carefully before I went out, on purpose to give it to you when you came after it. I didn't lose your book."

"Then *you* lost it," exclaimed the neat and clean looking girl, turning ferociously on the Æsthetic Freshman. "You lost my note-book also when you were cleaning house, I suppose."

"I'm—I'm looking for it," said the poor Æsthetic Freshman.

"Oh, you are looking for her book, are you?" sputtered the room-mate. "I thought you were looking for mine."

"I'm looking for both your books," said the Æsthetic Freshman in a conciliatory tone.

"You're not looking for any book," returned the neat and clean looking girl fiercely. "You're just standing there in the middle of the floor and looking foolish."

The Æsthetic Freshman went over to the bed and picked the books up one by one and threw them down onto the floor.

"If you happen to come across my other gym shoe anywhere, just hand it over," said the room-mate, limping about the room. "I'm five minutes late as it is."

"If you want your gym shoe," advised the neat and clean looking girl sarcastically, "you'd better look in the work-basket on the sewing table."

"On the bed, you mean," corrected the Æsthetic Freshman, looking into the sewing basket as she spoke.

"Found it?" asked the room-mate after a moment.

"Found what?" said the Æsthetic Freshman.

"What!" exclaimed the room-mate and neat and clean looking girl in unison.

"What do you suppose you are looking for?" demanded the room-mate.

"Oh! I'm looking for your book."

"You're looking for her book?" cried the neat and clean looking girl.

"For *your* book," corrected the Æsthetic Freshman.

"For *her* book?" exclaimed the room-mate, "but, I want my gym shoe."

"Well, I'm looking for your gym shoe, aren't I?" cried the Æsthetic Freshman in exasperation.

"You're looking for *her* gym shoe, are you?" exclaimed the neat and clean looking girl.

"Oh, I don't know what I'm looking for!" wailed the Æsthetic Freshman, lying down on the books on the bed and putting her head in the work-basket.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the room-mate and the neat and clean looking girl together, "you don't—"

"There's no use," interrupted the Æsthetic Freshman, "there's nothing to do but to look in the closet."

"In the closet!" exclaimed the neat and clean looking girl.

"How under the sun could my note-book get in the closet?"

"Oh, you do give up so easily!" said the room-mate petulantly. "I shall not look in the closet for a long time yet, I can tell you. And besides," she added in an offended tone,

"what's the use of looking in the closet? You know I never put my gym shoes in the closet under any circumstances."

She moved over to the window-sill and commenced to poke about under the papers on top of it as she spoke. The *Æsthetic* Freshman started picking her way across the floor.

"You're not really going to look in the closet!" demanded the neat and clean looking girl incredulously.

"I don't know what I am looking for," said the *Æsthetic* Freshman with more firmness than she had hitherto used, "but one thing I do know, and that is that I am going to look in the closet," and without more ado she straightway disappeared.

The neat and clean looking girl went over to one of the beds and pulled it out, pulled out the bed-box, and looked under both. Then she did the same thing to the other bed and its bed-box. After that she went over to the Morris chair, and pulling the cushion off of its seat, dumped the cushion with everything on top of it onto the floor. Then she sat down on top of the pile and pulled out her handkerchief.

But just at that moment there was a joyful shout from the closet.

"Here it is," cried the *Æsthetic* Freshman, "I've found it in the closet!"

"Found what?" cried both the other girls breathlessly, stumbling over all sorts of things in their eagerness to reach her. "Found what?"

"It was hanging up," giggled the *Æsthetic* Freshman, bubbling over with glee, "hanging on a nail."

And true enough, so it was!

ELOISE GATLEY BEERS.

## **EDITORIAL**

The Christmas spirit comes early to the college. Long before the closing day mysterious packages, beribboned and beholly-sprigged, appear upon the student's desk, tagged with underscored commands not to peer within until Christmas day. Of course the recipient hurriedly peers within to see if the giver's name is safely on her own shopping list, but these prohibitions show a pleasant unexpectant spirit at any rate, and make for good feeling.

Nor is the spirit of giving satisfied with an exchange of gifts. College employees are all remembered; candle-sticks and loving cups are presented to the house parlors; and many of the town poor receive substantial help. The college girl, never without some opportunity for charity, is fairly beset at Christmas time. The Salvation Army attaches its appeals to the bulletin board, Settlement workers continually do cry for assistance, missionary banks lie in wait in hall corners, and the solicitor is ever within our gates. Innumerable causes are presented, so deserving, all of them, that it is hard to refuse—especially if presented by an able collector! But since there is a limit to our purse-strings, we should select those charities most intimately associated with the college, as they are entirely dependent upon the college for support. Now, nearest of these to our sympathy should come the cause of our own students.

For years the college has been lending money to students who have their own way to make, so that they will be less burdened with care and will have more time for study. This money is paid back without interest, after graduation. Now, since the sum at hand is utterly inadequate to the demand, the alumni are endeavoring to raise a fund of ten thousand dollars for the purpose. This is a cause that recommends itself to every graduate and friend of the college, and one that needs their earnest coöperation for success.

The daughters of Smith are too apt to look affectionately upon the college as a generous benefactress, and not realize that she stands in need of some benefactoring herself. Because the college has never begged, nor paraded opportunities for endowment, the world at large has never realized the odds she has struggled against. Gifts, and generous ones, have come from time to time, but with the rapid increase of the college and her influence comes the increase of her necessities. Other colleges around us have been raising the price of tuition; Smith has held to the lowest possible price, for the sake of the struggling ones in her great student body, and this sacrifice should be made up to the college by all who are able.

We all receive a hundred-fold more than we are entitled to here—not, to be sure, in ice-cream and junket, as the controllers of these luxuries occasionally insist—but the campus house is the only part of the college that does take care of itself. Our academic department, with its high ideals of character and culture, its uncounted opportunities and far-reaching influence, does a great deal more for us than we can possibly pay for, and our recognition of this generosity and our realization of our own responsibility must come in responses to this appeal of the *alumnæ* or in gifts for other college purposes.

### EDITOR'S TABLE

"Three weeks from to-day vacation begins," reflected the homesick freshman, and her remark was greeted by exclamations of delight from every corner of the room. "And in five weeks we shall all be back again," added the cynical sophomore, and was promptly "squelched" into silence by the upper-class girls.

It is certainly not because college is distasteful to us that we listen to the sophomore with such a sudden sinking of our spirits, and we are not physical wrecks, are we, that the thought of coming back again seems too great a drain on our vitality? Yet who has not experienced a revulsion of feeling when, carried along in the stream of recitations and jollities that rushes and eddies wildly just before vacation, with her eyes fixed wearily, longingly on the date ahead, she becomes suddenly aware that the resting-place is small, and that in two weeks she will be back again in the stream. It is akin to the sensation with which we see the old year out, and remember a few of the resolutions made in its beginning.

How long, how deceitfully long seem those days of idleness ahead of us! We wonder what we shall ever do when our work is not pressingly on hand, and we long for that delicious period of "*dolce far niente*". Bright visions are these, sustaining through the last night of packing, but destined never to be fulfilled. Year after year we return home to find the holidays taken up, with exhausted hours of rest and novel-reading, with a round of gaieties, lunches, dances, calls, with guests and the pleasant duty of entertaining. All plans for work are shifted to the vague date of "later on", while we slip gaily down the weeks, until our cry that "there is so much time" has changed into "only *one* day more", and our work undone stares us reproachfully in the face.



Alas for the luckless student whose plans for literary labor have been confidently numerous! Has she taken down the "busy" sign from her door with a sigh, "to write up that nice little plot in the vacation"? Has she satisfied the demands of her course, her conscience or an editor with postponement to the holidays? Does she reflect that college life is too hurried and too full of details for leisure to write in, that the busy atmosphere is fatal to artistic work, and that in the vacation she will find the needed serenity? Disillusionment waits upon her. Vacation arrives with her thoughts far away from work. The very idea of the blank pages in the trunk makes her wince, and she rejoices that there is still "plenty of time", until the fatal day is at hand, and with a flourish of trunk-keys and a regretful sigh she is off.

Lucky for her if she is a wiser as well as a sadder girl, if the resolution "to begin the very first day of vacation", made at three in the morning while hastily putting together ragged material, still holds its force when the next holiday arrives.

*Falaise of the Blessed Voice*, by William Stearns Davis. (MacMillan Co. Price \$1.50.) We have had historical novels in numbers, and histories that have attempted to pass as novels also, and many a protesting voice has been raised of late against such forms of literature. But before the bars of prejudice are lowered to keep out all such intruders, we must let the blind girl, *Falaise of the Blessed Voice*, slip inside.

Mr. Davis has given us an interesting story of adventures, taking place at the time of Louis IX. of France. It is a tale of court intrigues, in which the young Margaret of Provence is shamefully slandered and imprisoned in an oubliette; in which Louis wins his spiritual kingdom through bitterness and trials; in which the blind singer passes along, like a strain of melody, guardian angel of both king and queen.

One can detect in the book two central ideas, around which the characters revolve as spokes do in a wheel. "To—be—a—king. To be worthy of a crown." This is the tortured cry of the monkish Louis. "Am I a true king because armies fight at my command?" he exclaims in despair. And it is upon this fact of his weakness that Dr. Concy and the others build up their conspiracy. It is only after Louis has doubted his wife

and seems betrayed by his enemies that he lives up to his high ideal of leadership and has granted to him a vision of his future greatness. Then, in the vast cathedral, the angels set the fire-kissed crown of lilies on his head, and he knows that he, "servant of the least of men", is worthy to be king of France.

Intertwining with this rather martial motif, we find in the devotion of Margaret an idealization of married life. Betrayed by her maid of honor, "The Cat", wronged by the white queen-mother, she keeps true and loving until Falaise guides her to Louis' side.

The characters are, for the most part, forcefully drawn, the queen-mother being, perhaps, the most convincingly human of them all. Falaise, herself, is at times rather vaguely portrayed. One loses the feeling that she is really alive. The descriptions are not in all parts equally good.

The book, for a story of its type, is very attractive. It holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end, and leaves him with the pleasant sense of having been in charming company, of having seen high ideals won and justified.

At the Academy of Music, December 6, Henrietta Crossman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs". To enjoy this play to the full, one must be in the gayest of humors and ready to enjoy the fun with spontaneity of laughter. The caustic critic may not class it as artistic, may quarrel with its melodrama and the triteness of the plot. But those who do not hunt for faults will forget to seek for them in the wit and merriment of situation and repartee. Miss Crossman gives an altogether delightful portrayal of the pretty young Irish heroine, and it is the Irish humor and fascinating brogue, the quick turns and twists of conversation, that lend charm and piquancy to the play. The characters are all satisfactorily human, with no hero, who being good, is very, very good, and a bad villain who is horrid. The story is exciting, to put it mildly, and we follow it on tiptoe through pretty picturesque scenery, from the fluffy Ladies' Day in the Regimental Gardens to the blazing hearth in the little inn near Calais. There the lovers are reunited and the ending is the happy one required nowadays to send the audience home satisfied with the play.

## DEMETER.

Passionless, calm and august,  
 Ineffably sad and alone,  
 "Demeter, great Mother of Dust,  
 In solitude sits on her throne.

White as the Scythian snows  
 Is the ungirdled peplos she wears;  
 Her face in its quietude shows  
 Dead sorrows and infinite cares.

With rough spears of new wheat she is crowned,  
 In her tresses pale poppies are set,  
 Her sandalless feet kiss the ground,  
 Her calm visage with tears is still wet.

She serves the red earth in its need  
 Though her heart has been wrung for long years,  
 Though her heart never ceases to bleed  
 For Persephone, daughter of tears,  
—*The Harvard Monthly.*

## SELECTIONS FROM LODOVICO MARTELLI.

She led me with a touch like melody  
 That being fore'er more forward in the air  
 Still guides. The cold and archèd corridor  
 We traversed, I a dreamer sunsetwards  
 And she the moving beauty of the day.  
 We climbed the stair, a sick moon-gazer I  
 Beneath her white and spirit-wingèd moon.  
. . . . . And far abroad  
 From Even's distaff floats the purple wool.  
 Wet-eyed she sits; the light for love of her  
 Becomes the moon but to behold her die—  
. . . . . and musically she  
 Did often turn her golden head away  
 That gazing I might weave and weave my soul  
 Into a necklace stringed of sleepy pearl  
 Without a clasp.

. . . . . I thought  
 To have plucked the yellow comets by their hair,  
 To have braided meteors, and from 'hind the moon  
 Robbed her society of chanting tides.  
 I'd stand, my back to the seaward cliffs, at bay  
 And fight the wave. Completed earth's a leaf  
 Turning in space along with other dust  
 That blinds the eye of God.  
—*The Harvard Monthly.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The two following articles were contributed by the Chicago Association.

At five o'clock our faithful "boy" knocked on our door from his own little adjoining compartment and we awoke to the realization that we were rapidly approaching Calcutta. I

The Christmas Season in Calcutta crawled down from my hard upper shelf, where I had spent a really good night. One soon learns to sleep in the Orient, no matter what the unpromising conditions may be. I longed, however, to revise the time-table of the Indian railroads. We had scarcely once throughout the entire trip arrived or departed at a civilized hour. But the first glance out upon the dawn-lit jungle, with its stately palms silhouetted against the crimson east, persuaded me that the management was pretty good after all, and my injured spirits were healed.

It is certainly a circumstance to American-trained travelers to extricate themselves and their necessary luggage from one of those absurd sleeping cars. But it seemed nothing to our bearer and his coolie assistants and in a surprisingly short time our two rolls of bedding, four suit cases, three satchels, two hold-alls, shawl-strap, umbrella case, hat-box and tea basket were packed neatly into the funny little gharries and we were rattling towards the hotel.

We had been told again and again to be in Calcutta during the Christmas season, as the greatest social events in India occur there at that time. So we made our plans accordingly, and found the city, as we had expected, overcrowded with eager visitors, who hoped to be participants in the coming festivities.

They said it was the Christmas season. But there was nothing in the air, nothing in the shop windows, nothing in our white umbrellas, duck suits and pith helmets to suggest it. Nor was the picnic tiffin, spread out upon long tables beneath the great banyan tree in the Botanical Gardens, a regulation Christmas dinner. But who would want to be traditionally regulated in such an atmosphere? To sit under this largest tree in the world—a veritable grove in itself, with its hundreds of aerial roots—and feel gratefully sheltered from the scorching heat of noonday, was a decidedly good substitute for the old-time Christmas, though a most strange one.

Besides the formal social affairs, of which I will speak later, there happened to be in the city at this time many interesting events which made our days exceedingly entertaining. One morning soon after daybreak our "boy" guided us to the principal Mohammedan mosque. It was the termination of

Ramazan, the month fast, and already thousands of white-robed figures were congregated for prayer. The most zealous had come early enough to find a kneeling place within the walls, but the multitude—all men—was crowded upon the steps, and out into the street. The great white throng, standing shoulder to shoulder across the broad road and silently facing toward Mecca, stretched away as far as one could see. At the signal from the muezzin on the steps, the first few ranks fell to their knees and touched their foreheads in utter abasement to the ground. Swiftly the motion receded down the long line, and all individuality was lost in the devout stillness. Again was heard the voice of the muezzin. All heads were slowly raised and again lowered, and once more the movement sped into the distance. It looked to the spectators like gently falling snow. The service did not last long, but its impression upon the by-stander was indelible.

The final prayer was said. Solemnly the figures rose, and friend embraced friend after the sacred custom. The shawls and scarfs which had kept the dust of the street from the spotless garments were shaken out, and the gathering began to disperse. Then it was the beggars' harvest. Showers of small coin fell into the outstretched baskets and then that far-extended concourse of men melted back into the city from whence it had come so mysteriously. It was strange to think that they—the actors—were utterly oblivious of the artistic effect they were creating. But possibly their simplicity and sincerity were its greatest charm. Yet we could look upon that impressive service only as a wonderful spectacle. That is the misfortune of it. The casual traveler rarely sees more than the outside.

We did have, however, one little glimpse into the native private life. In response to a letter from an old friend, two bejeweled Hindu personages, father and son, clad in rich brocade and sapphire plush, presented themselves at the hotel, and wished to extend to us some courtesy. After a brief visit, they invited us to their zenana, and departed. At the appointed hour a peon arrived, and conducted us into the heart of the native quarters. Through a shabby doorway, we passed on to the foot of the household stairs, narrow and dingy. Here our younger host stood waiting. If we had not seen already many times, similar eccentric costumes, we might have smiled openly at the incongruities our tall, fine-looking Brahman manifested. His clothing was immaculate, but absurd. A long gold chain wound twice around his neck decorated the bosom of an ordinary American "boiled shirt" without collar or cuffs, which hung loose its full length. Beneath this, fell white drapery almost to the floor and blue socks completed his attire.

After a formal greeting he took the lead. At the top of the stairs we passed through a chamber where the father usually receives sitting upon a mattress, and entered a small adjoining room. On the floor was another large white mattress, taking up most of the space that was not occupied by the four chairs evidently brought there for us. In one corner was a small cabinet containing little commonplace foreign-made articles, resembling cheap cotillion favors, and I suddenly seemed to see ourselves as others must sometimes see us. For do we not here at home prize many a little thing which has traveled half around the world, but which would not be worth a glance to the native?

One by one the women, with faces half covered and slightly turned away, were ushered in, and introduced as "My wife", "My mother", "My widowed sister", "My brother's wife", etc. They were innumerable, but so also were the men, for all branches of the family live under one roof. A well-known traveler and writer says that polygamy is no longer usual in the Orient, and I believe that this zenana does not fulfil the prevalent idea of a harem.

The women squatted easily on the mattress, and, gradually overcoming their diffidence, showed decided interest in us. The young children, grotesque looking little objects in their best clothes, were arranged along the edge of the mattress in front and from time to time were given an admonishing poke from behind by some watchful hand. The oldest little girl, eight years of age, was dressed in dark woollen trousers and little cape, her black head being adorned with a diminutive pink chiffon hat with long pink streamers and in the front a tiny bunch of flowers. She was much pleased with her appearance, as indeed were we also. But the poor little thing was to be married within a few months to a lad twice her age. Her education was then to begin under the direction of her mother-in-law. She must go to live in her husband's house, and only return to her mother now and again in a closed carriage. The father said it was his greatest care to find good and suitable husbands for his daughters.

Each woman wore her native garment, the sari, the one long cloth which she so deftly winds about her body, throwing one end over her head in such a manner that it may be quickly drawn across the face at an instant's notice. It is seldom that one has the opportunity to see such exquisite textures as these, for the highest caste women never appear in public. They were of soft material of various colors, heavily embroidered with gold, all but that of the gentle-faced widow. According to the custom, she was dressed in pure white with absolutely no ornaments. From the hour of her husband's death the widow is deprived for the rest of her life of all pleasure, and becomes almost a slave in the family. Although suttee is no longer allowed in India, thousands of the poor creatures, left disgraced upon the earth, long for the old custom. It seems more endurable than the present living death.

Such jewels as these women wore! Half the fore-arm was covered with gold rings set thickly with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. From several places on the ears hung enormous ear-rings heavy with gems, and numberless long chains of pearls were clasped about the open throat, and fell over the breast. Then besides the finger and toe rings, there was the nose ring—a hoop the size of a thin bracelet holding a few pearls or emeralds as large as cranberries. Had the jewels been faceted as are ours, they would have made a dazzling display.

There was an evident etiquette as to who could have the privilege of speaking. It seemed to depend upon which of the men came into the room, and there was a constant veiling and unveiling as the men one by one entered and withdrew. Before leaving this strange home we were allowed to smell of a few drops of attar of rose, and then our handkerchiefs were sprinkled with some cheap London-made perfume, considered by them the greatest courtesy, no doubt. And armed with an impossible marble cup and saucer as gift, we took our departure.

It was, however, neither for the banyan tree nor the zenana that we had come to Calcutta just now, but rather to see the great social events towards which the English look with keen eagerness throughout the entire year. First came the viceroy's cup race, at which the viceroy did not appear, however. They say that these races bore him extremely. But his beautiful prize cup represented him. The racing itself was very good, doubtless, but held little interest for me compared to the throngs of people. In the foreground was the ceaseless passing back and forth of the handsomely dressed English. The ruffled chiffon confections of the women, seemingly so inappropriate to the occasion, were offset by the gold embroidered gowns of the Maharajahs. But more interesting still was the kaleidoscopic background. Against the inner fence of the great ring pressed the native spectators, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, and many others besides. That unconscious picturesqueness seemed part of the general scheme, perhaps the most interesting part.

There were several other races during the week, but none so gay as this. Then there was the viceroy's levee and the state ball. This duplicated in many respects Lady Curzon's Drawing Room, which was really the greatest event of all. The dressmakers' establishments had been crowded with eager patrons, the florists had been cleared of their best displays and second best. The courtesy was practiced diligently till the last moment, and at nine o'clock of the appointed evening every available vehicle in Calcutta was hurrying towards Government House. At the door of the drawing-room stood a scarlet and gold aide-de-camp, whose glance rested for an instant upon each elegant creature as she came forth to join her sisters slowly ascending the stairs. "Is the gown décolleté, and is the train sufficiently long?" his eyes seemed to say. There was a great deal of waiting, a little slow progress through the several lovely ante-chambers, and a gradual lessening of the numbers. We started in groups of about fifty, but with skilful management on the part of many aides-de-camp, we found ourselves in single file at the door of the throne room. It was not, however, until each stood on the very threshold fully an hour after reaching the stairs that she could see just what her part was to be. The first feeling of trepidation gave place instantly to the sense of the artistic and dramatic in the scene.

In the centre of the long room was the throne, on three sides of which were massed all the favored people who had enjoyed private *entrée*—the consuls, ministers, military attachés, etc., with their families, a goodly company, several hundred of them, all resplendant in full regalia. There was little time to consider this impressive gathering, however, for your card of invitation was already being passed up the line of aides-de-camp toward the throne, and suddenly your cue was given in a strange voice, "Miss ———, being presented." You felt all eyes glued upon you. Like a flash, the possibility of falling prone at Lord Curzon's feet in the effort to make a graceful courtesy, or of stumbling over the unwontedly long train, painted a painful picture to your mind's eye, and in a sort of daze you advanced. His Excellency, superb in white satin knickerbockers, gold-embroidered coat and much blue ribbon, stood and perfunctorily acknowledged your obeisance. Then you passed on to Lady Curzon, who looked so sweet and smiled so graciously

that you were glad to do your very prettiest for her, although even then it seemed a curious necessity to bend the knee to another American woman. In so short a moment you could notice little of her appearance, except that her face was almost beautiful in its setting of diamonds and lace. Your part was now finished, and as another name was called, you retired from the scene in your most stately manner.

I cannot imagine a more brilliant company of men and women than gathered later in the beautiful ball-room, where supper was served. The elaborate and costly gowns sparkling with jewels mingled effectively with the scarlet and black velvet coats decorated with orders and much gold embroidery. It was indeed a sight worth seeing. A Maharajah in cloth of gold, with his sweet wife and son, was among the guests, and their jewels quite outshone those of the English. The young man's necklace of enormous diamonds, his gem-covered sword-hilt, and the jeweled egret in his turban, would put a Tiffany display to the blush.

It was late when we left the vice-regal palace and returned to our unprepossessing hotel, which looked less attractive than ever that night. The evening had been a successful one, but it was with a peculiar eagerness that we packed our trunks the next day for the trip into the Himalayas, where we should find enduring and natural splendors.

GERTRUDE GANE '94.

It is fortunate for those of us who have left our college days far behind that we are able to maintain a close touch with student life through inter-collegiate organizations. The work of the Student

**Student Women's** Young Women's Christian Associations has already enlisted many Smith alumnæ as traveling secretaries and members of state and national

**Christian Associations** committees. It was in 1873 that a small group of college girls in an Illinois college formed the first association for the strengthening and development of their Christian life. A little later several other colleges formed similar organizations, and in 1886 the American Committee was organized to unify these college associations and make them permanently strong. This was necessary because of the shifting character of the student body and the rapid growth in the number of college students. Each year a larger and more effective work was required to meet these conditions.

There are now connected with the American Committee 515 college associations with a membership of nearly 36,000 students. While the fundamental principles are the same in all these college associations, it is a fascinating study to see how the religious life of the students expresses itself in different classes of institutions, including state universities, denominational colleges, normal schools, women's colleges, professional and preparatory schools. The fundamental purpose is to strengthen the Christian life of the students, to train them into efficient leaders for their own church work, and to promote an intelligent interest in any missionary work that will extend the privilege of the Christian life to young women throughout the world. For the general care of this work there are now forty-five college women serving as either local, state or national secretaries. Three of these are Smith alumnæ.



The American Committee has charge of all interstate work, and includes the following: Bible study, mission study, summer conferences, the finding and training of secretaries, college visitation, and the publication of literature that will promote effective Christian service. On this Committee, Mrs. Majorie Ayers Best '95, Mrs. Florence Day Stevenson '96, and Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman '97 are active members. It is difficult to say which part of the work is most inspiring. The four great student summer conferences held at Capitola, California; Asheville, North Carolina; Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; and Silver Bay, New York; are experiences never to be forgotten by any student who attends them. The close personal fellowship between the students of different colleges is the strong feature in these conferences. One senior said quite recently, "I never knew the girls in my own college until I went to Silver Bay." The religious life in each college is strengthened for all the year by coming to know the strong purposes of other colleges and their achievements in Christian work. But it is still more inspiring to the secretary to visit the individual colleges and to help the Christian girls to take advantage of the opportunities in their own field. She also finds unlimited opportunity for helping to hold many students true in their allegiance to the fundamental truths of the Christian life. College life is so strenuous and so highly specialized that there is not adequate opportunity for the student to do conclusive thinking or to relate the facts of her Christian experience and training to her enlarged mental horizon. Consequently, there is much so-called intellectual doubt in the realm of the spiritual life, which plunges many a student into discouragement and despair. If the secretaries did no more than quietly reassure these students and help them to a new vision of God and His relation to their life, these results alone would justify all the time given to the work. But more than this, during the past year, through the influence of the Student Association, more than 1,700 college girls made open confession of their faith in Christ by uniting with the churches of their choice.

One of the interesting features of this intercollegiate fellowship is found in the fact that the members continue to feel this power after they leave college. One constantly meets old friends from other associations, and there are many opportunities for service in the local city associations and on the state committees. When one becomes a post-graduate or professor in another college she finds at once a close bond of union with the most earnest students through the familiar work that became so dear in her undergraduate days.

While our work in America is so strong, it is an inspiration to know that the women of Great Britain have a similar work. This summer I had the privilege of attending their annual conference, held at Conishead Priory, in the beautiful lake region. Nearly four hundred students were present from the universities of England, Scotland and Ireland and one immediately felt at home when one went into their meetings and heard them discussing with the same earnestness, the same difficulties and conditions that we are meeting in our American colleges. I was impressed with the way in which the English students heroically face their own spiritual needs, and do conclusive thinking and the way in which they feel their responsibilities for helping students in other lands. They lay great emphasis on Bible Study and mission

study, and many of the students were looking forward to the time when they should go into active Christian work on the foreign field.

I also attended a similar conference in Holland, at which a small but heroic delegation of women students were present from the four great Dutch universities. The meetings were held in a large tent surrounded by broad fields of pink heather and a more earnest set of students I never saw than were gathered there in conference. The first evening they were having an address on the subject of Intellectual Doubt and how to meet it. After this there followed nearly two hours of most earnest and eloquent discussion. Although all the conversation was in Dutch, still, as the points were given to me by an interpreter and as I watched the earnest faces of these students, I knew that they, too, were united in the same purpose to strengthen the Christian life of their fellow students. And so we would find it the world over, whether in India, China or Japan, wherever we find student life. The World's Student Christian Federation has indeed united all students in closest Christian fellowship. As one turns back to the work in America one is convinced that the intercollegiate fellowship must mean not only untold blessing for ourselves, but also for all women students of the world.

BERTHA CONDÉ '95.

On Saturday evening, December 10, the New York, Smith and Wellesley College Clubs were "At Home" from half-past eight until eleven, at the Woman's University Club, 10 Gramercy Park, New York. The guests were the members of the two clubs, the husbands and friends of the alumnae of the two colleges. This joint reception was planned last spring, when the possibility of the blizzard which visited New York on December 10 was very remote. The weather was responsible for the small attendance, for only about 125 were present, though 600 invitations had been sent out. The club's membership includes, moreover, any and all alumnae within commuting distance of New York, as well as those who are residents of New York and Brooklyn, so it is not surprising that the storm plus the distance, daunted many. The guests were received by Miss Laura D. Gill, President of the Smith Club and Mrs. Preston Farrar, President of the Wellesley Club, in the attractive drawing-room of the Woman's University Club. All the rooms were decorated in beautiful holly, including the dining-room, where simple refreshments, of ice-cream, cakes and coffee, were served during the evening. In the latter part of the evening a musical program was given by Mrs. Frank L. Sealy, a friend of one of the alumnae, and Miss Bertha Phillips, sister of four alumnae of Smith. Mrs. Sealy and Miss Phillips each sang two groups of songs most delightfully, accompanied by Mr. Sealy on the piano.

The only regret about the reception is the fact that so few found it possible to brave the storm and so many missed an opportunity to enjoy an evening with the graduates of a sister college.

ALICE TULLIS LORD PARSONS '97.

Mrs. Jennette Perry Lee '86 addressed a full meeting of the New York Alumnae on Saturday, October 22, at the Women's University Club on the subject, "The Literary Atmosphere and Opportunities of the College".

Among other interesting methods which Mrs. Lee used to make vivid her picture of present college conditions, was the presentation of the opinions of some of the students as they had themselves expressed them in papers written specially on the subject. By this and other means she brought out clearly that while, in a strict sense, no true literary atmosphere exists within the college walls, nor a literary productivity as high as our ideals demand either among the undergraduates or the alumnæ, yet, in spite of somewhat unfavorable conditions, a distinct literary instinct exists in a growing, healthy state. Some of the alumnæ who heard the address are themselves engaged in literary work, while all were particularly grateful for the candid, fair and exhaustive consideration Mrs. Lee gave the subject.

The busy days and the many festivities of the holiday season have naturally absorbed everyone's attention for the past few weeks, and during that time the responses to the appeal for the Alumnæ Fund of \$10,000 for Students' Aid fund have been slow in Smith Students' Aid Society coming in. Now that there is more leisure, it is to be hoped that all alumnæ and friends of the Aid Society will give this matter their careful consideration.

At this writing, January 4, 1905, the fund stands as follows :

Received in checks, money orders and cash from 87 contributors, and deposited, . . . . .	\$898 75
Received in pledges payable on or before April 1, 1905, from 25 contributors, . . . . .	300 00
Total amount assured, from 112 contributors, . . . . .	\$1,198 75

Nearly all the Alumnæ Associations and clubs are planning some active work in behalf of the fund, and in various localities, where there are no organizations, the committee hopes to secure the coöperation of interested alumnæ and friends. It is also hoped that the classes which have their reunions next June may feel inclined to make some gift to this fund. All clubs and associations will be credited not only with gifts made by them as organizations, but also with gifts sent by individual members directly to the chairman of the general committee and with gifts secured by members from friends whom they have been able to interest.

The members of the general committee desire again to express their willingness to be of service when possible to clubs, associations or to individual alumnæ who are willing to aid in the work of raising this fund. The chairman will gladly furnish circulars, copies of President Seelye's endorsement and pledge cards to anyone who can make use of them.

On behalf of the Committee,

WILLIS SANFORD WEBB, Chairman.

Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr., Madison, New Jersey.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'04.	A. May Wright,	.	.	.	.	Dec.	2
'01.	Janet Sheldon,	.	.	.	.	"	6
'04.	Mildred Bennett,	.	.	.	.	"	2-8
'01.	May Howland Bellows,	.	.	.	.	"	10
'04.	Muriel Sturgis Haynes,	.	.	.	.	"	8-15
'01.	Emma West Durkee,	.	.	.	.	"	13-15
'02.	Helen Winslow Durkee,	.	.	.	.	"	13-15
'95.	Annie Elizabeth Paret,	.	.	.	.	"	13-15
'02.	Edith W. Vanderbilt,	.	.	.	.	"	14-15
'01.	Martha Howey,	.	.	.	.	"	14
'03.	Alice G. Fessenden,	.	.	.	.	"	17
'04.	Mabel Robinson Brown,	.	.	.	.	"	17
'04.	Blanche L. Warren,	.	.	.	.	"	17

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue. They should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

'85. Mary F. Knox, Registrar of Smith College from 1896 until 1901, and at Barnard College from 1901 until 1904, has opened the Lakewood School for Girls, at Lakewood, New Jersey.

'94. Helen Isabel Whiton has issued a booklet entitled "Parsifal and Galahad". (Thomas Whittaker, New York; 25 cents.)

'97. Mary Eleanor Barrows has just issued a biography of her father, entitled "The Life of John Henry Barrows". (Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago: \$1.50 net.) She is studying this winter at Yale University, taking post-graduate courses in English and Old French.

Genevieve Knapp has announced her engagement to Dr. Guthrie McConnell of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Alice Weld Tallant, M. D., has an article entitled "Some Observations on the Recurrence of Broadbent's Sign" in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for October 27. Dr. Tallant's address is 68 Chestnut Street, Boston.

Katherine Wilkinson has moved with her family from Syracuse to New York, and is teaching at Miss Chapin's School for Girls, 12 West 47th Street. Her address is 129 East 76th Street.

'99. Ethel James was married on Tuesday, December 6, to Mr. Edward Albert Quinn.

'00. Mabel Carver, who is now teaching German and English in Miss Phelps' Collegiate School in Columbus, Ohio, has announced her engagement to Mr. Edwin C. Baker of Utica, New York.

'01. Alice L. Batchelder is state secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association for Missouri.

- '01. Katherine Bosworth Rising has announced her engagement to Mr. Sherman Lockwood Coy of New Haven, Conn.

Mary Louise Caldwell announces her engagement to Mr. Stanley Wilson Merrill.

Bertha June Richardson is to give a course of ten lectures in New York this winter on "Three Prophets of the Nineteenth Century, and the Fulfilment of Their Visions in the Life of To-day". They will be held at the house of Mrs. Payson Merrill, 41 East 67th Street.

- '02. Marce Sater was married to Mr. Field Scott, on December 29, at Columbus, Ohio. Her present address is care Mr. Field Scott, 406 Empire Building, Knoxville, Tennessee.
- '03. Carolyn M. Fuller has accepted a position in the Norwalk High School, to teach Latin, English and German. Her address is 137 Main Street, Norwalk, Connecticut.

#### BIRTHS

- '84. Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer (Helen C. Rand), a son, Sherman Rand, born September 28.
- '91. Mrs. James Bud Balch (Mabel Severens), a son, Severens Balch, born December 10, at Kalamazoo, Michigan.
- '93. Mrs. S. Barton Strong (Laura Pratt), a son, Francis Luqueer, born December 26, at Black Hawk, California.
- '00. Mrs. Walter L. Righter (Lela Foster), a daughter, born November 30, at Greenwich, Connecticut.
- '01. Mrs. William R. Pritchard (E. Helena Kriegsmann), a son, Edward Kriegsmann, born September 11.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

The Missionary Society of Smith College is the oldest student organization of the college. For that reason, it has never been changed into a missionary committee under the Christian Association, but has remained an associate organization with it. It has its own cabinet, which consists of its president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, assistant treasurer, the chairman of Dr. Myers' committee, the chairman of the Mission Study class committee and a freshman representative.

The cabinet meets once a month to discuss the business of the society. Its president is also a member of the cabinet of the Christian Association, and meets with that body each week.

The work of the Missionary Society has gradually grown each year, until it now covers six branches, viz.: The Missionary meetings, the Student Volunteer Band, the Mission Study classes, the Missionary Library, Dr. Myers' committee, the collection of missionary funds and the correspondence with the Smith graduates on the foreign field.

The missionary meetings are held once a month, and are addressed by outside speakers. The society has been especially privileged in having as its guests men and women who are prominent for their rare ability and intimate knowledge of the mission fields and missionary problems.

The Student Volunteer Band consists of the girls who have definitely decided that if it is possible they will spend their lives upon the foreign field. Others, who are equally interested, but who are not planning to be missionaries, meet with them. The Band keeps in touch with the graduates who have belonged to it.

The Mission Study classes meet once a week in the rooms of their leaders. They are very informal classes, in which the girls study together the missionary interests of some country, the customs, ideals and religions of its people, and the various forms of missionary activity.

The Missionary Library is in the missionary rooms of the Students' Building. It contains about 100 of the best missionary books which, with a few exceptions, are as interesting from a literary standpoint as they are from the subject matter. There are also eight magazines, which deal more specifically with the work of the special churches by which they are published.

The missionary collections, which are taken in the college houses each Sunday morning, and which are increased by special subscription, are used to pay the salary of our medical missionary in China, Dr. Angie Myers, and to pay the special pledges of the Society.

There is always a danger that when a collection becomes a regular part of the college work one may contribute without realizing toward what objects she is giving, and for this reason we will give a short account of the work that others are accomplishing with the aid of our contributions.

In 1899 the Missionary Society decided to support as its own missionary Dr. Angie Myers of Vassar. Shortly afterwards she went to Amoy, China, where, under the direction of the Dutch Reformed Board, she was placed in charge of the hospital. Her letters, which have been published from time to time in the MONTHLY, have given us glimpses of how great are her opportunities for service, and letters from Smith graduates and others, who have had the privilege of seeing her in her hospital, show even more forcibly how extensive and taxing her work is. This year Dr. Myers, on account of her health, has been obliged to give up her work, and she is now in Shanghai, with her parents. The Missionary Society has decided to continue her support for the year, hoping that after several months of rest she may be able to resume the work, which she loves and in which she is so successful.

And now a word as to the pledges of the Missionary Society. They include a scholarship at Calcutta and the support of a nurse in Shanghai, both of which are paid to the Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York; the salaries of Bible women in Madeira and Ceylon, under the Woman's Board of the Congregational Church; scholarships in the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia, in the Carlisle Indian School of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and in All Saints' School at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. An annual contribution of twenty-five dollars and a box of clothing is also sent to the New York City Missionary Society.

It has been found by the missionary societies of all denominations that one of the most effective ways of doing work among the women of foreign lands is by training the native women, who then go back to work among their own people. It can easily be understood that they are better able to get access into the homes of their friends than the missionaries. They understand the people, know their customs, and the best methods to use in order to appeal to them. They understand their problems and the difficulties that may come to them, and above all, they can see things from the native point of view. Although the foreigner must do the pioneer work, the evangelization of any land must finally be accomplished by the native worker. Smith has the privilege of supporting two nurses in Shanghai and two Bible women, one in Madras and one in Ceylon. She also contributes fifty dollars a year towards a scholarship in Calcutta.

The Bible women go from house to house, reading the Bible and explaining it to those in the home, while the nurses have the opportunity to talk to those who are ill in the hospital and to others who come to the dispensaries for treatment. The boarding school, too, has proved one of the most effective ways of training the Christian worker, for in it the child comes daily into touch with the lives of the Christians about her.

Perhaps no school in America is better known than is the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, for colored boys and Indians. Its last report, the thirty-sixth, gives a most interesting account of its aims, ideals and results, and it may not be amiss to give a brief resumé of it. According to it,

"The aim of the Hampton School is to train its pupils in such ways as will prepare them to be of the most service to their own people. By the education of the head, the hand and the heart, Hampton equips its graduates for lives of usefulness. It is expected that whatever a student gains at Hampton he is to pass on into other lives. It is hoped that he will stimulate his people and aid in making the community in which he lives intelligent, self-supporting and Christian. The thought of Hampton is 'Service our mission'.

Hampton Institute was founded in 1868 by General Armstrong. Realizing the need for the education of the negroes, he started a school for them. The report of 1903-4 is itself the best testimony to the growth and gradual but steady success of his work. The report states that there are now sixty buildings. Besides dormitories, these include recitation halls, a library, church, hospital, gymnasium, and a building devoted to agricultural and domestic science.

The Institute has academic, normal, trade, business, agricultural and domestic science courses, and holds classes both during the day and in the evening. The Whittier Day School gives instruction to 400 negro children from the neighborhood. It is essentially for primary and kindergarten classes, though it has classes for manual training, sewing, cooking and gardening.

Last year 1,905 applied for admission to the institute and 357 were admitted. On October 24, 1903, the records showed the enrollment of 797 boarders and 413 children in the Whittier School. In addition to this a teachers' institute was held for six weeks during the summer and 600 teachers from all over the South attended. Of the 451 boys who were on the roll last year, 309 were in the night school and 142 in the day school. The boys who attended the night school were busy during the day learning their trades. The girls, in addition to their school work, learn to cook, sew, etc. There is also a course of domestic science and one for training house-keepers.

The religious work of the school is in charge of the resident chaplain and his assistant. It is undenominational in character, emphasizing the fundamental truths in which all churches can unite. The neighborhood missionary work, which sends squads of boys and girls, under supervision, to the cabins of the poor, to the jail and poor-house, and into the Sunday Schools of the community, is a most valuable method of inculcating the idea of service for others. There is also a Y. M. C. A. and a King's Daughters Club.

The results of the work are convincing. Hampton has sent out over 1,100 graduates, of whom 60 per cent. are teaching, while at least 6,000 undergraduates have gone out to prove the value of their industrial training. Over 80 per cent. of those who have taken trades are either practicing or teaching them. Eighty-seven per cent. of Hampton's returned Indians are reported as doing well. The scholarship given by Smith was last year used by an Indian girl."

The Carlisle Indian School, at which Smith has had a scholarship for several years, was founded by Captain Pratt in 1878. In 1875 seventy-four Indians, prisoners of war from several different tribes, were sent under his care to old Fort Marion in St. Augustine, Florida. They had been leaders in some murderous raids, and were sent in chains to Florida.



Shortly afterwards their chains were removed. Some of the women in the city became so much interested in them that they opened a school for them, that they might learn how to read and write. The term of imprisonment came to a close in 1878, and all but twenty-two (who asked that they might remain in the East) were sent again to their homes. Of those who remained, seventeen were placed in Hampton Institute and five were taken into private families. During the years of imprisonment Captain Pratt had become very much interested in the Indian problem and at this time, under the support of the government, he opened a school for Indians at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The object of the school is to break up tribal relations, and to educate the Indian to become a useful citizen. Indians from seventy different tribes, many of whom were bitter enemies, have thus been brought together and have grown to be friends. The training in the school is both academic and manual. The system adopted has been that of placing its scholars out in families, the boys to work in the field and in the shop, and the girls in the house. It contends that the Indian boy or girl living in a civilized home, and being brought into contact daily with the English, learns English and the customs of civilized life more quickly than in any other way. Every summer about 800 of its pupils are sent out to live and labor, and the influence is emphasized by arranging that from 350 to 400 shall so remain out every winter and attend the public schools with Anglo-Saxon children. The school is now supported by the government and by special contributions.

The story of Bishop Hare's work in South Dakota reads like a romance. In 1872 he was made missionary bishop of Niobrara. Niobrara was the name of a river running along the border line between Nebraska and Dakota, and its name was given by the church to the large tract of country of which then little was known, except that it stretched northward from the river Niobrara and was roamed over by the Poncas and different tribes of Sioux and Dakota Indians.

At the time of his appointment Bishop Hare was secretary and general agent of the mission work of the Episcopal church. For a long time he had been deeply interested in the Indians, and after due consideration he accepted the position that was thus offered to him. He was only thirty-four at this time. He began his work by making a visit among the Indians of the Southwest, being anxious to study the conditions of the semi-civilized Indians before going to the wilder tracts of the Northwest. The whole country was in great excitement, because of the recent massacres made by the Modoc Indians, and his plans were looked on by many as visionary.

On April 29, 1873, he began his work in Yankton, Dakota. From this town as a starting place, he went up the Missouri river, through the country in which the main body of the missionary enterprise of the Episcopal church was located. Three graduates of the Berkley Divinity School had already begun work. Writing of them Bishop Hare says: "I cannot now admire enough the courage with which these soldiers of the cross had entered upon the work, and the fortitude with which they persevered in it. Their entrance was largely, of necessity, a leap in the dark, and their continuation in it a groping, where there was no light and no trodden way. They had made the wild man their companion, an unknown heathenism their field of labor, and

the wilderness their home. Nor could I but wonder at the grand faith, the dauntless conviction of duty and the tremendous moral energy of the one man, William Welsh, who had both excited and backed their effort by his zeal, his counsel and his wealth." The first visits made were wonderfully interesting. In some places there were well-fitted chapels, in others the worship was carried on out-of-doors. In writing of one meeting held at the Cheyenne River Agency, Bishop Hare says: "It was a strange scene. In front of us, forty or fifty feet distant, rolled the Missouri river. Nearer at hand, grouped in a semi-circle, fringed with a few curious soldiers and employees of the Agency, sat the Indians, many bedecked with paint and feathers and carrying guns and tomahawks, some in a soberer guise, betokening that they were inclining to the white man's ways; while all gazed apparently half amused, half awe-struck at the vested missionary of the station as he sang the hymns and offered the prayers of the church, and at the Indian deacon and at me as we spoke the words of life."

After a thorough investigation of the field, Bishop Hare divided it into sections, leaving in each an experienced presbyter and the Indian ministers. His study of the field had convinced him that the boarding school must be one of the most prominent features of the missionary work. His plan included a central boarding school of higher grade at the place of the bishop's residence, to be conducted under his immediate supervision, to which the other schools should be tributary, by furnishing boys for education as teachers, catechists and missionaries.

In 1875 the discovery of gold brought many white people to the Dakotas, who came under Bishop Hare's charge and shortly afterwards his diocese was enlarged. To meet the needs of this increased white population, in 1885 All Saints' School was erected at Sioux Falls. The school has grown greatly, and now offers a preparatory and academic course and is a day and boarding school for girls. It prepares its students for the various colleges and also offers courses in music and art. The home life is most attractive, all the more so because it is the home of Bishop Hare himself.

Every year the Smith College Missionary Society contributes towards the New York City Missionary Society. This society has its training school on East 10th Street, opposite which is the home for city missionaries. Its work is chiefly on the East Side, where its missionaries care for the poor, nurse them during sickness, teach in the Sunday Schools, distribute flowers, food and clothing, and conduct industrial classes of every kind.

The last branch of the work of our Missionary Society is the compilation of a book, describing the work of the fifteen alumnæ who are now upon the foreign field. Letters are written to them each year, and their answers are copied into a book. Most interesting accounts of work in Turkey, India, China, Japan and Syria may be found in it, and these accounts are all the more fascinating because they have the personal touch in them. And yet, the more deeply one studies the missionary problems and the more intimately one comes into touch with its various phases, the more clear does it become that whether in the West or South or in the great cities of this country, or in the countries of the East, the solution is really the same—that of living out the Christ-life in the daily life and of giving Him to others.

The fourth concert of the year given under the auspices of the Department of Music was a song recital by David

Song Recital by David Bispham Bispham, on the evening of Tuesday, December 13, with Mr. Harold O.

Smith at the piano. The program follows :

Commit Thy Ways (St. Matthew's Passion).....Bach  
O, Ruddier Than the Cherry ("Acis and Galatea"),.....Handel  
Ah! Rendimi ("Mitrane"),.....Rossi  
The Monk,.....Meyerbeer

Selections from the great song cycles recently sung by Mr. Bispham.

Der Lindenbaum,	{ from "Die Winterreise," }	.....Schubert
Die Post,		
Pause,	{ from "Müllerlieder," }	.....Schumann
Impatience,		
Selections from "Dichterliebe," .....		Schumann
Ruhe Sussliebschen,	{ from "Mägonelieder," }	.....Brahms
Wie Froh und Frisch,		
Four Songs of the Hill, .....		Landon Ronald
Chanson du Toreador (from "Carmen"), .....		Bizet
(By special request.)		

The Pretty Creature,	{ .....	Old English
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,		
My Love Nell, .....		Old Irish

On Thursday evening, December 15, 1904, Dr. Iyenaga lectured on "The Rise of Japan, and Her Place Among Oriental Nations". Dr. Iyenaga's intimate knowledge of his subject, his interesting

Lecture by Dr. Iyenaga personality, his humor, and his remarkable vocabulary and use of English idiom, made the lecture of exceptional interest.

After casting good-natured scorn on the ideas of Japan which obtained throughout the Occident until the recent wars, Dr. Iyenaga showed that through centuries Japan maintained a high standard in law, art, literature, and religion. Her long, unbroken line of sovereigns, the fact that the Japanese were an unconquered race, and her self-imposed isolation, made Japan the repository of eastern civilization.

About fifty years ago the Japanese awoke to a feeling of inferiority. Touched to the quick by the scorn of the civilized nations, their deepest patriotism and loyalty aroused, they determined to win a place for themselves on a plane with the best. The overthrow of the ruling house, the downfall of feudalism, the restoration of the Mikado, and the new government, made all things possible. The war with China and the present struggle Dr. Iyenaga considers the main steps in the rise of Japan.

Once having done away with their self-imposed isolation, the Japanese accepted and are still accepting the best the Occident has to offer, without losing the essential features of their own mode of life or their individuality.

Dr. Iyenaga looks upon Japan's future course as being already cut out—"the champion of peace and the advocate of human progress".

On Saturday evening, December 17, in the Students' Building, the Dickinson House presented a dramatization of "Our Mutual Friend". The piece possessed rather indifferent dramatic qualities, but was a pleasing choice, on account of the presence of some of Dickens' most amusing characters. In fact, the selection of such a play is to be commended highly for just this reason: the characters are so admirably drawn originally as to be well within the bounds of our amateur abilities, yet highly entertaining to the audience, and well worth the time that the actors must have put upon their parts. The stage setting was always eminently appropriate. The costumes were very good, and showed careful study and consistency in detail. The acting was excellent throughout; every girl did her part well and received honest appreciation. The rôles of John Rokesmith and Bella Wilfer, though difficult, were very well interpreted, each in the spirit of the part, and Mrs. Boffin's smile won all hearts. It is to be regretted that not all the audience could get the full benefit of Mr. Boffin's facial expression, for those who saw it found it one of the best features of an exceedingly well-interpreted rôle. "Irrepressible Lavvy" and her George won just applause. An appreciation of the fact that Dickens is above all a caricaturist was incorporated into every gesture; and the parts, always so funny, had ample justice done them. "Majestic Ma" Wilfer gave her daughter a close race for the honors, and "Cherubic Pa", always unappreciated in his own home, fared better at the hands of a sympathetic audience, who were highly pleased at this rendering of a rather difficult rôle. But it is hard to single out any individuals for special praise; one feature of the cast was the uniformity of its excellence. Altogether the play was one of the most interesting and entertaining that we have seen for some time. The cast was as follows:

John Rokesmith ("Our Mutual Friend"),.....	Anna Reynolds
R. Wilfer ("Cherubic Pa"),.....	Florence Harrison
Mr. Boffin ("The Golden Dustman"),.....	Katharine Woods
George Sampson ("The Friend of the Family"),.....	Marion Gary
Bella Wilfer ("The Lovely Woman"),.....	Mary Kittredge
Mrs. Wilfer ("Majestic Ma"),.....	Frances Pol
Lavinia Wilfer ("Irrepressible Lavvy"),.....	Agatha Gruber
Mrs. Boffin ("a Dear, a Dear, the Best of Dears"),.....	Sara Lauter

On Friday evening, January 6, a lecture was delivered in Assembly Hall by Professor Edward Howard Griggs on "The Ethical Awakening in the Merchant of Venice." The different moral

Lecture by Professor Griggs atmospheres in Shakespeare's plays enable us to read the mind and spirit of the poet, and to divide his life and work into three great periods. The earliest creative period shows little insight into profound ethical experience. In the Merchant of Venice we have, for the first time, a treatment of ethical problems. Such problems characterize the middle period, and are worked out to conclusions in the plays of Shakespeare's later years. Shakespeare, whether intentionally or not, has made Shylock the real hero of the play. The complex

character of the Jew, with his avarice, shrewdness and pride, his intensely honest hatred, and touches of humanity, compels our sympathy. The promise of humanity in Shylock remains, however, unfulfilled, and his persecutors go unpunished. The drama is incomplete. Thus in the Merchant of Venice we see the poet awakening to ethical problems, which, however, he had not yet learned to work out to their conclusions.

### CALENDAR

Jan. 18, Concert by Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.

“ 21, Alpha Society.

“ 23, Mid Year Examinations begin.

Feb. 1, Dance : 109, 50 and 84 Elm Street.

“ 2, Second Semester begins.

“ 4, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

“ 8, Concert : In a Persian Garden.

“ 11, Alpha Society.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS,  
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ISABELLA RACHEL GILL. ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

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THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

It is generally admitted by students of the present situation in the world of theology and religion that "the New England doctrine of the trinity is plainly passing through a critical phase in its history." There is a *rapprochement* "quietly going on between so-called Trinitarians and Unitarians"<sup>1</sup> and yet, although "inexorably united by common philosophical and theological principles, they are arrayed against each other in solemn, internecine conflict and the worst charge that can be brought against anyone to-day in the communion of trinitarian saints is that he is somehow, one hardly knows how, a Unitarian."<sup>2</sup>

By this it is seen how "barren" and "absurd"<sup>3</sup> is the result of the present phase of trinitarianism, a result directly due, as the conscientious observer must admit, to the fact that "new theological thought is largely cast in old theological moulds." Terms "coined" by Greek philosophers—incarnation, God-man, trinity—are still the "watchwords of Orthodoxy."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See "A Critical History of the Evolution of Trinitarianism," by Dr. Levi Leonard Paine, chap. I., p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See same book, chap. V., p. 171.

<sup>3</sup> See same book, chap. III., p. 171.

What the situation calls for is a regeneration of theological language, or even the institution of a *new* theological language, which shall be fitted to express exactly the actual meaning of the actual thought.

Such a regeneration as this at the outset would demand sacrifice on both sides. It would demand that every individual should shake off his inherited prejudices and traditions, that he might be free to take on the burden of the responsibility of unbiased, earnest, fearless, personal investigation.

The doctrine of the trinity upon which the present situation hinges has come to us as a legacy of the past—because of its growing complexity through the ages a heavy weight, yet the origin and development of which rightly claims our patient consideration in all open-mindedness and reverence for historical facts. Its study is of importance to religious thinkers in general, as the evolution of the idea of God is central to all religious thought. The conception that God is a trinity is almost universal and may be found in the religions of the following peoples:—Egyptians, Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, Hindoos, Gaulish-Celts, Teutonic-Scandinavians, Greeks, Romans, Phrygians, Persians, Chinese, American tribes, Hawaiians, Polynesians, and the various nationalities which accept Christianity.<sup>1</sup> To Christians in particular the study of the doctrine is important,—first, on account of the fundamental, Christian assumption that God first revealed Himself as one, and that polytheism was a perversion of the original faith after the “fall of man”; again, as the doctrine was the cause of endless controversy in the history of the church, bringing schism, heresy, persecution—in brief, making *unity*, in any true sense, strictly impossible; and finally, because of the present day situation which, concisely stated, is this: the age declares that it is not only every individual's right, but duty, to determine his belief, declare it and defend it.

The best mode of study of the trinitarian doctrine is from the standpoint of evolution used in its broadest sense; for evolution is conceded to be the natural line of growth in history and especially in religious thought. Moreover, evolution gives the true, historical background necessary for a clear, unbiased, critical attitude toward the doctrine. The best means of the study are through comparative religion, which has been termed “almost

<sup>1</sup> See the *Ethnic Trinities*, chap. I., p. 7.

the youngest of the sciences",<sup>1</sup> through critical study of the Bible and the history of the Christian church.

In seeking to trace the origin of the doctrine, the student must begin by examining the nature of human thought processes. What was man's earliest mental experience? The theory has been advanced that "the first instinct of created man" or "the primordial distinction between man and animal" is *imagination*. Imagination, as meaning the faculty by which man is enabled to conceive of something not directly present to his senses, a conception calling for original mental effort or judgment, may be accepted, perhaps, as constituting this "primordial distinction." Whether or not it was the "*first* instinct of created man", it was at least one of his earliest developed faculties, quite early enough to serve our purpose in these investigations. In primæval man it was imagination which was his "chief interpreter of nature and its powers",<sup>2</sup> and which incited the seeking for causes which was the natural consequence of conscious realization of the existence of things. Primæval man observed independent phenomena and because his mind could have no conception of a possible *unity* in and through these independent phenomena, he conceived of separate *causes*. It is not until the reflective and rational qualities appear at a much later stage that man read signs of law and order in Nature and conceived of a single, underlying, all-embracing *cause*.

As a result of this mental experience through the faculties, first of imagination and later of reason, religious thought developed through the following stages in chronological order:—polytheism, trinitarianism, pantheism, dualism and monoism. To go more deeply into the details of this development, it were well to consider, first by themselves, the trinities of the ethnic religions.

The causes for the rise of the conception of trinity in the ethnic religions are several. First and earliest, was the idea that the three elements in generation,—father, mother and son,—might well be symbolic of three elements in divinity. Next arose the problem of God's relation to man. How could Deity hold communication with humanity? And to answer this came the theory of mediation, the idea of a being semi-

<sup>1</sup> See the *Ethnic Trinities*, by Dr. Paine, chap. I., p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> See the *E. T.*, by Dr. Paine, chap. I., p. 9.



divine, a God-man, who acted as messenger between God and man. Again, why did man's mind conceive of God as three rather than as seven or ten or six or four? Seven and ten were indeed venerated among the early nations. But as a model for divinity *three* received invariably the precedence, and this precedence Aristotle defends with his theory of *three*, as the *perfect number*. He declares that "since body has magnitude in three directions it has magnitude in all directions, or, in other words, *three* is the complete or perfect number,"<sup>1</sup>—and therefore the fitting symbol of completeness or perfection as idealized in Divinity. Also, Aristotle draws an analogy from psychology. The laws of thought and reasoning he makes tripartite, thus developing the syllogism.

Having thus determined the causes of the trinitarian tendency in the ethnic religions in general, let us consider the four greatest ethnic faiths in point of trinity, the developed doctrine. The first of these, the Hindoo-Brahmanic, passed through three distinct stages. It began with polytheism, as it appears in the Vedas, a deification of phenomena and powers in nature. In nature the Hindoos recognized three elements—sky, atmosphere and earth—and these they believed were manifested in three divinities, Varuna, Indra and Agni. In this trinity there grew up a tendency to the predominance of the lower gods, Varuna giving place to Indra and Indra to Agni in popular worship, until Agni became a triune god, "the first triality", who comprehended in himself the three-fold unity typical of earth, atmosphere and heaven. In him are all the gods, and thus polytheism gradually grows into pantheism in which Brahma comes to be recognized as absolute god and the Vedic divinities are retained as manifestations of Brahma. Here appears the element of divine incarnation in the god-man Krishna, a "purely pre-christian conception common in ethnic thought", and invented, as always, to explain the relationship between God and man. The last stage of Hindoo-Brahmanic development is Buddhism. Brahmanism sought the heavenly life through knowledge or asceticism; Gautama or Buddha, an historical saint and prophet, sought personal salvation through purity and love. Between the lives and characters of Buddha and Christ there are singular similarities. Both were moral teachers, not dogmatists. Both breathed the spirit of universal

<sup>1</sup> In a Work on Physics.

brotherhood and both declared, "the kingdom of God is within you." There are stories of events in Buddha's life which correspond with the gospel reports of the miraculous birth, temptation and deification of Jesus.<sup>1</sup>

Persian-Zoroastrianism, the second of the four greatest ethnic religions, began with polytheism, but at a very early period took the form of a manifest dualism. The two deities predominating were Ormuzd and Ahriman and represented the warring powers of good and evil. Whether Zoroaster, the saint and prophet of the Persians, was a historical person, is still a matter of dispute, although recent criticism seems to find grounds for believing that he *was*. At any rate, the teachings ascribed to him were the products of a powerful, original mind and in spirit are more like those of Christianity than any other ethnic teachings. Zoroaster was deified, as was his son, Sosiosh, a character conceded to have been purely mythical, the worship of whom forms the third stage in the evolution of Persian-Zoroastrianism. Sosiosh was called the "Savior" and it was prophesied that he should rule for a thousand years at the "end of time." With the decay of the Zend language in which the holy books of Zoroastrianism were written, after the establishment of the Parthian empire, there came a revival of the worship of an old Vedic sun-god, Mithra, familiar to the Persians as the divinity of their ancestors. Mithra was called the "Mediator" and the only remission for sin was believed to be baptism by blood, a ceremony literally performed, the penitent being washed in the blood of a victim offered to divinity. Here is found an analogy with the later Christian conception of the vicarious atonement which, no doubt, had its root in the Persian idea.

It is noticeable that in Persian-Zoroastrianism there never appears any perfectly formulated triad. The nearest approach to it is seen in the worship of Sosiosh and here barely prevented by a lack of fully developed speculative thought and by prejudice against ancient polytheism. Zoroastrianism was introduced into Italy at the decay of the old Roman mythology where it lent itself readily to Christian guise and was finally, under the Christian emperors, assimilated into Christianity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For history of the above see the E. T., chap. IV.

<sup>2</sup> See chap. V., the E. T., by Dr. Paine.

The Greek Homeric trinity was the manifestation of a polytheism, the most perfect from a literary and artistic point of view that history has ever known. Although the persons in the triad change from time to time, they remain always imaginary beings. There is no deification of any historical prophet. The Greeks, like the early Hindoos, perceived three elements in nature—sky, water and land—manifested in three divinities, Zeus, Poseidon and Hades. Gradually the idea of generation had its influence in changing this triad to that of Zeus, Here and Athene, and still later the principle of mediation developed it into that of Zeus, Here and Apollo, although Athene, merely from the fact of being a feminine element in the God-head, never wholly loses her position as mediator. This same trinity appears among the Romans who borrowed it from the Greeks and called the divinities Jupiter, Juno and Minerva.<sup>1</sup>

The Greek philosophical conception of trinity, which first appears in complete form in the doctrine of Numenius and reaches its highest development in the New Platonism of Plotinus, was a gradual growth of speculative thought and had its root in the teachings of Socrates and Plato.

Plato's philosophy is a dualism. He divides the universe into two opposite realms, one of spirit, one of matter. He also presents the conception of three classes of natures—first, the Ideal, Eternal, Uncreated; second, the generated imitation of the first or the *created world*; third, the "nurse of generation", matter or space. The second was produced by the union of the other two. How was this union brought about? How could spirit and matter, two distinct realms or essences, join to form beings, part spirit part matter, as man? Here is seen the natural provocation of Plato's mediatory theory. To bridge the chasm between spirit and matter he was forced to the invention of a being semi-divine, semi-material, blending the natures of the two essences, *Ψυχή*, the "world-soul", the creator of the universe. How spirit and matter came together in the first place, however, to form this being he does not offer to explain.

In Plato appears the term, *λόγος*, which was carried along with the development of both the ethnic and Christian philosophies and upon which, in Christian theology, so much stress has been laid. Plato, its originator as a philosophical term, used it to mean the *intelligence* or *mind* of divinity and as an attribute

<sup>1</sup> See the E. T., chap. VI.

only, never as a person. Philo of Alexandria, taking up what he conceived to be Platonism, gives an entirely new turn to affairs by mis-substantiating Plato's Greek terms. He makes *λόγος* equivalent to *Ψυχή*, the mediator; also *λόγος* loses its original meaning of Divine Intelligence active in creation, and comes to have the bare significance *Word* which remains equivalent to *Ψυχή* or mediator, and thus in time becomes the heart of the Nicene creed.

Plutarch, proceeding from this point, changes Plato's dualism to monoism by destroying the chasm between spirit and matter. Not content with Plato's bridging over the space, he attempts to fill it up and so annihilate it. He also tries to identify the members of the Egyptian trinity—Osiris, Isis and Horus—with Plato's three classes of natures. This was the result of the desire to systematize Plato's purely speculative, disconnected, inconsistent philosophy, which effort, from Plato to Plotinus, was the "sovereign note everywhere visible."<sup>1</sup>

But it was Numenius who presented the first complete, philosophical trinity, making his three persons, the Supreme Deity, the Demiurge or nurse of generation, and the Cosmos or created world. The chief elements seen here are the generative idea and the pantheistic conception that "the whole universe, from its highest to its lowest forms of existence, is one substance and contains one essential divinity."<sup>2</sup> The world, then, is a god and a member of the divine triad. The basis for this trinity Plutarch believed that he found in a writing of Plato's in which he distinguished between the "first", "second" and "third" gods. But scholars have come to believe that this "basis" was only a spurious epistle written by some New Platonist and ascribed to Plato himself.

Greek speculative thought reached its culmination in the New Platonism of Plotinus which represents the "most complete metaphysical system of idealistic pantheism"<sup>3</sup> that the world has ever known. There is a definite historical connection between Numenius and Plotinus. The philosophy of Numenius was read and discussed in the Plotinian school; but Plotinus forms a "more accurate system of thought",<sup>4</sup> proceeding upon "entirely original lines."<sup>4</sup> The radical differences between the

<sup>1</sup> See the E. T., chap. VII, p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> See the E. T., chap. VII., p. 160.

<sup>3</sup> See the E. T., chap. VIII., p. 168.

<sup>4</sup> See the E. T., chap. VIII., p. 162.

trinity of Numenius and that of Plotinus are as follows :—Numenius made the Demiurge the second number of his triad ; Plotinus makes it the third. Numenius made the Cosmos the third member ; Plotinus, returning to Plato's idealistic dualism, discards the Cosmos in the trinity and substitutes a spiritual principle.

Plotinus was a student of all the Greek philosophers ; aside from this, he was indebted to no one. He used his knowledge in his own way and chose as the basis of his system Aristotle's doctrine that the world was never created but eternal, since the principle of all motion must be eternal and so eternally productive of motion in the physical universe."<sup>1</sup>

Two words have been used to describe the essence of Plotinianism ; they are *pantheism* and *trinitarianism*, and in the Plotinian system each term involves the other.<sup>2</sup> The originality of the conception lies in its completely metaphysical, transcendental character. Plotinus makes his trinity τὸ ἓν, The One ; δ νοῦς, the mind ; ἡ ψυχή, the soul. There is no mythological background, no possibility of a material element. It is pure metaphysics and into it no such conception as that of a carnal incarnation could possibly enter.<sup>3</sup>

Since evolution is the natural line of growth in religious thought, when we come to consider Christianity we find it rich in historic background. The thought of the world is imbued with a wealth of theory and doctrine, the development of ages of mental activity, from the time when primæval man began to ask the causes of natural phenomena to the time when Plotinus was formulating his transcendental system. The Christian conception of the trinity, then, has its sources in the ethnic philosophies and in the problem which, soon after his martyrdom, presented itself to the followers of the Galilean prophet—the problem of the nature of Jesus Christ. For theologically Christianity is a christology and on this depend all controversies and differences.

The steps in the development of the Christian dogma of the trinity may here for our purpose be rather roughly divided into three parts—first, the Greek Athanasianism ; then, the Latin

<sup>1</sup> See the E. T., chap. VIII., p. 154.

<sup>2</sup> See same, chap. VIII., p. 155.

<sup>3</sup> For history of Evolution of Greek Philosophical Trinity and Plotinianism, chaps. VII. and VIII.

Augustinianism ; and finally, the subsequent development of the doctrine, especially in England and New England.

Greek Athanasianism is the first definite, completed stage attained. Here the immediate historic background is found in the Old and New Testaments. The former is dominated by Jewish monotheism. Augustine's argument for trinity, which he believed he found indicated by a plural pronoun in the first person put into the mouth of Jehovah, in the opening chapters of Genesis, has been shown to be a false interpretation of either a "royal We" or the remnant of an earlier reference to ancestral polytheism. The New Testament finds its chief expression in terms of the Messianic hope. The idea of the Messiahship of Jesus dominates the Book of Acts and the Synoptic gospels with the exception of the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke and the Fourth Gospel. These introduce the element of the miraculous and are now recognized by Biblical critics to belong to a much later period than the other New Testament books.

The forerunners of Athanasius were Paul, Justin Martyr and Origen. Paul, with his Greek education, intruded Greek philosophical thought into Jewish palestinianism. He accepted and brought forward the Greek, Philonic theory of a "metaphysical, superhuman mediator", which was transformed into the old Jewish messianic doctrine. Thus Paul laid the foundation for the Christian idea of trinity, although nowhere did he form a complete, theological doctrine of trinity. He never confounds God and Christ ; but he advances from messianism (Son of Man) to mediatorship (Son of God), anticipating the *λογος* doctrine and he puts Christ in a position only inferior to God. His two articles, monotheism and mediatorship, form the basis of the church.

Justin Martyr was the first to bring the *λογος* doctrine into the church. As he never makes any allusion to the Fourth Gospel—nor indeed has any previous church father made allusion to it—it is inferred that he drew the doctrine wholly from Greek philosophical sources and then proceeded to identify it with the mediatorship which Paul ascribed to Christ. Thus the Christ of history becomes obscured in the Christ of metaphysics and the way is prepared for Origen, "the boldest speculative thinker of the early church" who goes a step farther and contributes

1 See E. of T., chap. I., p. 34.

the idea of the eternal generation of the Son, though always maintaining that the Son is subordinate to the Father.

Athanasius's consummate step is in identifying Christ with God and immediately this is done stands the problem of Athanasianism in fully developed form :—how can we have Tritheism and at the same time Monoism ? How are the Three, One ?<sup>1</sup>

Latin Augustinianism shows very little historical background. Augustine, coming in the fourth century, found the tradition of Greek culture mostly lost. His education was Latin and he was forced, almost entirely, to rely upon his original inferences drawn from his own philosophical study. Athanasius placed the emphasis upon the idea of the *trinity* of God, while maintaining still that God was a *Unit*. Augustine lays his stress upon the *Unity* of God while maintaining still that God is a *Trinity*. Athanasius asks, How are the Three, *One* ? Augustine's problem is, How is the One, *Three* ?<sup>2</sup> It is evident that the two statements are paradoxical : yet, during the Middle Ages, the church accepted both, blind to the fact of their contradiction. The explanation of this is found principally in the circumstance that the church was too fully occupied with efforts to preserve the bonds of the papacy to give its attention to doctrines ; but after the Renaissance there came an assertion of individual, intellectual freedom which resulted in critical examination of church doctrines with a view to discovering their historical bases and true significance.

In England theological investigations were enthusiastically carried on and controversy ensued. It was at the close of the seventeenth century that Firmin's Tracts, the beginning of these discussions in England, appeared. Briefly summarized, the position of the "Tracts" is that "the unity of God is a unity of persons as well as of natures. Therefore, God being unipersonal, cannot be three persons any more than a man can be three persons."<sup>3</sup>

To this Sherlock replies with "unity of persons and natures is true ; but the three persons are distinct minds or *beings*."<sup>4</sup> Whereupon Waterland, whose ponderous, lofty, theological style carried great weight with the men of his day, made what

<sup>1</sup> See E. of T., chap. I.

<sup>2</sup> See same, chap. II.

<sup>3</sup> E. of T., chap. III., p. 90.

<sup>4</sup> See same.

has been regarded as the "consummate and unanswerable defense of orthodoxy." That the conception of orthodoxy should have arisen to *require* defense is a misfortune. Orthodoxy implies heterodoxy; or, in other words, there has been set up a fixed standard for human thinking and all opinions which do not conform to this standard are a divergence from the truth. What Waterland said was nothing new. He was a traditionalist and merely restated Augustinianism. However, the "defense" was universally accepted and accordingly, for the time being, theological progress slipped back to the point from which the discussions had started, and stood still.<sup>1</sup>

During the early days of colonial life in New England, religious thinkers concerned themselves exclusively with Arminianism, the principles of conditional election, universal redemption and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, with the result that their attention was diverted from the doctrine of the trinity. But discussions of this dogma were renewed by Jonathan Edwards who, however, does not venture to say much concerning it, but only admits that he is "not quite clear as to the meaning of 'person' as applied to God."<sup>2</sup> Hopkins follows with Augustinian views. He fails in the ability to define the "Three Somewhats." Emmons, his disciple and successor, is a logician. He sets aside Origen's doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son as "eternal nonsense",<sup>3</sup> a mere fabrication of speculative thought, "rationally inconceivable",<sup>4</sup> and declares that "being" and "person" are not necessarily equivalent.

In 1819 came Channing and the Unitarian controversy. Channing was, substantially, an Arian, since he held that Christ was a "preëxistent, divine being, but independent of and subordinate to the Father, who is the one supreme Deity."

A revival of the old Sabellian movement followed under Stuart and Bushnell. The former made one of the most valuable contributions of the age to theological thought. He discovered and declared the paradox in the Athanasian and Augustinian statements.

At this juncture, philosophical development in Germany comes to exert its influence, finding its leaders in such men as H. B.

<sup>1</sup> See same, chap. III., p. 100.

<sup>2</sup> See same, chap. III., p. 103.

<sup>3</sup> See same, chap. III., p. 104.

<sup>4</sup> See same, chap. III., p. 105.



Smith, Shedd and Dörner. The central idea of this phase of "Transcendental Modalism" is, "*God is a plural unit*"<sup>1</sup> and its nature is purely paradoxical, a playing with words. This school represents the "last remnant of extreme metaphysical thought." Its most famous argument for trinitarianism is the conception of the "Social Trinity." Based on the assumption that in order for a person to exercise consciousness he must be put into social relations with another person or other persons, it is declared that as God was alone before creation he must have had an interior triple personality as the means of conscious existence. Here Dr. Paine, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, finds argument irresistible and his answer is too characteristically piquant to be passed by. He says:—

"This theory is simply another speculative effort to explain and defend the threeness of God, but it is psychologically unsound. Self-consciousness, which is the condition of personality, does not require the actual existence of any individual non-ego in order to its activity. The ego postulates its own subjective non-ego by a psychological necessity. It is the mystery of personality that the subject of it is self-conscious. God as a person, is a *social unit*, and needs no trinity of persons in order to the exercise of his social nature. Man certainly is not a "social trinity" yet the first man, Adam, seems to have been very sociable with himself before Eve was created to be a helpmeet to him. When Robinson Crusoe, in the realistic story of De Foe, was cast on a desert island without human companionship, was it necessary that his nature should be trinitarianized in order to the continued exercise of his social, moral instincts? The simple suggestion of it carries on its face its utter absurdity. What makes the story so true to life is the natural way in which Robinson lives alone, keeps a diary of his long solitude and tells us how he sighed and wept over his lonely lot. Did it ever occur to any one that Crusoe was in danger of losing his mind or capacity of self-consciousness during those twelve years of complete isolation? Rather, in fact, were not his faculties of personality quickened into more vigorous activity by his lonely experience? Such, certainly, is the impression made by the story—a story so skilfully told that it has all the verisimilitude of an historical autobiography. And must we regard the Divine personality as deficient in those qualities of persistent

<sup>1</sup> Shedd quoted—E. T., chap. III. p. 115.

self-consciousness which are so plainly inherent in human persons?"<sup>1</sup>

Following these transcendental thinkers is a group of so-called "Liberal Orthodox" leaders—Joseph Cook, the eloquent but illogical preacher who, without either his or his people realizing it, did all in his power to destroy trinitarianism, Dr. Lyman Abbott, who follows the thought of the modalists and Dr. A. Bradford, who puts the question to himself and himself attempts to answer it, he says: "The problem of the trinity is simply this: Are Father, Son and Holy Ghost three names for one Being or do they denote three distinct persons?" His answer is: "The trinity does not mean three distinct persons but three distinctions in one person."

Here we are brought face to face with a "critical turning point in the history of trinitarian thought. The old cycle has run itself out and a new cycle must inevitably begin."

The spirit of this "new cycle" is expressed in the doctrine of "the essential divineness of humanity and especially of Christ, the unique representative of mankind, who was, in this sense, a true incarnation of deity."<sup>2</sup> Its representatives are Dr. Phillips Brooks, Dr. J. M. Whiton, Dr. George A. Gordon and Dr. Minot J. Savage. Dr. Brooks brings over with him taints of Sabellianism but places his most emphatic emphasis on "the essential kinship of the divine and the human."<sup>3</sup> Dr. Whiton is monoistic, pantheistic and modalistic, though he himself denies these attributes and calls himself merely a "Trinitarian."

Dr. Gordon attempts to give us a new christology, to explain Christ's metaphysical being. In his argument for divine trinity he refers back to transcendental modalism, making his basis a modified form of Shedd's "social trinity." He begins by declaring that the universe is not eternal, that since its characteristics as a universe depend wholly upon the receptivity of human minds, it was created with man and must pass with man. But the universe is merely a manifestation of *Force*. When it no longer exists, then, ultimately *Force* remains. But what is *Force*? Why, *Force*, as nearly as can be determined, "would seem to be" will, intelligent will, and thus God Himself.

<sup>1</sup> The E. T., chap. II., pp. 19-20.

<sup>2</sup> The E. of T., chap. III., p. 126.

<sup>3</sup> The same, chap. III., p. 127.

<sup>4</sup> The same.

<sup>5</sup> The same, p. 130.

Therefore, as the universe no longer exists, but Force alone remains, God alone remains "without object or reason for being." Or does God find an object in Himself without society? If he does, then he is an "eternal egoist" and must be without love. Absurd! God must love and thus have objects of love. He must be a society. "Put into the Godhead some reality answering to the words Father, Son and Holy Spirit", says Dr. Gordon, "and one is able to think of the divine knowledge and love as real."<sup>1</sup>

Disciples of Dr. Savage find an opposing argument which answers that of Dr. Gordon, point by point. In the first place, the actual universe and man's *idea* of it are two separate things; accordingly the universe itself need not have come into existence only when man was created or cease when man ceases to exist. In fact the universe must have existed eternally or God was once not a creator and has thus undergone a *change*, an idea incompatible with the fundamental conception of the immutability of the divine nature. Accordingly, if the embryo of the universe, the seed of His creatures, were eternally present in the essence of Divinity why should they not have been from Infinity the object of God's love and knowledge? Why should it be necessary to make God a trinitarian society?

All the leaders of the "new cycle", however, base their theology largely upon the philosophy of Emerson, whose christology is found embodied in these words of his: "One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates Himself in man and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of the world, and in that sublime consciousness, he declared, 'I am divine.'" They all accept as their general belief that "Incarnation is not a single event but an ages-long process", that there are many incarnations and that Jesus Christ is not the *only* son of God.

So the doctrine of the trinity presents its problems to us to-day as it presented its problems to others in the past. It becomes our heritage as the creature of past limitation, bringing with it the accumulated burden of the ages. It forces itself upon us as a prophecy for the future and we read its possibilities of development in the predominating tendencies it shows to-day. These tendencies classified are three,—Sabellian-Patripassianism, man's constantiability with God, and a monoistic

<sup>1</sup> For this complete argument, see *Ultimate Conceptions of Faith*, by Dr. Gordon. Chap. IX., on *The Absolute Ultimate: God*, pp. 368-372.

philosophy; which elements are only with difficulty distinguished and unite what appear to be different trinitarian positions on "essentially common ground."

Whichever has been our inheritance—the inclination to cherish tenderly even *obvious* inconsistencies, or the disposition to seek resolutely the truth through reason—the present development of the situation shows that it is little more than a matter of words. When we have succeeded in learning how to express ourselves in terms which shall be neither antedated or paragramatic but which shall convey the "actual meaning of the actual thought", then we shall be able to discover where we really stand. Perhaps we may find, to our surprise, when the veil of obscure or incompetent language is taken away, that there is neither ascent nor descent between us, but that whatever we have been saying, it has all been an attempt to express synonymous ideas. And by that time, other obstacles, such as prejudice and rivalry, will have disappeared long before and Trinitarians and Unitarians shall stand united.

MARION SAVAGE.

### LANNATRE

Cold, cold upon the convent roofs the Northern midnight lies;  
All silent is the sleeping earth, all hushed the starry skies.  
Above the pine-embattled rock that frowneth toward the sea  
The Northern Cross is setting o'er the snows of Lannatre.

So white the abbey walls you scarce discern them 'gainst the snow,  
Save where the ivies, thick and black, in straggling patches grow;  
White, white and hushed the moonlit close, and chaste the cold stars be,  
When the Northern Cross is setting o'er the snows of Lannatre.

Pale silver gleams the moonlight through the spire-window high.  
Black on the snow—as black as sin!—the cloister shadows lie.  
O hushed, O breathless midnight!—'tis an awful thing to see,  
When the Northern Cross is setting o'er the snows of Lannatre.

O may the pitying Saviour who for our sin was slain  
In great compassion purge a heart so darkly scored with stain!  
O vision of the Cross,—reveal thy mercy unto me,  
While the Northern Cross is setting o'er the snows of Lannatre!

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

## A SOUTHERN LOVE STORY

No one could say when the Carter-Vane feud began, but as far back as Colonial days there had been duels and open warfare. Some affirmed a Vane once eloped with the bride of a Carter, others that a Carter was the offender, while still others referred to an old quarrel over the little lake which divided the two plantations.

At any rate there had been continual antagonism, with a period of silent smoldering enmity, until now an historic coldness separated the families and a lively and aggressive rivalry possessed the two sons. Their paths seemed to cross at every turn, and Caspar Vane—Black Caspar, he was called, for the Vanes were all dark—hated the Carters, root and branch and Ralph Carter more than the rest together—a hatred that young Ralph returned with energy. High words passed often between them, and there was like to be worse, when suddenly Virginia Vane took it into her pretty head to make these two warring spirits brothers-in-law, by allowing this same Ralph Carter to fall desperately in love with her and by falling as desperately in love with him as maiden reserve allows. Moreover, after Ralph had rescued Virginia from the cold waters of the lake and borne her dripping and unconscious to her mother's arms, that mother could scarcely forbid his visits. There are not wanting those who affirm, that Virginia, being a young woman of resource, had deliberately and to this end overturned her boat; be that as it may, she nearly strangled before her young lover could drag her out.

Thereafter, Ralph made a stately call upon her each week in her mother's presence, with the old Carter coach waiting at the door. The rest of the week, they met by the lake, where four great cotton-woods, shading a low bench, had guarded generations of lovers.

Frail widowed Mrs. Vane smiled and shut her eyes to all this, not ill pleased to see the quarrel ended, and there was no father and mother to interfere with young Ralph, but Black Caspar

opposed the engagement with main and might. It was small wonder, considering the depth of his hatred for Ralph, but it was great wonder, after all his bitter words and daring threats, when his opposition suddenly ceased and he went quietly his own way with no interference with the lovers. His way led, once a day, past a great gate in the woods, where little Georgiana Carter came to meet him. She was scarcely more than a child, with no knowledge at all of life, and a mighty belief in her own worldly wisdom. Caspar had no way of courting her openly, she was so young, nor yet any intention of so doing. Thus while Ralph and Virginia met by the lake, Georgiana lingered secretly at the gate and listened with both her pretty, pink ears to all the flattery and entreaty her lover would pour into them. Caspar had for the child all the charm of romance and mystery, and heaven knows what besides—she was convinced that she loved him and would die without him, and at length she agreed to a runaway marriage, and set the night and the time.

What Caspar's motives in the affair were, no one ever knew. Perhaps the child really attracted him—perhaps it was pleasant to carry off one of the Carters, and snap his fingers at Ralph, who idolized this little sister. Perhaps—as Ralph believed, he planned from the beginning the base revenge that he took—all that is known is that he ordered horses for the flight, and then, stopping for a drink on the way, stayed all the evening in the wine-room, drinking and carousing, and telling all the gaping crowd of the little Carter girl, who was waiting for him in vain.

Word was not slow in reaching Ralph, who at first held it for drunken raving. Then, when Georgiana could not be found, he tore thro' the woods to the old gate, and found the poor child there, in terror and tears at her lover's delay, with a panic-stricken little black maid clinging to handboxes and bundles.

Packing them back to the house, he strode on to the wine-room, where the crowd fell back before him, and silently made way to where Black Caspar sprawled, with his glass in hand. Carter struck him to the floor and, standing over him, delivered a challenge to fight with pistols the next morning—a challenge Caspar accepted with brutal rage. Two intoxicated young men agreed to be at the spot decided upon, to act as witnesses and seconds. No one thought of interfering. A Vane and a Carter were bound to quarrel, and the Southern courts would never

probe into affairs between gentlemen. And so young Ralph rode away again to make his will and leave a letter for Georgiana, and Caspar sank into a tipsy sleep at the hotel.

Punctually at seven the four assembled under the trees. It was damp and misty—rather a depressing day for youthful spirits—and the two seconds had begun to reflect and dissuade.

It would have been well, perhaps, if Black Caspar had reflected, but he was in an ugly, jeering mood, and his bruised lip had swollen painfully in the night.

"Good morning, brother-in-law," he cried, but whether in mockery of Virginia or Georgiana, no one knows, tho' they aver Georgiana was in his mind.

Ralph's blood was racing like fever in his veins, but his voice was low and controlled when he spoke. He had written and signed a confession of suicide; this he handed to Caspar for his protection. Caspar crumpled it up and pushed it into his pocket.

"Do you think I'll make out one of those?" he demanded. "There's been enough of this mummery. Go to law for your sister's grievance—this is no time to play with pistols!"

"My sister has no grievance!" Ralph flung out, passionately, "but I have, sir, for your presumption in addressing her at all. Take your place—or I will drive you to your death, as I would drive a dog!"

"My death?" Black Caspar sneered, "I never miss, brother-in-law, when I shoot. If you will have your fool's play of the Middle Ages, you had better make a will, and provide a guardian for that pretty sister"—and with the words he took one of the pistols. As he reached his place opposite the other, something in the grim tension of young Carter's body—something in the gleaming eyes in his pale boy's face—fixed Caspar's attention and chilled the swaggering oath on his lips. He looked down irresolutely at the weapon in his hand and then at the other's eyes.

"You mean to murder me, curse you!" he snarled.

"I do," said Ralph Carter, quietly.

With no other words, they took their positions.

"One," called a second—then, "two," and at two Black Caspar aimed and fired.

The ball struck Ralph's right shoulder; he tottered, and then stiffened. The hate in his eyes glowed like fire at the other's

dastard trick. Slowly, painfully, he raised his arm, and took deliberate aim, while Caspar stood, pulling in vain at his useless trigger. The pistols were loaded with but one ball.

Then Ralph fired, and Caspar fell headlong.

"Shot through the heart!" the frightened seconds reported. Ralph had but few words for them. He leaned a moment weakly against a tree, as he gave them some directions, but he would not suffer them to bind his wound. Without a look at his old enemy, he mounted and rode away thro' the woods, his shattered arm dangling painfully at his side. Suddenly, ghost-like, Virginia Vane started into his path. She was out of breath from running, for the rumor of the encounter had just reached her, but at his face, she stopped—and knew her haste was useless.

"Is he—dead?" she whispered.

"It—it had to be," Carter said, dully.

She put her hand to her side, like one in pain. "That shot killed me, too, Ralph," she said. Then the old race hatred seemed to wake in her—she flung back her head and faced him with bitter, angry eyes.

"If I were a *man*—I'd kill you—you *Carter*!" she brought out.

"I wish you could," Carter answered, apathetically. "It would be easier than this."

"Am I nothing?" she flung back at him. "Couldn't you have thought of *me*?" Then she saw his arm, and would have flown to his side. "You are hurt!" she cried, and then, distractedly, "I am glad!—Oh, I ought to be glad! Let me bind it up."

"No, no," he put her off. "Let me go on, Virginia."

Her hands fell to her side. Her figure seemed to droop and shrink under the awful burden laid upon her.

"Yes—go on," she whispered. "Good bye, Ralph!"

"Good bye," he answered, and without looking at each other, they passed and parted.

Virginia went forward to meet her dead, and Ralph returned to tell Georgiana. Mercifully for him, he became ill—ill and delirious—and mercifully for her, the nursing he required left her little time to give to grief. He was too ill to attend the form of a trial the courts gave the duel. A verdict of guilty was brought in, and a fine of something like a hundred dollars imposed, and that was quite all there was to the affair.



Little Georgiana was sent to Maryland to boarding school, and then married and forgot the old tempest and tragedy. Ralph went abroad, and returned after years of travel, thin and brown, silent, unemotional, reserved. He never stays long at home, but goes back to his wanderings and to his collecting of jade and ivory, the only subjects on which he waxes eloquent. Once or twice he has met Virginia—who has lived on alone in the old home—in public, at church, or at some entertainment, but never again by the lake they knew so well. The old bench has fallen to decay and the path to it is choked with briars. Indeed it would be difficult for Virginia to follow it now, for she has gained weight with the years, and in this portly, handsome old lady, with the quick tongue and twinkling glance, it would be hard to recognize the white, terror-stricken girl who had wept her lover with her brother — only there comes such a gentleness to her at times, such an exquisite tenderness for any hurt or suffering soul, that one in reading her quiet eyes knows that the old romance was not buried with the old wrong of the quarrel, but lies, ever sweet and living, in her heart.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

### GOLDEN DAYS AND GRAY

The golden days came first, and then the gray.  
Which ruled our lives the most, dear, who can say?  
The golden days were sweet and sweet their song,  
But the gray days drew us close and love grew strong.

LOUISE FRANCES STEVENS.

### IN A VISION

"Send me an angel, O my God," I prayed,  
"To lead me to Thy holy throne above,  
For I would see Thy shining face and know  
That Thou art Love."

And as I prayed, an angel came and stood  
All white like drifted snow, and spoke no word.  
Scarce dared I think that in the distant Heaven  
My prayer was heard.

But all my life leaped up, and from my eyes  
The darkness fell as falls a cold dead thing.  
Lowly I bowed. The angel led me on  
To see the King.

And far through many a world I followed him,  
Where other suns and other moons shone bright,  
Till all around me burned, ineffable,  
The strange new light.

And in the light—so bright my eyes grew dim,  
Beyond great bars I could not pass alone,  
Rose, coldly white, forever distant far,  
An empty throne.

I could not cry—for all my soul was dead ;  
Deep buried in a light I did not know.  
Before my face I felt the years slip by,  
Grey-garbed and slow.

And then the angel spoke. It seemed to me  
That I awoke as from a dream of pain.  
"O brother," and I listened. "Seek ye God?  
Here search in vain."

"This is His empty throne; He is not here,  
Barred in from men, a holy one apart.  
Go search for Him in that far land you know,  
And learn His heart."

"He is not here. His empty throne was built  
When worlds were young, and men too blind to see  
Reared in the Heaven's a wondrous judgment seat,  
Where God might be."

"But ye can find Him not on kingly throne.  
Go—ye have seen ; ye know where He is found."  
Glad spoke the angel, and, departing left  
A glory round.

And still the glory spread, till all the lands  
Breathed music ; and I knew each flower a prayer.  
And love wrapped all about me ; then I saw  
God everywhere.

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

## A LONG ISLAND TALE

The sun was just rising over the shallow waters of Quantuck Bay. A red glow on the windows of the fishing village on the western shore, a mirror-like reflection of the brilliant sky in its still surface lent color and beauty to a flat and monotonous scene. The low-lying and marshy shores, the endless line of grey dunes, and the multitude of top-heavy eelpots that dotted the still water, could be picturesque only in some such softened light. A broad-bottomed cat-boat with dingy sail was drifting—for as yet the day's breeze had not sprung up—toward the mouth of the narrow canal which leads into Shinnecock Bay. At her tiller sat a man whose tanned and weather-beaten face, covered by a network of seams and wrinkles was, while hard and set, still full of the dignity which seems often to become a part of those whose lives are spent at sea. He wore a suit of yellow oilskins, wet and glistening from recent use, and at his feet in the bottom of the boat lay something concealed from view by a piece of rough sail-cloth. He tugged now and then at an unlighted briarwood, and his eyes shifted restlessly between the object at his feet and his limp and sagging peak, as though perchance the cargo were distasteful, and a breeze particularly to be desired. Down the canal, in the distance, a group of buildings and a tall Marconi pole upon the dunes showed that the government station was scarcely a mile away, but the sun had fully risen and an oppressive heat set in when the cat-boat poled at last alongside its pier.

Two or three overturned life-boats and piles of buoys and ropes lay along the shore, and as the boat docked, a big burly man in a captain's uniform straightened up from where he appeared to be at work among these, and lounged toward the sailor. He greeted him, as is the custom, with a curt, unsmiling nod, and with the usual formula—"Anything to report from the watch, Raynor?"

The sailor with a slight motion of the head indicated the shape which lay in the boat's cockpit, and answered briefly, "Man drowned."

"So?" said the captain, with a slight air of interest, and he jumped aboard and pulled the sail-cloth aside curiously. "Do you know who it is?" he asked.

"A fisherman named Louis Nichols," answered Raynor. "I've knowed him a long time. He was that fellow that lived over to Smith's Point with a kid—goodness knows where *he'd* come from, but some said as haow it was his son. You must 'a seed him settin' out nets many 's the time."

"I don't remember," said the captain of the station, thoughtfully. "Did you say he had a kid? How'd he come to get drowned anyhow? It seems funny."

"He must 'a been drunk," said Raynor. "That's what he was more 'n once when I've seed him. There was a big surf last night, you know, and it wa'n't much of a surprise to me when I ketched a sight of this fellow rolling back'ards an' for'ards in the edge of it. I hadn't thought to get through the watch without it, but I will say it give me a turn when I saw who 'twas. It's a durned shame, that's what it is. A man with a kid to take care on shouldn't never have went that way."

The two men started together up the board walk to the Government House, the captain drawing from his pocket a note-book and pencil and jotting down points as they walked along. "Let's see now," he said, "Man drowned in heavy surf off Smith's Point. Name, Louis Nichols. Occupation, fisherman. Age, about 45. Leaves one child, which will be committed to State care. There, can you supply anything else? Well, then, I'll turn that right in and send some of the men down to the boat. As for the kid, you seem to know best where to lay hold on him. I'll give you the day off to see about getting him over to the Refuge at Babylon. I'll give you the papers to have him taken in there, and then this job will be over."

Raynor scowled, and scratched his head thoughtfully, opened his mouth to speak, closed it again, and finally said, "All right, sir," in a tone that clearly meant "All wrong." The captain looked at him in surprise, for there was usually no question to his orders, even in inflection. This clearly indicated something very much out of the way. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I thought you never objected to an all day sail. Go home to breakfast first, and there'll be a breeze o' wind out of the north-'ard by the time you're ready to start."

Raynor gave a readier assent this time, and turned away after touching his cap respectfully. The little, white cottage whither the life-saver now tended his steps was half a mile down the dunes from the station. Without, it was neat and pretty, and

its yard showed some attempt at cultivation. Within, it was clean, and that cannot be said of many of the shoremen's houses. Small of course it was, very small for the needs of six, but it held a deal of happiness for all that, and the face of its owner brightened and his step quickened as he approached. The family were at breakfast, but when the father appeared in the doorway there was a wild precipitation of four small bodies upon his lap, and overturned chairs were allowed to remain for awhile unheeded.

"Aren't you late to-day, Frank?" asked a small and delicate looking woman who had stood in the background during the children's onslaught. "What kept you? And set right down before your coffee can get any colder than it is on you."

In the face of Frank's wife lay the secret of the unusual character of his home. A certain refinement of feature, and an unfailing fund of cheeriness combined to make her an object of pride and tenderness to the rough seafarer. He strode over and kissed her awkwardly now, and she flushed with pleasure, as she did each morning that he did not forget. Raynor sat down and took a long drink of the cup at his hand before commencing the story of his night's work. Seldom it was that he returned from the nightly tramp up and down the lonely beach without bringing home something to relate, and there had been a wilder surf the night before than for several weeks past. Loudly it still boomed a hundred yards from his doorway, and even while the sun now made rainbows in its high flung spray, it was angry and sinister. With something more of detail than in his report to the captain, Raynor described how the waves had washed their victim almost to his feet as he passed along the beach; how he carried it unaided across the dunes to where Louis Nichols' fishing boats were moored; how he had borrowed one of these boats and come away without even a look inside the tiny hut where the man had lived. When he paused as though all had been said, Frank had not mentioned the boy who was to be the object of his day's work.

In a few minutes the sailor finished his meal, pushed back his chair from the table, and announced brusquely, "I ain't comin' home to lunch. Just give me some bread and a bottle of water and I'm off."

"And what *are* you goin' to do all day?" asked Mary. "Ain't it bad enough that ye've gone all night without layin' eyes on ye from breakfast till supper time?"

"I've business at Babylon, Mary," he said, "and will be back as soon as a north wind'll fetch me. Do you need anything afore I go?"

Mary looked anxious a moment. "Well, I guess we can manage," she said, "but there's not much left from the last pay. I had to get Mattie some shoes this week, that's all."

Raynor took a small roll from his pocket and carefully divided it. Then he walked over to the door and stood a minute with evident desire to speak. Frowning from one to the other of the astonished little towheads about the table, he seemed strangely ill at ease.

"Is anything the matter?" cried Mary.

"No. I'm off now," he answered, and the next minute was swinging along the beach back toward the life-saving station.

Toward evening of that same day Raynor was again steering for the entrance of the Shinnecock canal, a dying land breeze off the port quarter. He lounged comfortably in the bottom of the boat, his sheet was tied, and his tiller nearly motionless. Off the dunes, tall bay weeds make out from the marshes and the boat slid through them with a rushing sound. The rudder, catching for an instant on the edge of a submerged root, made a slight jar, and at this a small form on the floor beside the sailor stirred, and a meek little voice spoke up from it. "Ain't we most there, mister?"

"You lay low, and speak when you're spoke to," said Raynor, not unkindly, and laying his free hand on the boy's shoulder. "We're most home all right, but if you 'n I'd went to Babylon as we'd ought to, there ain't no wind on the south shore could 'a brought us back yet. I guess we'll have to tack and stand down the bay half an hour, for I daren't put ashore till sundown. You'll get some supper afore to-morrow mornin' anyhow, and what more do you want?"

"Nothin'," said the small voice, and lapsed into silence again.

Raynor put the boat about and headed back westward on an aimless serpentine course. "It's took us considerable longer to get from Smith's Point to Quogue than ever I knowed it before," he remarked after a minute with a sheepish chuckle. "We've come what ye might call round-about." The boy moved a bit closer to him and said nothing.

"Poor little kid," said the man, throwing a protective arm across him, "we'll treat you square, so don't be scared if things

is a bit strange to you at first. If I was only sure about Mary—" He left the sentence in the air.

A few minutes later the small passenger was showing unmistakable signs of slumber, for it had been a strange hard day, even for a child of seven, and as Raynor looked down at him and thought perhaps of that, his face became softened for an instant. He left the tiller long enough to stow the little fellow away up forward under the deck, safe and warm.

At last, when the sun had disappeared from view and the evening hum of distant crickets and frogs had begun, the skipper headed his boat before the wind for home, aiding the soft breeze by steady poling with an oar on the muddy bottom. After docking, Raynor made everything ship-shape on board, and then crept forward and listened for a minute to the regular breathing of his passenger. Then he tiptoed across the deck, leapt ashore and started slowly for home. During that walk through the heavy sand Raynor scarcely raised his eyes once from the ground, and his face was perplexed and apprehensive. "Dash it all," he muttered, "I was never afraid to face Mary afore." At the door Mary stood, watching for him, and at sight of her he would have liked to turn and run, but there was no avoiding the meeting.

Frank's wife greeted him with a smile. "You've made a quick trip in such a light wind," she said.

Frank stood uneasily before her, making no motion to go in. "It ain't no three days' journey to Babylon," he said crossly. "Is supper ready?"

"Yes, if you want it now."

"Well—fact is, I've left a package in the boat that I'd ought to've left at the station, and I guess I'll go back and see to it first."

"Can't I send one of the boys?" asked Mary, "they're somewhere about."

"I—no—it's too important," said Frank. "But"—here he hesitated, it was so unusual a request to make—"but you might as well come along with me."

In silent astonishment, Mary suited her pace to her husband's, and they walked together toward the pier. She broke the silence first.

"One o' the boys found out over to the station to-day what it was you'd went to Babylon for."

"He did, did he?" Frank looked at her anxiously.

"Yes, and I wanted to tell you that I was sorry about it," she went on.

"Sorry—how? Why?"

"Well, I was sorry for that poor lonely little thing bein' took a 'sylum, and it seems kinder pitiful too, when his father's just died. If you'd told me about it afore you went ——"

"Yes?"

"Well, I would 'a maybe asked you something strange. Of course we have four, and your pay ain't none too big for just ourselves, but one more wouldn't 'a made much difference, and——"

Frank's countenance was a study of emotions. He broke in with—"Why, what do you mean? Ain't you got enough to tend to now? Ain't it hard enough to make everything do for six without adding another to feed and take care on? Ain't you pale now with all you got to do?"

Mary sighed. "I knowed you wouldn't want it, Frank, and mebbe I oughtn't to've said a word about it, and I wouldn't if I hadn't been thinkin' of that lonely baby all day, and wishin' he could be better looked out for."

Frank laughed—a long subdued chuckle. Then, in true nautical fashion, he slapped his knees. Words evidently failed to express his relief, and Mary stood stock still on the end of the pier watching him—fearful for his sanity almost. He started on a jog trot for the boat, and before stepping aboard turned once to say, "Mary, I'll know better'n to misjudge ye again like I have to-day. As for the kid—don't you worry. He's happy. He will be, I'll warrant, with you to tend to him, and it's right you are that *we* can get along."

"Why—why—where is he?" asked Mary, completely puzzled.

Frank stooped and disappeared from view under the deck for an instant. When he re-appeared and rose to his feet he bore aloft a slender, ragged, drowsy child, who only roused himself enough to sigh and nestle deeper into the arms of his new protector.

"Here he is!" said Frank.

And Mary cried, "I knew it. I knew it all along!"

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.



## SKETCHES

### THE SINGER

A slight form, bent and weary, now,  
A toil-worn hand, a care-worn brow,  
And dear, dark eyes in whose depth lies  
The peace and joy of sacrifice.

No note of music's score knows she,  
But her whole life is harmony;  
Her self an anthem sweet and grand,  
A song of love, her toil-worn hand.

MERTICE PARKER THRASHER.

John Sherwood stepped around the children blocking the walk. Then, lured by laughing young voices, his eyes sought the attraction in a stationer's window.

**Her Valentine** Nothing but rows of comic pictures, like a gaudy hued wash hung up to dry. Below, in satin-lined boxes, lay printed hearts, at which dainty cupids aimed golden arrows. Grouped near were wondrous guitars and harps of plush and tinsel. Scrolls of celluloid scattered over with blue forget-me-nots bore apt rhymes. Missives of marvellous paper lace displayed love scenes between clasped hands above and a pierced heart below. And close by were envelopes with flowered borders—envelopes that burden the postman but one day of the year.

John Sherwood smiled. The stationer's window was more eloquent than his calendar. The 13th of February had been till then but an ordinary working day. He felt surprised to find it was the eve of St. Valentine's festival of childish fun and malice.

The real estate dealer had swallowed a hasty dinner and was hurrying back to his office. But as he stood there, behind the

happy children, his successful present faded into the almost forgotten past. The bright lights and slushy pavements of —th street made way for a country school-room. The clang of passing cars was unheard, the tramp of hurrying crowds but the clatter of childish feet on the school-room floor. He was John Sherwood, yes. But a different John Sherwood, from him whose toes had dangled an inch above the floor as he bent laboriously over his desk—a John Sherwood in knickerbockers, with tawny hair that refused to stay parted.

Madeleine's desk was across the aisle—in direct range of his eyes when in writing position. He liked the writing hour. There were many blots on his copy book, and no uniformity in his letters. But he knew every move a ruffled white apron made, every shake of a yellow head. John Sherwood in knickerbockers had no pennies to spend on luxuries. When St. Valentine's day approached he—

John Sherwood in a sable lined overcoat suddenly remembered he was standing before a —th street window. He smiled ironically, and dividing a dollar among the delighted children, hurried to his neglected appointment. This consultation after hours involved a deal so important that he had cancelled a social engagement to keep it. But he was strangely preoccupied.

"How did you know the affair was settled?" asked his caller, referring to the business.

"She seemed to have forgotten," he answered absently. "It is not strange. It was so long ago."

The caller pushed back his chair. John Sherwood, the man of iron nerves must be on the verge of a collapse. His eyes were dreamy, he looked pale and tired. "We'll let it go to-night, Sherwood," he said. "See you to-morrow."

Sherwood, still preoccupied, acquiesced. After his caller had gone he put on his overcoat, then sat down at his desk again. The sentiment inspired by the valentines in the stationer's window still possessed him. He took up the knickerbockered John Sherwood again at the point where he had broken off on the street. He had no money to buy a valentine, but Madeleine should have one. He saw himself tear a leaf from the back of his reader, and John Sherwood in sables reached for a sheet of note paper. Dipping a pen into red ink he drew a heart as carefully as the boy in knickerbockers had drawn one twenty years before.

"It was just like that," he said, and on the heart I wrote :

"Dear Madeleine, I am thine,  
Will you be my valentine?"

He looked at it thoughtfully. "I wonder what she thought," he mused. "She never came back to school. I never saw her again until two years ago. As, well! The world says she is a coquette without a heart. Odd that one can't forget the happenings of childhood."

Ashamed of his weakness, Sherwood folded the heart on the inside of the sheet out of his sight. He wondered how it would end. She was a brilliant society woman, strewing the largess of her smiles impartially, on all admirers. She had been nice to him, he reflected. She and her chaperone never refused his escort to the theater. She never objected if he took more than two waltzes. Then jealousy whispered that she was also at home to other men. She accepted other invitations to the theater. She danced with whom she pleased. He had no right to congratulate himself. If she had remembered their school days she would have said so. He had been presented as a stranger, and received as a stranger. As a stranger he should act.

John Sherwood sat in his office reasoning with himself a long time. If she wished him to be more than an agreeable acquaintance she would intimate the fact in a woman's way. What a woman's way was he did not exactly understand. But he felt that in this case it would be a look, or some apt allusion to their country school days. In the meantime he would content himself with polite attentions. If she were the coquette that the world said, he would not give her the satisfaction of conquest. He would at least assume that much pride. But ah! her beauty was making the rôle of indifference hard to play.

On the morning of St. Valentine's day John Sherwood stopped on his way to the office and bought a box of magnificent roses.

"As usual?" asked the florist when he gave no address.

"No," coloring as the boy in knickerbockers used to when caught at mischief. "I'll take them, please." Why should the florist assume that Madeleine was the sole recipient of his offerings?

That day she irritated him. The spirit of the day was in his blood. He had not slept for thinking of her. He could not believe that the yellow-haired little girl had grown into a calloused flirt. He would make one covert attempt to recall the past to her memory.

He would write a story of a boy who had risen above poverty and endless obstacles, spurred on by love of the girl to whom he had sent his first valentine. He would paint his own life and devotion, and send it to her with the flowers. He would ask her jestingly if she thought he had talent enough to become an author. If she understood, well. If she replied in kind, also well. He must free himself from suspense.

But in his extremely practical office the resolve faded. Impossible to pen ardent lines under the surveillance of his gum-chewing errand boy. He reached for his card-case. It was missing. He shrank from inclosing a business card. To send them nameless might give the credit to one of his many rivals. Sherwood was man enough to desire his due.

"You're wanted at the phone, sir," interrupted the boy.

That was the climax. Sentiment and business cannot dwell together in a man's mind. The thought he had been entertaining was as ridiculous as the heart he had foolishly drawn from memory. "Coming," he said, scrawling his compliments on a sheet of paper.

Inclosing this with the flowers, he wrote her address on the wrapper. "Deliver this," he said to the boy, taking up the threads of business.

It was a busy day for Sherwood, and the winged god and lovers' saint were alike forgotten. The last mail brought him a pale grey envelope redolent of roses. The blood mounted to his brow and his hand shook when he saw the writing.

He could not open it with the gum-chewing boy looking on. "Get me an evening paper," he ordered.

Left alone, he looked at it wonderingly. It was perhaps a note of thanks for the roses. Perhaps an invitation to dinner. Maybe a more favored friend had been forced to withdraw at the last moment and he had been asked to fill in. His lips curled at the thought. But he knew he would accept. A chance to see her was too rare to refuse. It would be like quarreling with bread and butter because the hand that passed it was unloved. He pictured her writing it, her shimmering head bent low over the dainty desk he had seen.

Sherwood roused himself. The boy would be back if he did not hurry. With trembling hands his paper-cutter laid bare a white inclosure in the delicate grey envelope. Odd that she should use white paper, he thought, unfolding it.

There was a moment's dizzy darkness, then his eyes were positive that a familiar rhyme started up from the centre of the red heart. Underneath was written, in the dainty characters he loved:—

"I have waited patiently for you to ask me, John. I said the first 'yes' twenty years ago.

Madeleine."

When the office boy returned he found Sherwood trying to put his right arm into the left sleeve of his overcoat. From the grey envelope in his hand the boy drew his own conclusions. "Some one's rattled him with a valentine," he thought, "wonder if he thinks it's me?"

ELSIE ROSENBERG.

"There is no use talking, Marjorie, it's all up with you, my dear, unless some way of acquiring change occurs to you between now and next week." And

**Marjorie of the Attic** Marjorie in the glass looked more sober than she usually did as she glanced back into the grey eyes of the Marjorie before the little dressing table. "You see it is this way, my double. I've asked Richard Hildreth from New Haven up to the Prom. I really didn't expect him to accept my invitation. The girls all say that you have to ask three or four men before you get one to come. He asked me down to the ball game last fall because my father was his father's room-mate in college. I couldn't go, money lacking as usual, but I thought it would be a nice return for me to ask him to the Prom. By every rhyme and reason he ought to have refused—reciprocity, you know—but he didn't; said he would be pleased to come. Oh, dear! Why did I ever ask him? I've got a dress all right, but just money enough to come out even in June, and that wouldn't include Prom tickets and carriage hire. I can't borrow the money and there is nothing I can do."

"If I had just got one of those Collier's Weekly prizes. It's an energetic paper—says all women have locked up in their hearts some kind of hysterical emotion and it would be a great relief to them to let it out anonymously. See 'Confessions of a Wife' for proof of this theory. So Collier's Weekly offered three prizes a month for the best letter written from a wife to

her husband, from a daughter to her father, from a girl to her fiancé, from a girl to her man friend, from a mother to her son.

I tried most of them, though I must say I found it rather difficult to write to my husband and fiancé, never having seen the likeness of either. I got honorable mention on my letter from a daughter to her father, but what is honorable mention to a starving genius whose soul is longing for five dollars wherewith to purchase Prom tickets? I believe I'll make one last effort and write from a mother to her son. Ideal letters are what they're after, and experience takes all the ideal out of things. If Josephine Dodge Daskham can make Harper's accept her 'Autobiography of a Baby' I ought to be able to induce the editor of Collier's to accept 'A Letter to my Son.' And with a sleepy nod to the Marjorie in the glass, Marjorie of the attic went to bed to dream of Prom tickets and prize-winning letters.

Marjorie of the attic lived alone away off from the campus on one of the side streets. Being of an unusually talkative disposition, for lack of other hearers she had grown into the habit of having long confidential talks with herself in the glass.

The next night, as the attic Marjorie languidly pulled the pins out of her fluffy hair and scattered them over the top of the table, she began talking again. "I did it," she told Marjorie of the glass, "and it's gone. It was the hardest thing I ever wrote. My sophomore Bible paper wasn't a patching. I knew from the former prize-winners that the letter must be gushy. I sat down and tried to imagine myself the proprietor of a wee winsome man-child whose eyes were of heaven's own blue and whose tiny hands were to draw me along a nobler path. But that didn't work. All the babies I have ever seen looked like little jay birds before they get their feathers. Then I thought I'd have my imaginary son about the age of Morris Milkins, the Groton soph who took me canoeing so much last summer and has sent me Huyler's quite often this winter. I felt really interested when I tried to imagine how I'd feel when another girl married him. He is such a dear, clean looking youngster (six feet two). Now if my letter doesn't take a prize it will be because Collier's Weekly editor doesn't know a mother's letter to her son when he sees one."

For the next few weeks Marjorie of the attic left Marjorie of the glass to her own reflections. But somehow the latter felt that things were coming out all right, for the old attic

resounded day in and day out with snatches from *Miss Simplicity* and *Prince of Pilsen*. One night she saw before her a transformed Marjorie of the attic who didn't speak to her but smiled and looked radiant in her soft white evening gown. Two days afterward Marjorie of the attic stopped to speak.

"I won it," she said, "first prize—twenty-five dollars—and a line from the editor saying that the genuine mother-feeling in that letter just made him think of the time when his mother rocked him in a wooden cradle and sang 'Hush, my Babe.' Richard (Mr. Hildreth) came to the Prom. He was grand—sent me two dozen American Beauties, and I had the loveliest time. No, I'll never see him again, but he certainly was nice"—and Marjorie of the attic gave just a wee breath of a sigh.

Marjorie of the glass grew lonesome every day. To be sure, the other Marjorie spent a great deal of time before the glass, but she seemed dreamy and not at all like herself. When she did speak it was something like this. "No, I don't see how he—anyone could say my eyes are like violets." At last, one day she spoke directly to Marjorie of the glass: "No, you silly thing," she said, "he isn't and he won't, and I don't believe in college engagements any way." That was the last conversation, for June soon came and Marjorie of the attic was gone.

September came again, and Marjorie of the glass grew hopeful that the old confidential chats would be renewed. But they were not. The attic was all straightened up, the same old posters on the wall, the same shabby, old pillows on the couch. Marjorie of the glass was puzzled till one night when the other was arranging the flowers in the vase, in which nowadays there were always fresh violets, something bright on Marjorie's left hand came right into her eyes, and gazing into Marjorie's face she saw a guilty flush.

"Yes, it's so," said Marjorie of the attic, but I really couldn't help it. He said it wouldn't be a college engagement because he was a senior last year and I'm one this. Seniors ought to know what they are going to do. Richard said as I was to make him my major study in my life course; that I had to settle it then and there, and I did. He said too, that I mustn't talk to myself in the glass any more. It would make me morbid, and I could say those things to him just as well. So I'm really afraid, dear Marjorie of the glass, that it's not auf wiedersehen to-night, but good-bye."

And there was something that looked like tears in the eyes of Marjorie of the attic as she gave a last look at Marjorie of the glass.

ELSIE LAUGHNEY.

ILLUSIONS.

Life is a game of bubbles played with Fate.  
With smiling lips she stands and slowly blows  
Those airy bubbles — heart's desires. We wait,  
Wide-eyed and breathless, while the vision grows ;  
And childlike, raise our eager hands to clasp  
The dazzling prize held just above our grasp.

Cruel? Ah, yes, we call her so! The child  
Mistakes so many times the kindly hand,  
And is not willing to be reconciled  
With common toys. Some day we'll understand  
That Fate, who holds aloft the fragile prize,  
Is but our Guardian Angel in disguise.

For bubbles break, and dreams can't all come true,  
Our fondest hopes hang just beyond our reach.  
These wondrous rainbow tints that we pursue  
Might vanish at our touch. Then, pray, beseech  
Kind Fate to hold them high, lest some fine day  
We wake—to see the bubbles fade away!

KATHERINE COLLINS.

"I want to know!" Mrs. Wilbur exclaimed, bending forward eagerly. "That's the very thing fer me and Pa to give Tom and Sylvie fer Christmas. I've been  
**The Wilbur Portraits** rackin' my brains this long time, and now I've at last hit on the right thing."

"Ten dollars? That 'peers like a good deal, but then I guess Pa and I can go it fer once to please Tom and Sylvie. You know we'd do anything fer Tom. We'll never get through bein' proud on him fer workin' his way through college and makin' his mark in the world. An' you say they'll copy any photograph. Well, that beats all. I'll giv'em my Tom's photie when he was a little shaver with long curls. I know it'll please Sylvie too. You know Sylvie's so fond of pictures. What must



she be doin' now but hevin' her own pictur' painted by some big artist in the city. I wrote her I thought it was all foolishness, as if she ain't a heap sight better lookin' than any pictur' could make her. But then Sylvie has some high-flown notions. Her Pa had a deal of money left him by a rich old uncle an' there ain't nuthin' he won't do fer Sylvie. She's been sent abroad 'an to boardin' scule, an' she can play the pianie like a streak."

"An' so you see the pictur' of my Tom'll go jes nicely with Sylvie's portrait an' they can set right side by side. I believe Sylvie said she was goin' to hang hers in the drawin' room—as she calls it—jes' plain parlie's good enough fer me."

"No, I mustn't stay any longer," Mrs. Wilbur said, in getting up to leave. "I've had a very pleasant call, but it's gettin' dark and I must cut it short so's to go tell Pa 'bout the pictur'. I can't hardly wait."

So, tying her bonnet strings and giving her camel's hair shawl a little twist so the pattern would look straight, Mrs. Wilbur said good-afternoon and hurried her portly figure home as fast as possible.

When she reached the house old Mr. Wilbur was out milking the cow and doing the chores.

"Pa, Pa," Mrs. Wilbur called through the house, and then, when no answer came—"of course, what ails you, Mandy Smithson Wilbur?—you never in all these years looked in the house fer Pa Wilbur when 'twas chorin' time. You knowed all the time he was in the barn, but this pictur' business has clean knocked everything out'n your head."

After much groping and stumbling, which sometimes threatened to upset Mrs. Wilbur's never too steady equilibrium, she found Pa in the darkness of the barn.

"Land sakes, Mandy! what be you doin' out here in this pitch darkness? I didn't know who under the canopy it was. You'll be down the trap-door the next thing you know!"

"Well, Silas Wilbur, I guess I can find my way 'round here as well as you. I ain't lived here nigh fifty years fer nuthin'!" snapped back Mrs. Wilbur.

After calming her somewhat ruffled temper—for it always did ruffle her temper to be treated as if she couldn't take care of herself—she told in glowing colors her scheme for Tom's and Sylvie's Christmas. Pa received it rather reluctantly. He didn't see it in quite the same light. However, he finally

assented—a thing which he had learned by sad experience to do.

The picture was ordered and arrived a few days before Christmas. Mrs. Wilbur's joy knew no bounds.

"Ain't that jest be-u-tiful!" she exclaimed, turning to Silas and clapping her hands in a manner quite unbecoming one of her size. "Why don't you act pleased and jump up and down?"

"Hum! I'd look purty cuttin' up sech antics, wouldn't I? Anyway, it don't look no more like Tom than our old kitchen pump!"

"Why, Silas Wilbur! how can you say such a thing? It's the very image of the dear boy. I can almost see his lips partin' now to say 'mummy' like he used to when he was little."

It was three days before Christmas. The picture was undergoing the somewhat suffocating process of being packed. It was wound a dozen times in some old felt cloth which Pa Wilbur had found in the attic.

"It's all nonsense!" he exclaimed, "making me rummage 'round that old attic when some excelsie's all you need. Do you suppose that's a chiny vase that it'll break so easy?"

"Well, Pa," Mrs. Wilbur rejoined—she said "Pa" with great emphasis—"I guess it didn't hurt you, and anyway, I want to be sure and run no risks. Then I didn't show you what I laid right across the glass, but I won't bother to unwrap it now. I'm afraid I couldn't do it up so well again. It was this—'Fer Tom and Sylvie's Christmas. To be hung in the drawin' room, next to Sylvie's portrait.'"

"Won't they be tickled, Silas? I wish I could see them undo it. 'Twould do my heart good."

And so, after much talking and packing, the picture was sent off. It had quite a comfortable journey, thanks to the many wrappings, and reached its destination in safety the day before Christmas.

That night when Tom came home he was greeted in the hall by his wife, holding the picture before her. "Well, my dear, where did that come from? It's a picture of one of your charity cherubs, I suppose."

"Anyway, you can't say he isn't sweet," she said in her most coaxing tone. "Just look at those cunning curls and those dear little hands."

"Well, of course I'll say so to please you, but, to be frank,

I think it's the worst looking thing I've seen for a long time. I suppose it's going up in the drawing-room where everyone can see it and comment on its beauty."

"Why Tom, it's the biggest joke. It's your picture when you were a little boy. How could it help but be sweet?"

"Come, Sylvia, don't make a fool of me."

"I mean every word of it. See here," and she held the slip of paper for him to read.

"But Tom," she continued, "it never can be hung beside my portrait, and then there are all the beautiful paintings which I brought from abroad—why the contrast would be frightful. I can't imagine anything worse. I thought that they did splendidly last Christmas in selecting the lamp for us, although the globe was rather ugly—but this—why Tom, what were they thinking of? Your mother and father have been here two or three times since we've been married and I should think they would have realized that anything of this sort wouldn't suit our home."

"Yes, yes, dear, I know," her husband nodded, "but there is no need to cross the bridge before we come to it. I'll write and thank them and that's all there will be to it."

And so the unfortunate picture was tucked away and quite forgotten.

Meantime Ma Wilbur could do nothing but think of the picture. She dreamed of it nights and thought of it days. It formed the principal topic of conversation. Poor Pa Wilbur had it in every conceivable form for breakfast, dinner and supper—how surprised they must have been to get it—how beautiful it must look in the drawing-room and how nice it must be to see Tom's and Sylvie's pictures side by side; she hoped that the faces were turned so that they were looking at each other.

Pa succeeded in bearing his wife's enthusiasm quite meekly for five days, and at dinner on the sixth he decided to venture a word of remonstrance. He was clearing his throat for the effort, watching Ma out of the corner of his eye, meanwhile, when lo! she suggested a way out of the difficulty herself.

"Say, Silas," she began. "Why not surprise Tom and Sylvie with a little visit? We'll only stay two or three days, but I can't rest till I see that pictur' ahangin' up there in the drawin' room. Why I've gotten so I can't sleep a wink nights. Will you go, Silas?"

"Yes, yes, this very minute, if you'll only promise not to say another word about that everlastin' pictur'."

They accordingly set out the next afternoon. Pa carried a carpet bag and cotton umbrella, for Tom had in vain presented his father with a silk umbrella and leather satchel.

"Your new-fangled, high-priced things can't hold a candle to my old timers any day," he would say in answer to his son's entreaties.

Ma wore her best black silk, her best bonnet, trimmed with red geraniums, and her camel's hair shawl. They were indeed very picturesque looking—a striking contrast to the surroundings where they were about to enter.

The train was late so that they didn't reach their destination till after nine in the evening.

"Why, this ain't Tom's house, Mandy," Pa exclaimed. "He never had no long thing stretchin' out from the door to the street like that. It looks like our grape arbie to home when I civer it with nettin' to keep the birds off. And look at all the rigs drivin' up. We must have made a mistake, Mandy."

"Well, Pa, I guess I know where I am. This ain't no other place but Rivin'ton Av'nu'." And Mrs. Wilbur straightened with importance. "There must be suppen goin' on."

"Let's wait a spell," Pa suggested, holding back and keeping his gaze fixed on the brilliantly lighted house. "It's after nine now, Mandy, and they'll be goin' away soon. I don't like the idee of goin' in where all those folks aire. I guess I'll set right down on the curb a little further along where the wagons don't come."

"Why Silas, Silas," Mrs. Wilbur exclaimed, shaking her worthy husband's shoulder most unceremoniously. "What would Tom say if he could see you? 'The Honorable Tom Wilbur's father found sitting on the curb at nine o'clock at night,'—that would sound pretty, wouldn't it?"

"I guess that I'm not going to wait. Perhaps it's sort of a sociable-like fer our pictur' an' all of Tom's friends hev come to admire it, an' we're jest in time to hear what they've got to say."

And so Mrs. Wilbur boldly led the way, while her husband reluctantly followed, dragging the cotton umbrella wearily behind him.

"Why, of course it is, Silas. There's that same blue chinie vase standin' over there big enough fer you to get inside—the one that Sylvie brought from Europe."

If they had looked in the room to the left they would have seen Tom and Sylvia receiving their guests, but Mrs. Wilbur's one thought was to reach the drawing-room, which was in another part of the house.

"Tom and Sylvie 'll be in the drawin' room," she gasped, cut of breath with excitement. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone with eagerness.

"We're most to the door now." She clutched Pa by the arm as if seeking support.

"But Silas, Silas," exclaimed Ma stepping into the room, "the pictur' ain't there, it ain't there. Look, look, Silas, p'rhaps my eyes is dim." Pa looked at her wonderingly to think she would admit such a thing. "It must be there somewhere. P'rhaps they thought it 'ud look better in some other place."

"Yes—er—yes," a voice said hesitatingly at Ma Wilbur's elbow. "They didn't know just exactly where to hang it."

"Why Matildie, you don't mean to say that's you," Ma broke in, turning round to a trim, white-aproned maid, who was standing by her side.

"But Matildie, Matildie, where is the pictur'? Hevn't you set eyes on it at all—the one fer Tom's and Sylvie's Christmas you know. I told 'em to hang it in the drawin'-room next to Sylvie's portrait and I've come all the way and Pa too—nodding toward Pa who by this time had seated himself and his carpet-bag on a sofa, at the other side of the room where he was the center of a group of guests who had drawn him into conversation. We've come all the way from Stebbinsville jest to see that pictur' a-hangin' there on the wall."

"Well, you see Miss Wilbur," Matilda began, "they hadn't decided to hang it just yet."

"Of course, of course, I s'pose I couldn't 'spect 'em to hang it right off so quick," Ma assented, much to the relief of Matilda who had been vainly racking her brain for some excuse. "It's allers my natur' though to stick things up right away. Most likely they wanted a little longer time to look at it close before they set it danglin' way up there on the wall. You never can see pictur's so well after they're hung. I must tell 'em to set it on an easel and then the folks can see it a heap sight better."

"But won't you come upstairs?" the maid ventured, taking advantage of a slight pause.

"Well, yes, that's a first rate idea. Where's Tom and Sylvia? I s'pose they're awful busy a-shakin' hands with all the guests. It 'pears as ef 'twould tak'em the whole evenin', so don't bother to call 'em now Matilda, there'll be plenty of time fer 'em to see us afterwards," and Mrs. Wilbur followed the maid toward the door.

"Come Pa, come," she called, stopping to cast an approving glance at her worthy husband. "Silas Wilbur, of all persons in the world," she exclaimed to herself. "It beats all how he keeps 'em a-goin'. They're all laughin' and talkin' fit to kill. Tom would be real proud ef he could see him now and Stebbinsville—why it would grow green with envy."

"Come Pa, you ain't fit to talk with anybody till you've washed and breshed up a bit," she laughed. "You can finish your talk out later," and with this Ma left the room, followed by Pa who was still holding his ever faithful carpet-bag with which he couldn't under any consideration be persuaded to part.

"Them servants know a good thing when they see it and I don't blame 'em, but I won't never let this out of my hands no-how," Pa had remarked to the tall dark-haired young man, who seemed to him the most sensible one of the crowd.

And just before Pa left the room the fat, pompous Mrs. Rolins heard him confide to the young lady in pink, who had said that she would adore to live on a farm, "Mandy didn't get me in sech a big pickle this time after all, for ef you'll believe it, I'm enjoyin' myself tip-top and I wouldn't hev missed the whole thing for a good deal, so there now."

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG.

## SEA LULLABY

Little-one, sleep,—  
Thy lullaby  
Shall be the whispering leaves up high  
Where sea winds blow,  
The quiet sleep a child may know ;  
Little-one, sleep.

Little-one, rest,—  
Thy bed shall be  
Close beside the murm'ring sea ;  
Thy minist'ring hand,  
The waves that smooth thy bed of sand ;  
Little one, rest.

Little-one, sleep,—  
Thy dream may be  
The silver cloud that floats o'er thee ;  
Then keep awhile  
Its night-peace in thy morning smile ;  
Little-one, sleep.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE.

## EDITORIAL

A perusal of the popular literature of our land seems to indicate that the American girl is at the bottom of two-thirds of America's difficulties. Much time and space is devoted to discussing her, from the cradle to the altar, and to attempting to solve the difficulties that lie like lions in her path. Is kindergarten advisable? Is public school suitable? Shall she go to college or to boarding-school, or travel or stay at home? After college, what, for girls? Is an early marriage enduring? Is no marriage enduring? Are careers satisfactory? Shall women vote? These are the problems before our anxious mothers to-day.

In refreshing contrast in its simplicity is a letter of advice to a young girl, written by her aunt from Boston, in 1782. It was no such matter to bring up a girl then!

"Your prospects in Life," the little niece is told frankly, "are not the most flattering—an Orphan and destitute of those advantages which are derived from fortune, it is incumbent upon you to seize every opportunity for improvement. Entrusted to the treacherous waves, your uncle's circumstances must always be precarious,—nothing more uncertain than interest which is dependent upon the bosom of the Ocean! But should even affluence gild the evening of our days, we have other relations—equity will compel us to attend to them."

With her mind thus prepared, the girl is then warned she must care for her own future if she is not fortunate enough "to be consigned to the protection of some honest Man." She is to make herself mistress of every branch of needle-work, including flowering, knotting, and "attend at least to the theory of every kind of work proper to a family." "These, my Nancy," the aunt declares, "are the indispensable requisites in a female Life—they are the *useful*—without which we are incapable of sustaining with applause that character, for which we seem by nature designed. But you must not *stop here*—a Diamond taken from the mine cannot boast half the lustre as when it is received from the hand of the polisher. Nay, more, it is not improbable but this invaluable gem might attract as little notice as the earth with which in its native state it is surrounded. Yes, there are ornamentals absolutely necessary. Writing I have made a part of your education, you must persevere in this fine art. Your grammar you can repeat verbatim; be not as the Parrot, who simply chatters what she never feels,



but be solicitous to acquire *sense* as well as *sound*. Arithmetic you will find useful as well as pleasing, and when I again take my place as preceptress, as a reward for what hath been already recommended, we will with pleasure enter together the rudiments at least of geography, geometry and astronomy, yes, we will enter together those flowery paths of science, so productive of instruction, and the highest kind of sentimental entertainment."

"Sentimental entertainment"! Oh shades of the isosceles triangle! Consider the "flowery paths" of our scientific course, if you please, and the quantitative analysis of Chemistry Hall. However, the little Nancy had other things to learn than science.

"I would have you possess yourself of that amiable condescension, that gentleness of manners, which must greatly endear you to every one about you. There is at the same time a dignity of deportment proper to our Sex. I wish you upon every occasion to establish this rule to yourself—*commend* when you can without violation of your veracity, and when you cannot, let benevolence seal your lips. I have long been solicitous to read to you or to make you read in my presence the Volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe*—they are excellently calculated to promote the interests of virtue, and that delicacy so requisite in the conduct of young Ladies. I expect you to copy all the letters you receive from me—this will impress them upon your mind. You must also acquaint yourself with the *precise meaning* of every word."

Poor little Nancy—how her fingers must have toiled through the long pages! We shall never know what her future was, for only one other letter was discovered addressed to her. It is from this same aunt eight years later, and concludes, "We hope you so conduct yourself as to meet the approbation of the honored and indulgent friends with whom you reside,—we hope, and we pleasingly believe, that you will embrace every opportunity of rendering them those kinds of services which will preclude the idea of your being considered as a burthen." So we see that Nancy had not then "secured the protection of an honest Man." This had not destroyed her spirit however, for a caution was appended—a caution not restricted to the girls of the eighteenth century. "Let discretion be your guide,—suppress the risings of your spirit when they would tend to wound or to detract, but give free scope to the ebullition of your soul when your feelings impell you to exercise candor and to communicate pleasure."

### *EDITOR'S TABLE*

During our life here, so much time goes to the study of theories,—old and new ones, brilliant and impossible ones,—that the practical work connected with the printing of a college magazine comes as a decided novelty. In the first flush of enthusiasm that new boards bring to their labors there is generally some planning for departures or bettered methods, and here and there in the world of exchanges an editorial on the proper ideal of such a paper. But time at college,—we are tempted to believe,—flies faster than elsewhere. The routine of the work fills the days, and the pressure of details keeps it in the old track. In fact, many an unlucky board is happy enough if it can ferret out sufficient material to fill the necessary space, and is only troubled about the quantity.

Yet that theories and ideals do influence the value of a college paper is decisively shown in the relative standard of the exchanges. There is one class whose aim is merely literary. The editor collects as good material as possible and presents it as a sample of the best work done in the college. It is often absurdly amateur; and in its succession of inane love-stories, jingling verse, and hair-raising tales of adventure, is nothing but a worthless imitation of current periodicals.

Though at times, some work that rings true and fine is found among such poor attempts, the other class of exchanges brings much more satisfaction. Here literary effort is coupled with college ideals and college limitations. The paper is a common meeting-ground for serious and frivolous discussion of college problems. The work is representative of the best within the scope of undergraduates. The stories are full of life and truth. The verse has been felt and visioned before written down. Above all, there is that subtle college atmosphere which gives each magazine its own distinction and value, and marks one

paper as truly "Harvard" as it does the others "Vassar" and "Yale". It is the college spirit as much as the literary value represented that makes the "Lit" or the "Monthly" worth writing and reading, and gives it far more importance than any cheap imitation of a cheap periodical.

At the Academy of Music, January 20, "The Fortunes of the King." The romantic period of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is an excellent background for the regulation Hackett play, with its conspiracies of love and hate, its dare-devil risks and rescues, and the thrilling and inevitable duel that precedes the happy reunion of the lovers. For if the plot is common-place it is generally entertaining and keeps the audience pleasantly expectant and amused. Mr. Hackett played the hero in his accustomed manner,—a "stick" according to some, and charming in the eyes of others. Miss Walker seemed at times a trifle too "pert" for a great lady, but her spontaneity was delightful, and the forest scene with its delicate pink and green color-effects, altogether charming. The chief interest of the evening was, of course, centered in Miss Bowley, whose first appearance on the professional stage at Northampton was enthusiastically greeted by the college. Her acting showed a lack of the amateurishness of a beginner, and her rendering of the little Puritan maiden was natural and pretty. In fact, the college was charmed with her part, and in the words of Mr. Hackett himself, wish her most heartily "a successful future."

At the Academy of Music, December 2, "The Yankee Consul." When we are surrounded by so many tragedies that amuse and comedies that sadden, a truly comic opera is a welcome relief. The long continued success of "The Yankee Consul" has shown the appreciation of a fun-loving public, touchingly grateful for genuine amusement. Raymond Hitchcock, as the Consul, is the life of the piece, but his support—whenever he needed any—is good, the scenes are attractive, and the music is too popular to need comment.

M. W. H.

At the Academy of Music, December 8, "The County Chairman", by George Ade. This play has made its success in the consistent maintenance of an unusual atmosphere, and in its

cleverly expressed satire. It aims to ridicule the petty strife and turmoil of an up country election campaign, and both subject and treatment appeal keenly to the masculine element in an audience. However, its witty lines and good even cast made "The County Chairman" interesting to all who saw it at Northampton. Special mention should be made of Maclyn Arbuckle's work as Jim Hackler. He offered a sincere and earnest interpretation of the rôle and his humor was delightful. There was a notable lack of horse-play in the production, and the promise of the advertisements which heralded it as a "quaint comedy" was fulfilled.

E. H. C.

#### ONE NIGHT.

When other nights possess my eyes,  
 With windy, moonlit solitude,  
 I shall remember your shrouded skies,  
 Your birches gleaming from the wood,  
 The whisper of your mist-hid lake,  
 The wonder of your first faint star,  
 The stir of unseen trees, ashake  
 With passing of the wind afar ;  
 The airy sprite, the soul of you  
 That fitted past me mistily  
 With song too low to listen to,  
 And gleamlit face I might not see.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

#### FIRE-BEARERS.

Ye who bear fire within your breast,  
 Look not for rest.  
 Early your clamoring heart shall learn  
 Only to burn,  
 Nor ask for other food  
 Than its own fire,  
 Or better brotherhood  
 Than its sublime, unquenchable desire.  
 Go ! Touch the unkindled multitude !  
 And in *them* learn,  
 As glories stir and burn,  
 To find your richer food,  
 Your sweeter rest, more intimate brotherhood !

—*Minnesota Magazine.*

## VAGABOND DAYS.

*A whiff of smoke and gypsy wind,  
A white road climbing high;  
Then off and away on the hills to-day,  
Where the blue peaks touch the sky.*

This is the song we vagabonds sing,  
Light of heart as a swallow's wing.  
Or a thistle-bird in flight;  
Taking the trail for the autumn hills,  
Where gentians bloom by the laughing rills  
And the forest blazes bright.

Corn-shuck tents for our resting beds,  
No other covering over our heads,  
Only the frosty stars;  
Orchards a-plenty along the way,  
And a foaming drink at the close of day  
There by the pasture bars.

*A whiff of smoke and a gypsy wind,  
A white road climbing high;  
Then on we go till falls the snow  
On the blue peaks next the sky.*

—Yale Lit.

## SNOWFARERS.

As passers near a corner lamp at night,  
When flickering snow-flakes sting the eyelids down,  
Peer under gathered brows for sight  
Of some familiar face,  
And cannot tell, for blindness, if this might  
Be one unknown or known,—  
So you and I are nearing at slow pace  
With muffled steps, and vaguely 'neath the rim  
Of eyelash lowered for the blinding snow  
Peer in each other's eyes and onward go  
Uncertain if the face we saw so dim  
Were that of friend or stranger. Answer me,  
If then I call to you and bid you stand  
Closer beneath the light, and touch your hand,  
Saying, "Look yet again. For there may be  
Chance in this moment for eternity." . . .  
Is it enough to go  
Together onward through the night,  
Or are your eyes still blinded by the snow?

—Harvard Monthly.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The following three articles were contributed by the New York Association.

Last winter a German poet and playwright, Herr Methull, remarked to me, "Why do you Americans go abroad to study music and to find musical atmosphere? There is no city in Europe where so much

**Music in New York** excellent music can be heard for such a long season as in New York. You have the best that Europe can give and scarcely anything that could be called ordinary is heard at your opera or symphony concerts. The highest standards are kept and the audiences are most exacting and discriminating." He very optimistically maintained that the school of music and art of the future would be America.

Certainly music lovers of New York have had a continual feast this winter with the long season of opera so ably conducted by Conried, the Philharmonics, the Boston Symphony, the New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch, Frank Damrosch's symphony concerts for young people, the Oratorio Society, and the concerts of the Society of Musical Art (two each year), not to mention the Russian Symphony, the New Volpe Symphony orchestra, the People's Symphony, the series of concerts by the various quartets headed by the Kneisel, the numerous recitals by one artist and the chamber music concerts given by various societies and private musical clubs. To give an idea of what one might hear every day in the week—take one of the Sunday papers at random that announce the music for the week. We have:—

Sunday—Victor Herbert's concert, 8.15 p. m., Majestic Theater; Popular concert, Metropolitan Opera House, 8.30 p. m.

Monday—Metropolitan Opera House, Carmen.

Tuesday—Kneisel Quartet, Mendelssohn Hall, 2.30 p. m.; Marie de Rohan, soprano, Carnegie Hall, 8.15 p. m.

Wednesday—Rudolf Friml, piano recital, Mendelssohn Hall, 2.30 p. m.; Metropolitan Opera House, Die Meistersinger 7.30 p. m.

Thursday—Metropolitan Opera House, Parsifal, 5 p. m.; Musical Art Society, Carnegie Hall, 8.30 p. m.; Kalternborn Quartet, Mendelssohn Hall, 8.15 p. m.; People's Symphony, chamber concert, Cooper Union, 8.15 p. m.

Friday—Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 2.30 p. m.; Metropolitan Opera House, La Bohème, 8 p. m.

Saturday—Metropolitan Opera House, Die Walkure, 2 p. m.; Il Barbiere de Siviglia, 8 p. m.; Young People's symphony concert, Carnegie Hall, 2.30 p. m.; Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, 8.15 p. m.

To begin backwards—the Philharmonic concerts have been notable for the fact that different well-known leaders from Europe have conducted the orchestra. The audience has been greater and there has been more interest than has attended the Philharmonic for years. The first concert was led by Gustav F. Kogel of Frankfort, the second and third by Edouard Colonne of Paris and the fourth by the Russian, Safonoff, who is expected to conduct at the next concert. The remaining two are allotted to Felix Weingartner of Munich and Karl Pauzner of Bremen. Early in the season it had been arranged for Theodore Thomas to appear at the concert for January 28 and preparations were on foot for a splendid reception for the man who did more than any other in educating the New York public to an appreciation and love of music of the higher order. His death, the first week in January, was a great loss to the world of music. Much genuine feeling was shown and in each concert of the week following a number was inserted in memoriam, announced by a black-bordered notice on the program.

To say that these Philharmonic concerts have been stirringly beautiful both as to program and performance is scant praise. The stimulating effect of the new leaders upon the orchestra, trained to perfection by many seasons, and the music, chosen with a view to bring out the personal element of the conductor, have produced the most satisfying results. The three leaders, each a great master of his art, revealed marked individuality and racial characteristics. Kogel's interpretation was poignant with poetic feeling, rich in color and variety of tone, and breadth of phrasing. He entered deep into the spirit of the composer, and gave Tchaikowski as only one closely initiated into the weird beauty of the Tartar spirit could. His Handel's concerto, as Mr. Aldrich quoted, "had something of the large utterance of the early gods." It was a modern arrangement of his own, developed for the larger orchestra, but losing nothing of its characteristic eighteenth century expression.

Colonne's programs were largely of French music, in which he revealed true Gallic precision and brilliancy of style combined with much delicacy and refinement, while not lacking force and vigor. He is the master leader of France, and some think, of Europe. His greatest power was shown in the Bacchanale from Tannhäuser, in the Brahms' fourth Symphony, and in the excerpts from the Damnation of Faust of Berlioz, where high dramatic power, great richness and sonority of tone were in evidence.

Safonoff the Russian, seemed to take the orchestra as well as the audience by storm. His personality is so dominating, so filled with the force and fire of enthusiasm that he seemed to magnetize as well as lead his men. The funeral march from Beethoven's Eroica symphony, added in memory of Theodore Thomas, was performed most impressively. The program of Russian music, Glazounow's sixth symphony, and Tchaikowski's violin concerto and "Romeo and Juliet" overture gave plenty of scope for his skill in developing the climaxes, making every phrase count. A critic cleverly described him, "He molds it all with subtle plasticity, putting each measure in the right relation to the whole and obtaining the larger sweep and symmetry of outline unfailingly. His methods are sometimes drastic and his lights and shades are highly contrasted yet subtly modulated, his modification of tempo

incessant. It is all indescribably stirring and the audience yesterday was deeply moved."

At the Opera, the second season under Mr. Conried has been more satisfactory as a whole than last year, when many complained that too much was sacrificed to Parsifal and there was less German opera than French and Italian, leaving out the Wagner Trilogy. Parsifal has been given five times, Nordica as Kundry and Burgstaller again as Parsifal. Olive Fremstadt also has appeared as Kundry and was interesting and impressive. The notable new events this winter were the presentation of *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan and Isolde* for the first time by Mr. Conried. The standard of perfection was reached as nearly as possible in the production of *Die Meistersinger*. The leading singers came in for a full measure of praise and the spirit of pulsing life and humor and wonderful flow of musical inspiration was maintained throughout. Mr. Hertz has great skill in bringing out the orchestral effects in Wagner's dramatic operas, where the orchestra tells so much and no detail can be spared. The choruses entered into the spirit of it all with great gusto and the scenic effects were beautifully managed. Knoté, the new tenor, as Walter, Mme. Aclete as Eva, Mme. Homer as Magdalena, Mr. Van Roy as Hans Sachs, gave of their best. Mr. Goritz's Beckmesser was a new interpretation and one of the most characteristic impersonations known here. Of *Tristan and Isolde* much could be said. For years no one has seen here a more adequate performance. Knoté as *Tristan* and Nordica as *Isolde* brought out all the loveliness and exquisite tenderness of the music of love and yearning. Edyth Walker, Van Roy, Blass, Goritz, Muhlmann, Reiss, were again at their best and Hertz as conductor seemed inspired. Mr. Knoté has equalled the high expectations of him in the parts of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. His voice is one of the most beautiful German tenors heard here in many a year. Free, flexible, full of sympathy, it is equal to all the demands in dramatic coloring and intensity. His noble conception of the character of *Lohengrin*, the exalted spirit of his singing, lends significance to all the scenes. As *Siegfried* he is also on a high plane, bringing to the part the freshness and vigor of youth in voice and appearance, and yet not lacking in finish and vividness of acting. Mme. Sanger-Bettaque, though impressive is not equal to the *Brunhilde* of *Iernina* we enjoyed last year. The charms of *Semlerich*, the exquisite voice of *Caruse* are familiar and ever delightful in *Traviata* *Cavaliara*, *Pagliacci*, *Il Barbière di Siviglia*, *Le Nozzi de Figaro*, *Rigoletto*, etc. No one is a better *Violetta* in *Traviata* than *Sembrich* nor has she been excelled in *La Bohème* as *Minei*. Nordica, Eames and Melba have equalled and in some cases surpassed their previous work. Fremstadt has been interesting in the part of *Sieglinde* as well as that of *Kundry*. The performance of the *Ring* on the whole is more finished and satisfactory than last year, particularly in the minor details of staging and scenery, though there were several mishaps in the *Walküre* that marred the enjoyment.

There is not space to write in detail of the Boston symphony concerts. The beloved Fifth symphony of Beethoven, an arrangement of Brahms' waltzes by Gerecke, and the overture to the Flying Dutchman were the contents of the second program. Muriel Foster, a charming English contralto, was the



soloist. At the third concert Joseffy came out of his retirement to play Brahms' second concerto for piano. That same evening the tribute paid to Theodore Thomas was a funeral march of Schubert inserted in the program.

A great throng gathered Sunday evening, January 8, at the Metropolitan Opera House to attend the concert offered by Director Conried in memory of the great conductor, Theodore Thomas, in which some of the greatest artists figured. The spirit of reverend affection of both singers and audience was most impressive.

Ysaye has held enthusiastic audiences in connection with the New York Symphony and in his own recitals. In the symphony concert, the Beethoven concerto for orchestra and violin was nobly interpreted. The difference between the mere brilliant technique of the virtuoso and the performance of the master, who is at the same time an interpreter to the audience of the composers' meaning, is shown in contrasting the mature artist with the little performer Von Vecsey who, beyond a truly marvellous technique, shows no creative power to express more musically than has been taught him. Fritz Kreisler has rightly earned the name of great violinist. He shows both skill in handling the complexities of technique and depth of true musical understanding.

The pianists who have been heard, Josef Hofmann, Pachman, Mme. Aus de Ohe, are to well known to need comment. The same may be said of the Kneisel quartet. A quartet not so well known but under Kneisel's tuition, is worth mentioning—the Olive Meade quartet. The violinist, whose name it bears, is Kneisel's best pupil. Miss Littlehales is the cellist. Their performance was particularly pleasing in its intelligent interpretation, perfect phrasing and precision of attack. It would have been creditable to any society but is particularly so, as they are all young women. They received enthusiastic praise from the critics. Indeed their playing of "Death and the Maiden", by Schubert, is a most perfect thing to remember.

The two oratorios and the concert of the Musical Art Society, where Frank Damrosch led the beautiful old choral music, form interesting events of the winter. Sam Franko's concerts of old music and the Dolmetsch concert shows valuable work in historical lines.

The music for the people and the educational work in music deserves remark. The popular price nights at the opera, and the Sunday night concerts there, the New York Symphony Sunday afternoons, and the symphony concerts for young people, all give the public an opportunity to hear music of a high order at a very reasonable price. The people's symphony concerts under Frank Damrosch, have moved from Cooper Union to Carnegie Hall, where they have very full audiences. Frank Damrosch has done wonders. There are lecture-recitals given gratis through the University Extension Society and series of free organ recitals held in many of the large churches. The Betty Loeb foundation is a fund left for giving music to the people. A uniform price of twenty-five cents was asked for the concert at Knabe Hall, where Mr. Henderson gave a talk on Beethoven and several of the composer's works were performed to a large attentive audience.

The branch of educational work that is of interest to college women is that done in the settlements. For the Sunday night concerts at the Univer-

sity settlements most of the artists give their services at the request of a very earnest interested woman, Mrs. John McArthur. The Music School settlement grew from its small beginning in connection with the College settlement on Rivington street. This work has grown in dimensions till it owns two houses and has a roll of one hundred and seventy-five pupils. Of these, the majority are piano pupils, sixty-three study violin and seven both piano and violin. The pupils pay at the rate of ten cents for every fifteen minutes, while a few of the especially talented receive their tuition free by means of scholarships. The workers are Miss Emilie Wagner, violin, Miss Constance Mills, piano and Miss Mary Wines, settlement home. Mr. David Mannes is director of the orchestra class and of the pupil teachers' violin class and is at the school one afternoon of every week. There are twelve volunteer teachers and thirteen pupil teachers, that is, pupils of the school old enough to teach the others. These are paid at the rate of fifty cents an hour. This school is supported by gifts from patrons and friends and from membership dues, also proceeds from the annual concert which last year were \$2,104. Mme. Schumann-Heink, M. Paolo Casals, Mr. Whitney Combs and Mr. David Mannes' private orchestra assisted. The school is at 58 and 55 East Third street. The workers gladly welcome visitors and are looking for workers in a branch school.

The growth of the music school has been phenomenal. In the beginning Mrs. Frederick T. Hill (Mabel Wood, Smith '91) and three other college girls assisted Miss Wagner to teach a few promising pupils in the College settlement. Mrs. Hill is one of the few college women whom I know to be studying music in New York as a profession. Miss Ada Knowlton '91, has been doing excellent work as a pianist and Miss Ruth Duncan '00, is starting out as a contralto singer. Mrs. Hill studied composition for a number of years under Professor MacDowell. Of her published work about four groups of three or seven songs have appeared, thoroughly poetical and original in character. The Celtic songs, words by Fiona MacLoed, are charming.

In this short account much more has been omitted than is fitting, but if all the music was included the paper would be but a catalogue of names and programs and the object of giving some idea of what there is to be enjoyed and learned in the way of music in New York would be lost.

As to musical atmosphere, there is plenty of it if you live among music lovers and musicians. New York holds an art world, a music world, a world of business, a world of society, etc. If one chooses he can be steeped in music to the exclusion of all else. There has been a great advance in general education in music in the last ten years. The many lectures, lecture-recitals and books that are available have helped this and have certainly created a larger musical intelligence in the public. This is fostered too by the private societies of musicians and amateurs where one can hear in studios and drawing-rooms music on a more intimate footing than in the concert hall.

That we have notable teachers here is a well established fact, and courtesy and encouragement is more the rule here than in Europe. One must choose the instructor carefully as there are many not of the first rank, but that is true everywhere. I do not mean to disparage studying abroad, for no one

can fail to acknowledge the benefit of foreign study in any profession, but I do maintain it is by no means essential in acquiring a thorough knowledge of music and not so desirable in the beginning. Besides, with such a steady stream of Europe's best musicians migrating to this country, enough remain in New York to give us the benefit of their skill and training. If music in New York has made such strides in the last twenty-five years why may we not look with Herr Methull to the school of art and music of America?

LOUISE PHILLIPS HOUGHTON '91.

The fact that the relation of women to the perhaps rather elusive profession of journalism is at present decidedly casual and oblique, is, for several reasons, unfortunate. In the first

**Newspaper Work for Women** place, to that multi-colored, infinitely diverse picture of human life, the daily newspaper, a woman of adroit and penetrative mind can perhaps contribute something that is beyond the reach of even an equally intelligent man. Then, of whatever value their work may be, women after all need journalism quite as much as journalism needs women. So far as their larger social relations are concerned, women are still desperately in need of education. The movement toward social settlements and less well defined sociological experiment is doubtless in part a confession of this. A greater number of points of contact between an illusionary and a concrete world may therefore well be profitably educative. Then again, the number of women who take up self-supporting work each year overwhelmingly increases, yet teaching continues to be the one profession into which educated women drift in dismayingly swarms.

But the very common reluctance to take up newspaper work does not, as in many other cases, spring from distaste. On the contrary, by most adventurous young persons who have never engaged in it, journalism is illusively regarded as a life of glittering and mysterious charm. Nor are young women likely to distrust their capacity, a consciousness of the writer's gift having almost become a national characteristic. But it is oddly true that a woman who believes herself qualified for journalism has often a still profounder conviction that her destiny is literature; and she considers it wise to deny herself the temporary allurements of newspaper work, in order that hasty writing on everyday subjects may not injure her "style."

A more easily intelligible reason for the frequent reluctance of well-equipped women to take up newspaper writing is that few women, after all, regard with equanimity the sacrifice of conventional social life. There is some force in this objection, inasmuch as newspaper work of all but the airiest varieties precludes dinners, teas, days at home and a reputation for keeping ones engagements. A teacher may exhaust in her regular work-time more nervous energy than she is ever likely to replenish, and yet, in her "leisure" hours, preserve every social illusion and conform completely to the petty traditions whose observance makes up the life of the woman who lives in more or less idle comfort at home. The individual woman must naturally decide for herself of how much importance these traditions are; and if she is likely to suffer too keenly by breaking with

them, she is doubtless wise to spare herself unnecessary pangs. Yet of course there is no reason why a newspaper woman should be a social outcast.

It is true, although not of serious importance, that little is popularly known either of newspaper women or their work and that the few attempts to remedy this lack have been in the nature of caricature. The woman reporter of the farce-comedy stage, a midget beside her colossal note-book, is more or less familiar. And the greater part of the fiction dealing with this subject is not more serious or more true. For result, every newspaper woman knows that her essays in journalism are regarded, and by the most intelligent persons of her acquaintance, either as "literary work", or, more vaguely, as something a little too adventurous for polite discussion.

After all, what does newspaper work for women really mean? It may mean so many things that any exposition must seem somewhat vague. It may mean the writing of "special articles" of a semi-news interest: it may mean the conducting of a column of comment, or the securing of interviews, or literary or dramatic criticism, or the editorship of a department, perhaps most often a "woman's page" or a "woman's section;" or, but not often, general reporting for a daily paper; or regular correspondence; or an office position of "re-writing", "copy-reading", reading of "exchanges", or general utility; or, rarely, the writing of editorials; or charge of a department of the daily news, like that of "education" or "women's clubs" or "society", or even, it may be, the writing of "fashion stories". Sometimes it means several of these things at once, and always and preëminently it means versatility of a prodigious degree. Often it implies the ability to write short stories or verses to order while "the page is waiting", or to translate readily from other languages. And it has sometimes meant the sensational exploitation of personality in a fashion which even ultra-modern newspapers have practically outgrown. Indeed, almost the only statement it would be safe to make to an amateur wishing to have her prospective work defined is that her own equipment and personality are likely to determine it.

Parenthetically, however, the common factors of all successful newspaper careers are good health, moral backbone, a sense of humor and an ascetic superiority to personal inconvenience. A newspaper woman who objected to bad weather would be an absurdity. One who fancied it impossible to spend many successive days in an office full of noise and tobacco-smoke would very soon come to smile at her imagined lack of adaptability. One who declined to be ready, soldier-fashion, to start, at a few hours' notice, for Europe or California or New Jersey, would thus eloquently confess her own unfitness. A newspaper woman has little opportunity for the coddling of her personal preferences.

It is likewise unsafe to assert what branches of newspaper work women are most successful in, because it is a point that the greater number have not had full opportunity to demonstrate. There are conservative newspapers that still regard with old-fashioned horror the possible lessening of editorial dignity and dullness through the postulated frivolity of a woman's touch. Here, and elsewhere, it is a fondly cherished axiom that women are deficient in critical judgment. Yet women have disproved this and are still disproving it. Furthermore, the heresy may be hazarded that women are not always divine-

ly adapted to conduct the "women's pages" so bitterly condemned by Mr. Howells and so firmly believed in by almost every director of newspaper policy. A woman whose personal sympathies are along the line of the reconstructed bonnet and the raised doughnut may be conceived to lack the originality and the well-ordered intelligence necessary to any kind of editing; while the woman who has shining talents may doubtless be more effectively utilized elsewhere. It is such matters as these that the entrance into newspaper work of a greater number of educated women would remedy.

There are a thousand features and incidents of city life that, in any newspaper of substance and variety, call for legitimately picturesque and sympathetic description. And in this interesting work a woman of imagination and sensitive impressionability can make herself of great value to a newspaper and to its readers. Not, of course, by manufacturing pathos, nor by a too violent abuse of the adjective, nor by any device of gilding the lilies of her rhetoric; but by careful and intelligent reporting with the aid of what art she has. Perhaps the best reports are of the impressionistic order, but for that tendency journalism has only literature to thank. It is true that there is seldom any glory attached to this sort of work. The public indebtedness to men and women who can describe any earthly happening in a concise and readable column of print, is quite unacknowledged. The standard of descriptive skill and telling expression is higher on the best newspapers than in the productions of most publishing houses. Yet the results of this skill are accepted uncritically by almost every reader.

It may be asked, in connection with the recommendation of newspaper work as a profession for women, to what it leads. For women who prove their ability to stay in it, it leads usually to an established position, to an editorship, or to an accumulation of experience and skill that can count in some other, perhaps a literary, capacity. Another way of looking at it may be that prolonged newspaper work is a kill-or-cure experience and that a woman who does not drop in exhaustion by the wayside is fairly certain, by that very token, of arriving somewhere or other. Possibly an observation of the careers of newspaper women might lead to a conclusion very like this. There can, of course, be no guarantee that journalism will, in any given case, lead to more serious writing; at the same time, there are a fair number of cases in which it has. There is, at least, no instance on record where a man or woman of distinguished talents and a brain filled with the substance of epoch-making books has gone into a newspaper office and gone out, bereft of this rare endowment. What newspaper work teaches is a perception of the vital and dramatic, the art of forceful and condensed presentation and a broad, if not always genial and optimistic view of the world at large. It is difficult to see how these acquirements could be out of place in a writer's equipment or how a genuine talent could be, by this experience, perverted or crushed.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR '91.

One of the things which every freshman expects to do in the course of her four years' stay at college is to make her own acquaintance, to get to know the things that she can and the things

**What is Expected of the** that she can not do. She is apt to try her  
**New Alumnae** hand at pretty much everything as a result of this idea. She plays basket-ball, she writes,

she acts, or at least she has a part in several plays and she runs a decorating committee. When she has been in college a little longer however, she discovers that there is only one, or at least two of these things, which she can do well, that is unless she belongs to the small class beloved of the gods, who really seem to be able to do everything. She settles down to the kind of work she likes or to an existence of general odd and end usefulness, known as "making home happy."

Having become humble and decided that there are very few things that she is capable of doing, the unfortunate graduate goes home and discovers that according to her friends' views the freshman ideal of doing everything and being an "all-around girl" is the true one. Probably she is rather appalled at the amount of time she is to have to herself this first winter out of college, and she plans some solid reading. She may set her mind at rest on this point however. She will not be allowed to be too idle, and it is not long before she begins to discover what is expected of the college graduate.

To begin with the demands of the outside world, one of her preparatory school teachers comes to her and says, "It is perfectly delightful to have you at home because now I know that if I am ill, you are here to take my place at once, and it will be such good practice for you." The graduate, probably a timid soul, groans inwardly and thinks of the jeering younger sisters of her friends, whom it would be her lot to instruct in Latin, her particular *bête noire*. She is asked to join a cooking class because "a college girl should develop the domestic side of her nature." She is asked to teach a class of small Jewish boys to cane chairs, for "college girls are always so much interested in settlement work." A Dante class, a sewing school, and a current events club are thought worthy of her attention, because she is "too intelligent a girl to let the intellectual side drop." Also she is asked to run some tableaux because "she must be so experienced in that sort of thing. They are always having tableaux at college." Last, but by no means least, she is expected to answer politely and quietly when asked how she likes being out of college. This terrible question pursues her everywhere and all the time and is always accompanied by a maddeningly agreeable smile, which makes it impossible to slay the asker as one would like to do. There is, of course, only one possible answer. You mumble something about how delightful it is to be at home, but say you do miss college sometimes, both of which statements are true, but even at first they are not exciting as topics of conversation and when said for the five hundredth time they are boring to say the least. You wonder how long it is supposed to take to become acclimated to the outside world and for how many years people will go on asking the same question.

These are the outside interests of the college graduate. The home demands are quite as varied. She must dust, mend, make calls, wear rubbers and winter flannels, and last but far from least, she must live on an allowance.

As a result of the last named item, she who scorned a bargain now searches the newspapers for sales. She wears "Sorosis" shoes and makes her own shirt waists, generally with very disastrous results. If she does the house-keeping a new woe is added to the already lengthy list for she lives in terror of the cook and the butcher. She goes to market and knowingly pinches heads of lettuce and pokes chickens for the purpose of impressing the green-grocer, but any possible good impression is spoiled when she orders a peck of parsley and a bunch of parsnips. Then one morning she probably forgets the whole thing, her mind being set on higher things than food, and the family live on bread and cheese for the day and talk about her forgetfulness for at least a year.

Truly the life of the graduate is hard and when she breaks down in the middle of the second winter and has to go to a sanitarium for shattered nerves her friends lay the blame entirely on the hard work she did in college.

HELEN WRIGHT MARIE '04.

To give information in regard to the need and purpose of this fund, there have been sent out, since November 25, 1904, to alumnae and friends of the

<p>Alumnae Fund of \$10,000 for Smith Student Aid Society</p>	<p>Aid Society, under the auspices of the general fund committee, about 8,100 circulars, pledge cards, and cards with President Seelye's en-</p>
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dorsement of this work. The chairman of the general committee has received, up to the present time, 170 responses from individual contributors. Others have contributed or will do so later through their local associations, clubs, committees or class organizations, but there still remains a large number of alumnae and friends who have overlooked this appeal, and we take this opportunity of bringing the matter again to their attention. The committee urges all who can make large gifts to this fund to do so—generous contributions are sorely needed—but particularly desires that the alumnae and friends should realize that this work is not "the responsibility of the few but the opportunity of the many" to be of real service to the college, to the extent of their ability, be it small or great. At this writing, February 4, 1905, the fund stands as follows:—

Received from 143 individual contributors,	\$ 1,569 40
Received from Washington Club,	25 00
Received from class of '94 (reunion gift),	350 00
Received from Chicago Association, proceeds of lecture given December 17, 1904,	856 00
Received from Vermont Branch of Smith Students' Aid Society, proceeds of a tea, Rutland, Vermont,	48 00
Total on deposit,	\$ 2,848 40
Received in pledges to be paid on or before April 1, 1905, from 27 contributors,	\$ 306 00
Total amount secured,	\$ 2,649 40

On behalf of the Committee,

NELLIE SANFORD WEBB, Chairman.

Mrs. JAMES A. WEBB, Jr., Madison, N. J.

The committee wishes to thank those class secretaries who have been so active in trying to get blanks returned for the new Register and those individuals who have furnished names and addresses. Blanks **Smith Register** have been sent to the new addresses, or to those giving names only, for them to forward, but many thus addressed have not been heard from. Will those who have sent names and addresses continue to help the committee by making a personal effort to see that the blanks sent to the addresses given be filled out and returned.

Appended is a list, supplementary to the one in the December MONTHLY, of some who have not been found. Will any one knowing the addresses of one or more of these, send them to the chairman of the committee?

NINA E. BROWNE, 10½ Beacon Street, Boston.

## GRADUATES.

Heinemann, Ida G., '02	Schenck, Ella L., '04
Howes, Caroline B., '04	Upham, Dorothy Q., '04

## NON-GRADUATES.

Atkinson, Winifred, '91-5	Lothrop, Anna W., '80-1
Bennett, Elizabeth C., '85-6	Perkins, Adelaide F., '89-91
Chandler, Abbie B., '84-6	Perkins, Ella A., '80-2
Crandell, Augusta, '84-5	Rosebrooks, Clara B., 80-1 Mus.
Denman, Martha L., 89-91	Russell, Helen H., '83-4
Eschenberg, Elizabeth, '98-9	Spaulding, Mary C., '84-6
Griebel, Gertrude M., '85-6	Stark, Harriet B., '88-9
Hillard, Fanny S., '92-3	Stevens, Edna L., '98-00
Holden, Nathalie F., '99-00	Stevenson, Mary F., '92-3
Kerr, Florence, '98-4	Strawn, Myra H., 91-3
Lindsey, Susan M., '91-2	Van Iderstene, Alice, '98-5
Walker, Maude, 95-6	

The Rutland (Vt.) Club of Smith Alumnæ gave a "Smith New Year's Tea" on the afternoon of January 2, for the benefit of the Students' Aid Fund. It was a ten cent entertainment, with a few ten cent extras. The Smith Family of Northampton—a few being real "Smiths" and the rest friends of Smith—appeared in vaudeville. Meg Merriles and Fatima, an Egyptian sorceress, revealed the mysteries of the past and the secrets of the future by means of palmistry. Welsh rarebit, fudge and other collegiate candies were made on chafing dishes and tea and wafers were served to all comers, who were also given excellent music for the small admission fee. Posters, banners, Smith pillows, class books, songs sung with plenty of enthusiasm, if little skill, screens in front of the vaudeville "stage" and cushions for a part of the audience to sit on, lent a distinctive college atmosphere to the afternoon. It was amusing to see how easily the audience, old and young, fell into the spirit of the occasion, and what a good time everyone had out of so little,—which is again characteristic of college entertainments. There were practically no expenses, the tickets being hand made and the refreshments contributed by the club. As only four days were spent in planning for the tea, sell-



ing all the tickets that the size of the house warranted and getting ready, the club felt very well satisfied with the \$40 which it forwarded to Mrs. Webb. Besides this, the Students' Aid Society gained publicity and friends. As for Smith, the general sentiment was voiced by a small boy in the vaudeville troupe, who inquired anxiously if boys couldn't go there too.

We are writing to the MONTHLY about our humble effort, because we hope that others will go and do likewise. There are only a dozen Smith girls, alumnae and undergraduates, in Rutland. If every group of ten or a dozen, or even fewer girls, living outside the large centers where elaborate entertainments are possible, would add to their individual pledges in some way similar to ours, the ten thousand dollars would be well in sight. And you have no idea what fun it is, whether you have been out of college one year or twenty-three, to be doing something in the old, merry, happy-go-lucky way that was the way you used to do everything when you were in college.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON,

For the Rutland Club.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'04. Margaret Sawtelle,	.	.	.	December 19-21
'08. Elizabeth Viles,	.	.	.	January 6
'91. Cornelia R. Trowbridge,	.	.	.	" 6
'01. Susan R. Seaver,	.	.	.	" 5
'04. Louise S. Fuller,	.	.	.	" 8
'04. Emma Armstrong,	.	.	.	" 5-9
'08. Bertha K. Whipple,	.	.	.	" 10
'04. Maude H. Brown,	.	.	.	" 11-13
'04. Anna C. Mansfield,	.	.	.	" 14-19
'04. Emilie Creighton,	.	.	.	" 14-17
'01. Shirley M. Hunt,	.	.	.	" 11
'04. Constance L. Abbott,	.	.	.	" 20-23
'98. Jeesie W. Budlong,	.	.	.	" 25-30
'90. Rose S. Harkwick,	.	.	.	" 27-29
ex-'91. Clara Ayres Whitehall,	.	.	.	" 27
'98. Adeline F. Wing,	.	.	.	" 27
'98. Eleanor F. Paul,	.	.	.	" 26-30

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the last of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue. They should be sent to Ellen T. Richardson, Hubbard House.

'83. Florence Snow Shumway has moved from her former home in New Brunswick, N. J., to 472 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'89. Gertrude Buell Decker has moved to Indianapolis.

Martha A. Hopkins is spending the winter in Europe and expects to visit The International Institute for Girls in Madrid, Spain.

- '93. Florence Jackson is at home in Englewood, New Jersey, this year.  
Adelaide W. Proctor is spending the winter travelling through California.
- '96. Laura Shepherd Gay is teaching in the High School at Jamaica, Long Island.  
Zephine Humphrey has a serial story, "The Schoolmaster," now running in the Congregationalist.
- '97. Anna Hempstead Branch expects to have a book of her poems issued in March by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., entitled "The Shoes that Danced."  
Katharine P. Crane is studying European History at Columbia University for an M. A.  
N. Gertrude Dyar is teaching elocution in the Curtis High School at New Brighton, Staten Island.  
Ada C. Knowlton is studying with Joseffy at the Conservatory of Music in New York.  
Harriet E. Patch is studying English and German at Columbia University.  
Lucy Stoddard is spending the winter in California, visiting friends in Pasadena, the Ojai Valley, Santa Clara and Berkeley.
- '98. Lucy L. Cable is in New York engaged in manuscript reading and in writing.  
Frances M. Osgood is spending the winter in Washington, D. C.  
The class of '99 has just published its Quinquennial Report, containing accounts of the second and fifth reunions, a brief "life" of each member of the class since graduation so far as obtainable, etc. Copies may be secured from Miss Mary Kennard, 30 Chestnut Street, Boston. Price, \$1.00.
- '99. Alice McClintock was married on December 15, in Denver, to Dr. Charles Graham.  
Ruth S. Phelps is spending the winter in Redlands, Cal.
- '01. Mary F. Barrett is studying at the Teachers' College, New York City.  
Julia Bolster and Amy Ferris returned in December from a six month's trip abroad.  
Edna H. Fawcett is in New York teaching at Miss Keller's School.
- '02. Lucia Coyle Dewey was married November 9, to Mr. Frederick C. Woermann. Her address is 304 Barclay Street, Flushing, New York City.  
Florence Evelyn Smith is spending the winter in Southern California. Address, Hotel Van Kuys, Los Angeles, California.
- '03. Marcia Baily has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick Gaylord Marsh of Framingham.  
Della A. Hastings has resigned her position in the Rockville (Conn.) High School, and has taken a position as teacher of science in the Braintree High School.

## BIRTHS

- '90. Mrs. Charles Perkins (Miriam Nancy Rogers), a son, born in August, 1904.
- '94. Mrs. J. L. Tildale (Bertha A. Watters), a daughter, Kathleen, born July 16.
- '97. Mrs. Cleveland Watrous (Grace Greenwood), a daughter, November 18.
- '98. Mrs. Charles L. Fincke (Mattie I. Brown), a daughter, Margaret Epps.
- '99. Mrs. Oliver Picher (Emily I. Stanton), a son, Oliver Stanton, born January 16.
- Mrs. Leach (Alice Choate Perkins), a daughter, born December, 1904.

## DEATHS

- '90. Mrs. Percival Chubb (Louise Walston), died at her home, Hill Crest, in Summit, N. J., on January 21, 1905. She had been ill for a long time with tuberculosis and went from Summit to Brooklyn several years ago for the benefit of her health. She leaves a husband and five children.
- '98. Mrs. Malcolm Neill MacLaren (Mabel Warren Sanford), died suddenly of peritonitis at her home, 116 Sayre Street, Elizabeth, N. J., on September 16, 1904.

## ***ABOUT COLLEGE***

### **THE MURDER OF THE LITTLE POEM**

I was a little poem once,  
Now I'm a little ghost.  
It happened thus :—One sad, sad day  
There came a skirted host ;  
With spectacles on noses and  
With pointed pens in air.  
They rushed upon the bookcase as  
I lay in slumber there,  
They dragged me from my little book,  
And with no more ado  
They fell upon me one and all  
And cut me quite in two.

Yes, cut me quite in two, and then—  
Those monsters without heart—  
They took each severed little half  
And tore it all apart  
Until my body was in bits ;  
Then when I was sound dead  
The leader of the host spoke up ;  
In precise tones she said :  
“ Let each one take her pointed pen  
And write down in her book  
Just how the little bones are joined,  
Just how the muscles look ;  
How all the little veins are made—  
Why some seem red, some blue—  
And what the lungs and stomach are,  
And the appendix too.  
Then, if you've written carefully  
On everything you know,  
I'll not detain you longer ; when  
You've finished you may go.  
But please remember ! From now on  
I wish you without aid  
To tell me, when I ask you, how  
A little poem's made.”

Tell how a little poem's made!  
 As though that thing were me  
 That they had taken all apart!  
 Alas! they did not see  
 That poems have a body and  
 A *spirit*, same as they.  
 And when they'd cut my body up  
 They'd sent my soul away.

Yes, sent my soul away, ah me!  
 To wander through the air,  
 Bewailing its untimely flight  
 In accents of despair.  
 Oh, may some dreadful punishment  
 Befall that skirted host  
 That changed a little poem to  
 A lonely little ghost!

ELOISE GATELY BEERS '06

No. 10 Seelye Hall, for years the chamber for the popular assemblies of our class bodies, has recently received such a tribute to its capacity as may lead to a disavowal of its modest functions in the Meeting of the House of Representatives. It accommodated, on the 18th of January, no less a body than the House of Representatives, represented by the class in Civil Government. But while the dignity thus added to the chamber may have been real, it was not apparent, the integrity of the House as a whole being maintained only by the determined use of the gavel by Speaker Dennis and of the mace by Sergeant-at-Arms Bullis.

Speaker Dennis showed throughout the meeting his strong Republican partisanship, ruling consistently for might and right and checking as much as possible the persistent filibustering of the minority led by the member from Ohio (Johnson).

After the reading of the Journal by Clerk Abbot, the House proceeded to business, which consisted for the most part of the consideration of bills brought up by committees.

The Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary (Rambo) having obtained the floor, strongly recommended the favorable consideration of Bill 17,634, "Providing for the reduction of representation of the South in accordance with penal clause of the 14th amendment." The majority showed an amiable disposition to comply with this recommendation and, moreover, a generous member from Pa. (Collins), moved that an amendment be passed appointing a committee with control of \$300,000 to investigate the condition of the South. The minority idea of "Business" seemed, however, to differ somewhat from that of the majority, and a point of order was raised by the member from Mass. (Donohoe), that, as the amendment involved the appropriation of money, the House resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

On motion of the majority leader (Kurtz), the Speaker appointed a chairman (Davidson) and the House went into Committee of the Whole. The minority then proceeded to business by moving to strike out the enacting clause, and to amend the amendment by substituting for the sum of \$300,000 the sum of 30 cents. The latter motion aroused the indignation of the member from Michigan (Clay), who, in his Republican generosity failed to understand the extreme economy, or, rather, sordid penuriousness of the minority.

The amendment was carried, and the bill finally, upon a yea and nay vote, was returned for third reading.

After a five-minutes recess, the House was again called to order. The chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections (Pond) obtained the floor and recommended the seating of the Republican (Jackson). A vote upon the measure was, however, delayed by the minority's scrupulous care for constitutional quorum requirements. The quorum having been ascertained, the minority next had recourse to motions to strike out the last clause of the bill, to postpone and to adjourn; and finally the member from Illinois (Burnham) rose to a question of personal privilege. In the midst of an affecting vindication of his honor and a rehearsal of his philanthropic indulgences, the Chair ruled that he was out of order, the point raised being irrelevant to his character in his representative capacity.

An appeal from this decision of the Chair occupied considerable time, and the minority demands for votes at last aroused active opposition on the part of the Chair, the member from New Jersey (Macdonald), being accused of making a dilatory motion. The gentleman's innocence was established only after an appeal to his own honorable self. An assertion of good faith from such a source naturally mollified even the Speaker, and the demanded yea and nay vote was taken. The Chair having been sustained, the bill was passed.

A motion to adjourn having been made, the nonchalant members (whose interest in their newspapers was beginning to wane) aroused themselves, and, having heartily endorsed the motion, participated cordially in the general dispersion of the House.

Professor Gardiner and Miss Cutler attended the meeting of the American Philosophical Association in Philadelphia, December 28-30. Professor Gardiner declined re-election to the secretaryship, but was

**Faculty Notes** elected a member of the Executive Committee for two years. He has written reports of the meeting for *Science* and the *Psychological Bulletin*.

Professor Gardiner has been appointed a member of the Council of Section B, the Psychical Research Section, of the American Institute for Scientific Research.

Professor Pierce attended the meeting of the American Psychological Association, at Philadelphia, December 28-30, where he read a paper on Unperceivable States of Consciousness.

The joint sessions of the American Historical, Economic, and Political Associations at Chicago, December 28-31, were attended by Professor Hazen, Professor Dennis and Mr. Kimball. During the past year Professor Dennis

has taken an active interest in politics. He attended the last democratic national convention as a delegate from the second Massachusetts congressional district, was a member of the committee on platform of the democratic state convention and has recently become a member of the democratic state committee for the Hampshire-Berkshire district. During the state campaign of last autumn Professor Dennis made several political addresses.

Professor Ganong and Miss Snow attended the meetings of the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology at Philadelphia, December 28-30. Professor Ganong was re-elected secretary of the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology.

Professor Waterman attended the meetings of the American Physical Society and Professor Emerson those of the American Geological Society, at Philadelphia, December 28-30.

Professor Wood attended the meetings of The Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis at Columbia University during the Christmas recess.

Professor Wood and Professor Sleeper will attend the annual convention of The Religious Education Association at Boston, February 12-16. Professor Wood will give an address on The Church's Problem of the Religious Education of its People.

Professor Wilder was elected a member of the Association of American Anatomists, at the annual meeting of the association in December.

The Bausch and Lomb Optical Company announce the manufacture of a number of pieces of new apparatus, from designs by Professor Ganong, for the exact study of plant physiology.

In the list of books cited as quoted in the latest *Variorum Shakespeare*, Love's Labour's Lost, J. B. Lippincott Co., 1904, Dr. Horace Howard Furness has included a monograph by Miss Scott, on Translations of Metrical Romances. The article was printed in the Publications of the Modern Language Association in 1895, and is one of a series on the Italian sources of the Elizabethan drama. Dr. Furness has presented Miss Scott with an autograph copy of the *Variorum Love's Labour's Lost*.

Miss Jordan, on January 10, gave an address before the Woman's Club of Gardner on The Boss in American Life and Literature.

Professor Wilder gave a lecture, January 11, entitled The Relationship between Twins and Double Monsters, before the Hampshire District Medical Association.

Professor Emerson gave a lecture on The Geology of the Connecticut Valley, at Westfield December 22, at Williston Seminary January 18 and at Holyoke January 27.

Professor Story gave the music to Enoch Arden, by Richard Strauss, before The College Club of Springfield, at "The Elms," January 18 and at the home of Mrs. Mary Gorham Bush on February 1.

Professor Sleeper gave an address, February 8, at Hartford, at the ordination into the ministry of church music of Ralph L. Baldwin, organist and choirmaster of the Fourth Congregational Church.

Professor Sleeper will give two courses of lectures at the Summer Session of Teachers' College, Columbia University, one upon Harmony and one upon The Theory and History of Music.

Mrs. Lee has a story in the *Century* for January, called *The Scientist and the Moth*, and one in the *Atlantic* for February called *Pet's Husband*.

*Archivio Storico Italiano*, December, 1904, has an article by Miss Bernardy, *Maestri e Scolari a San Marino dal XV. al XVIII. secolo*.

The *International Journal of Ethics* for January has an extended article by Professor Dennis entitled, *The Political and Ethical Aspects of Lynching*.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

On Wednesday evening, January 18, Madam Lillian Blauvelt gave a very enjoyable concert in Assembly Hall. The program consisted of Italian, German, French and English songs. The audience showed their appreciation by hearty applause to which Madam Blauvelt generously responded.

On Friday afternoon, January 27, Mr. Robert E. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey, gave in Chemistry Hall a lecture on Mexico. Mr. Hill outlined Mexico's advance during the last twenty-

Lecture by Mr. Hill five years in commerce, manufactures, finance, the growth of railroads and the building of universities.

The credit of the improvement Mr. Hill gives to President Diaz, who is in reality the monarch, not the representative, of a republican form of government. From this work of twenty-five years Mr. Hill turned to the country itself; its people and its institutions. Pictures were thrown on the screen illustrating the beauty and variety of Mexican scenery, its mountains, rushing rivers and waterfalls, its scorched plains filled with sage and cactus, and the immense trees of its more fertile regions. The people who inhabit the country were seen to be somewhat less beautiful than their surroundings but quite as interesting. The laboring class, Mr. Hill said, were for the most part full-blooded Indians, the descendants of the people that Cortez found when he made his first conquest. The Spaniard, with his reputed cruelty, but with his priests and monasteries, had succeeded in making good laborers of the Indians whom the English could not exterminate. In the architecture of the country there are still further traces of the old Aztec days and the good churchmen who followed. Everywhere are traces of the old—in thousands of churches and monasteries, in great aqueducts, river dams and in street fountains, all ornamented in the most elaborate manner, showing the loving skill of those bygone days. The lecture ended here somewhat abruptly owing to the shortness of the hour, so that we did not get all the pictures Mr. Hill had so carefully selected.

The impression left by the lecture was that Mexico is a land of great contrasts, of much beauty and much poverty, magnificent buildings and thatched huts, snow-crested mountains and arid plains—a land of great future promise with a glorious and ever haunting past.

On the evening of Wednesday, February 1, a dance was given in the Students' Building by the following houses: 84 Elm Street, 14 Green Street, 9 Belmont Avenue.



## SOCIETY ELECTIONS

## ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Julie Edna Capen 1905  
 Vice-president, Charlotte Riggs Gardner 1906  
 Secretary, Rosamond Denison 1906  
 Treasurer, Helen Chapin Moody 1907  
 Editor, Ruth Robinson Blodgett 1905

## PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Marian Elizabeth Rumsey 1905  
 Vice-president, Nellie Manville Brown 1906  
 Secretary, Ella Mosher Dunham 1906  
 Treasurer, Elizabeth Bishop Ballard 1907  
 Editor, Helen Rogers 1905

## DEUTSCHER VEREIN

President, Charlotte Goldsmith Chase 1905  
 Vice-president, Marietta Adelaide Hyde 1905  
 Secretary, Marjorie Stephens Allen 1906  
 Treasurer, Ethel Woolverton 1907

## CALENDAR

- Feb. 11, Lecture by Professor George E. Woodberry.  
 Junior Frolic.
- “ 15, Lecture by Professor Woodberry.  
 Concert : In a Persian Garden.
- “ 18, Lecture by Miss Cleghorn before the College Settlement Association.
- “ 22, Washington's Birthday.
- “ 25, Lecture by Professor Woodberry.  
 Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- “ 28, Piano Recital by Ernest Schelling.
- Mar. 1, Lecture by Professor Woodberry.  
 Open meeting of Deutscher Verein.
- “ 4, Alpha Society.
- “ 8, Lecture by Professor Woodberry.  
 Chapin House Play.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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*No. 6.*

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WASHINGTON ODE

Oh, the sea lies fair in the winter air,  
And proudly the breakers comb,  
While green waves leap from a hollow deep  
To break in a crest of foam.  
And keen winds play in the flinging spray  
And whirl to a sheet of mist.  
Then on and away to the edge of the day  
Where the sea lies shadow-kissed ;  
And onward drawn, forever gone,  
Clear and cold and free,  
Where far around the sky bends down  
To touch the winter sea.  
And slowly the tired winds go home  
And night 's on the face of the deep,  
With only the sound of the breaking foam  
Singing the stars to sleep.

Broad continents sleep on the sea's wide main  
And waves reach up in dumb unrest,  
And sob against the shore's broad breast  
In wordless pain.  
Strong spirits guard the Sundered lands,  
Holding each in his upraised hands,  
The symbol of his trust.

And one lifts high an iron chain  
Forged in the lapse of years ;  
One holds toward heaven a leaping flame.  
Forever mounting stronger, higher,  
A guiding torch, and all who come  
Share each the living fire.  
And he who holds the flaming light  
Stands in the hush of the lonely night,  
And watching, sees the anguished pain  
Of hearts down-borne by broken hope,  
That fain would rest.

As sunshine, after sorrow cometh rest ;  
As comes the dew clear twilight after rain,  
A peace twice blest since doubly blest,  
A moment's calm in a world of pain.  
Ah, rest beside some world-forgetting stream,  
A slender, toil-worn sickle at thy feet;  
Ah, linger so, to dream again life's dream  
And hear the west wind whisper through the wheat.  
For life is like an epic of the wheat,  
Sown by the will of others where they would,  
Blown by the stormy fury of "Thou shalt",  
Parted by winds of evil and of good.  
The slow uplifting of the grain is life,  
The fair unfolding of the leaves is youth,  
Condition is the sheath, the kernel self,  
Whereof the harvest, truth.

And whoso calls across the years,  
A moment resting from a world of tears,  
He answer has, "Fear not, oh soul,  
Thy debt to pain is paid;  
Thou yet shalt reach thy destined goal.  
My torch shall be thine aid."  
And wandering in the distant night  
Still others see the promised light,  
Take heart again and find their way  
Out to the shining sea !

Dim lay the distant shore,  
Wrapped in the shimmering gauze of ocean's mist.  
White gleamed the waves in myriad glints star-kissed.  
And straight and strong an emigrant stood  
And watched the stars through the silent night,  
While slowly faded the line of the wood,  
And slowly the harbor light.

And out of the great and silent dark  
Came the lonely wailing tone  
Of a bell that rocked with long green waves  
In the wind and the night, alone.  
Calling, forever calling,  
Athwart the stars' pale light,  
Where flotsam, locked with long sea flowers,  
Drifts in endless night.  
Oh, great and wonderful dark of life,  
Oh, wide and lonely sea,  
Oh, trackless way, with danger rife,  
Where is the victory?  
Must one, though humble and poor he be,  
Fall in a lesser strife—  
Some soul through sorrow fail to hear  
The clarion call of life?  
And what though one walk beside thee  
In the turmoil of life's haste,  
Thou art alone, and he is alone,  
Alone in an untried waste.

And tense and straight the emigrant stood  
As the distant sea cliffs slipped from sight.  
'Twas not the white-capped sea he saw  
Nor heeded the stars' dim light.  
Beyond the sea and the stranger lands,  
By a cottage rude and low,  
He dreamed of one whose loyal faith  
Had bade a comrade go.  
Brave with the courage of life's new thrall,  
Strong to answer hope's fair call  
From the country over the sea.

The country over the sea! What fair,  
What myriad dreams are thine!  
What breadth of far-off cotton fields,  
What smell of southern pine!  
The still and boundless western plains,  
Rough mountains, gaunt and bare,  
The beauty of the northern snows,  
The breath of southern air;  
But nearer far and terrible,  
The noisy panting street,  
No words that one may understand,  
No friendly faces meet!

So under the hush of his calm  
Lurked the flame of a sigh—

A sigh for the friends he would see no more,  
And a sigh for the dreams he would dream no more ;  
For not as a youth he westward sailed  
But a man, sad-eyed, whose dream of life  
Had failed.  
Despair's despair—the fear of self !  
Bleak prison of self-doubt !  
Did one in portioning my share  
Leave good and fair gifts out ?  
Am I so weak that I must know  
Failure and grief alone ?  
Cannot I call this dream of life  
Through sorrow and toil my own ?  
Wave-washed pebbles all, impotent on life's shore,  
One little moment lying so, then gone forever more !

And one had failed !  
Failed because of the chains he wore,  
Forged full thousands of years before  
In ages gone.  
And not as a man had he fought his fight,  
Claiming the freedom of man's own right,  
But a bondman, treading from hour to hour  
The treadmill of power.  
And never swerving to left or right,  
He had plodded his way through this moral night ;  
One step aside, and lash in hand  
Towered the world-old law of land,  
Crushing soul and body and brain  
And hope.  
And many a peasant bent with toil,  
Thankless tilling another's soil,  
Has lifted his eyes to see  
A castle strong and rising free  
Against the evening sky !  
Think you he never questions why  
One man is born to a place so high,  
And one to a place so low ?  
Why one man, idle and drunk with ease,  
No care should know ?  
And another, deep in wheaten seas,  
Should swing the scythe from the rising sun  
Till the shadows lengthen and day is done ?  
Think you he dreams no golden dreams  
Of place and fame,  
As the flashing sickle lifts and gleams  
And falls again ?  
Think you he looks not over the grain,

Past the russet wheat as it bends and bows,  
That he sees not the hills of mystery  
That stand at the edge of the plain ?

Oh, the soul that God has given to man  
Is a soul athirst to know  
Whither and whence the winds go hence  
And how and why they blow ;  
And he sees the highway that leads to life,  
Fair and faint and far,  
And knows that weary years of strife  
His chains of bondage are.  
Oh, Spirit, Thine aid for the troubled lands  
Beyond the wind-swept sea !  
Stretch to the nations of pain thy hands,  
One weary calls out to thee !

And lo ! the listening peasant heard  
His answer strange and swiftly sent,  
And eager still, hope waked and stirred.  
He knew the torch the spirit lent.  
Whose flame, fraternity.  
And he that guarded his native land  
With the heavy chain in his upraised hand,  
Saw the links that had held so long  
Grow, through one link, less strong.

Oh, Liberty, whose pure uplifting name  
Is guarded, and whose ever splendid fame  
Is cherished as our nation's talisman !  
Over twin vales of pleasant placid peace,  
Broad seas of vivid light and somber shade,  
Over the hills of war that lift between,  
Our pledge is made.  
Yet a nation is but a nation of men,  
And error is common to all ;  
We can but fight for what men call right.  
And with it stand or fall.

And I, though I see in memory,  
Gaunt hills and barren heath,  
Have pledged my hand to my fosterland,  
My heart and the spirit beneath ;  
And I, who have loved warm sunlit skies  
And heavy perfumes of flowers,  
Who have watched the calm of a moonlit sea,  
Dreaming long midnight hours ;  
And I, who, winding mountain paths

Where twilight silence thrills,  
 Have sung the shepherd's yodling song  
 Across the Alpine hills ;  
 And I, from the far-off Orient  
 That borders a tropic sea,  
 Who mourn the love of my country lent  
 As the price of my liberty,  
 Though a wealth of memory stir and wake  
 In the face of it all our pledge we make—  
 God and America !

Still in the dark of endless night  
 Two spirits stand,  
 An emblem in each upraised hand  
 And both their vigil keep.  
 One holds aloft a cruel chain,  
 And high above the somber deep  
 The angels in heaven, seeing,  
 Hide their faces and weep.  
 The other stands in a flood of light.  
 And listens across the sea.  
 The light is the light of courage,  
 And the spirit is Liberty.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

### PLATO'S VIEWS OF FINE ART AS EXPRESSED IN THE "REPUBLIC"

Plato's discussion of fine art is introduced in the second book of the *Republic* in connection with the projected education of those who are to be the guardians of the ideal city-state. The philosopher returns to the subject in Book X, dwelling with particular satisfaction upon this branch of the state organization. Thus Plato introduces and consistently discusses art as a matter subordinate to the moral life of the state, regulating his selections and exclusions of art forms by the criterion of usefulness in education. He aims throughout at simplicity in art. Those elements which he rejects as harmful are in each case elements of a complex development.

We cannot help feeling, however, a certain opposition in Plato's own mind in this connection. His demand for reality at first hand would exclude all representative art ; but he admits

certain forms of poetry and music. We feel that the exclusions themselves are made with reluctance, for the versatile dramatic poet is regarded with reverence as a "sacred, admirable and charming personage" to be "crowned with woolen fillets and annointed with oil" before he is sent away to another city. Plato, himself a poet, admits the potent charm of poetry while excluding it from his city. The seeming paradox is, however, made consistent by the pervading conception of the function of art,—to minister to virtue.

Plato everywhere emphasizes the imitative character of art. The work of man is necessarily imitative, since everything created by him is a copy of the Eternal Idea. The man who makes a bed is copying the original Form, created by God, and the artist also represents the bed as he sees it is copying a copy. Music imitates the various moods of men. The imitative character of art comes out most strongly in the case of dramatic poetry.

Plato shows that imitation is a potent force in the moulding of character,—that the artist and those who contemplate the product of his art cannot fail to become more like the object or the emotion which he represents. With this fact in mind, the philosopher takes care that no art be admitted into his city that does not make the guardians more high-spirited and philosophical. The education of these guardians is to consist of music and gymnastics. Under the first head fall the various fine arts,—poetry, music in its narrower sense, and painting. It is necessary in the first place carefully to consider the substance of those tales which are told to the young, lest they "receive into their minds opinions generally the reverse of those which, when they are grown to manhood, we shall think they ought to entertain." Such are opinions unfavorable to the character of the gods,—notions necessarily derived from the old stories about their crimes, their wars and intrigues. "The fictions which children first hear should be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue." They should be taught that God is the cause of those things only that are good. A god is incapable of changing his form, since such a change would involve degradation. Neither can a god tell a lie. The poet must not be permitted to detract from the dignity and sobriety of the high gods of Olympus. Nor should he teach anything derogatory to the character of the great men of Greece, for the youth



ought to have no unworthiness to copy when he follows in the footsteps of the heroes. So no intemperance, no lapse of dignity, no undue expression of grief is to be attributed to the supposedly good and great. Then since no one can be brave who is haunted with the fear of death, Plato would erase all passages that revile the other world—"All those terrible and alarming names which belong to these subjects",—also all dirges spoken of famous men.

The subjects permitted are finally reduced to two : hymns to the gods and panegyrics on the good. These alone teach the truth, courage and self-control which Plato would like to see in the guardians of the state.

After closing the discussion of the subject-matter of narratives, Plato takes up the question of their literary form. He confines his remarks to poetry, which he classifies according to the amount of dramatic personification involved. Lyric poetry, being a simple recital, and in itself not imitative, can do no harm, unless it is of a "highly seasoned" nature as to produce unphilosophical emotions of pleasure or pain in the hearer. Epic poetry, however, is a combination of recital and imitation. It will not be desirable for the guardians to indulge in any sort of imitation, since they should bend their whole energy to creating their country's freedom. But if they do give attention to this art, they will imitate only the speeches and actions of good men ; so that a narrative by a man of well-regulated character will contain very little imitation, while a contemptible man will stop at nothing, but will represent "even the barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, and the notes of birds".

Such limitations necessarily exclude the third kind of poetry, the drama, since it consists entirely of imitation, and includes, of course, unworthy characters. Indiscriminate dramatic representations foster in the spectator as well as in the actor those emotions of desire, grief and pleasure which "ought to wither with drought". Moreover, tragedians should be refused admittance into the city, if for no other reason than that they are panegyrists of tyranny. Besides being demoralizing, dramatic poetry is untrue. For Homer himself, the leader of tragedy, showed his ignorance of that whereof he wrote by leaving no real achievements of war or law—those beautiful subjects which he seemed to treat so well. This is because, like all imitating artists, he is two removes from the truth embodied in the Idea,

and is the manufacturer of a phantom. Finally, this sort of poetry has no real worth, because it appeals, not to the rational element in the soul, but to that part of us which is far removed from wisdom.

In his discussion of music, Plato still rejects all except that conducive to the virtues which he desires to see in the guardians. "A song," says Plato, "consists of three parts, the words, the harmony, and the rhythm. The words must conform to the rules already laid down concerning poetry, and the harmony and rhythm ought to follow the words."

In Plato's scheme, harmony and rhythm, like the subject and the form of poetry, undergo a process of simplification. Plato discards all plaintive harmonies, as he had ruled dirges out of poetry; and he rejects also those harmonies which are effeminate and convivial.

Two harmonies he consents to admit, the Dorian and the Phrygian; the violent harmony, which imitates the courageous mood of a man in adversity, and the tranquil harmony, with the temperate tones of one in prosperity.

The rhythm must acquire grace by sinking itself to the sense of a well-regulated and manly life. A variety of rhythm is not desirable. A good rhythm shares that simplicity which is the mark of a noble, good nature.

"We attach such supreme importance to a musical education," says Plato, "because rhythm and harmony sink most deeply into the recesses of the soul, . . . bringing gracefulness in their train," that gracefulness which is a harmony of moral and physical beauty, modelled after the same great pattern. So the theory of music ends where, to the music-loving Greek it ought to end—in the love of the beautiful.

Plato submits the art of painting to the same purifying process, which leaves even less of a remnant here than when it was applied to poetry. In the first place, painting, also, is imitation. Like poetry, it is two removes from the truth, for it is the copy of a phantasm. Hence, it is completely divorced from the truth, for the imitator understands only the appearance and not the reality. He assails one natural infirmity with optical illusions, such as depth produced by color, and the bent appearance of a stick under water—devices which Plato calls "witchcraft". So painting appeals to our lower nature, to that part of the soul where there prevails utter confusion of this sort.

Thus Plato ever submits the fine arts to the test of usefulness in educating the citizen to virtue. He accepts art only in so far as it is contributory to that beauty which is high above the handicraft of man: the eternal beauty of the soul. Impressed by the power of the imitative arts to mould the character of the receptive Greek mind, Plato takes care to have that moulding influence promotive only of virtue.

Herein he anticipates certain theories which have attracted attention in modern times, such as the exercise of a censorship of libraries and art-galleries to rule out demoralizing books or pictures; only Plato goes further back and advises superintendence over the poets and painters themselves, that they may not "impress those signs of an evil nature . . . either on the likeness of living creatures . . . or on any other work of their hands . . . that our guardians may not be reared among the images of vice". Plato shows himself opposed to the principle of the modern theory of "art for art's sake", advising men to protect themselves against art "till it can make good its defence". He suggests besides that theory of decorative art in education which has been brought to a high development in the modern kindergarten system. He wishes to surround the young with whatever is fair and graceful, that they "may drink in good from every quarter, whence any emanation from noble works may strike upon their eye or their ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love and harmony with the true beauty of reason."

Plato, in his views on fine art, expresses a thorough-going idealism. He aims, in art as everywhere, at a perfect unity, and strives to attain that unity, not in and through differences, but by a process of simplification which suppresses the discordant elements and leaves an expression more in accord with the oneness of the Platonic Idea.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE.

## THE PROBLEM OF PROMINENCE IN COLLEGE

College is usually the first place, and often the only place where a girl has the opportunity of distinguishing herself. Boarding or preparatory schools offer chances for mild triumphs—the class president, the editors of the paper, and the heroine of the play have their little hour upon the stage and feel a good deal of importance the while, but the elation soon passes. No one, neither the girl herself nor even her admiring and hopeful family can be impressed long; she is only a schoolgirl after all, and these are schoolgirl honors, soon half-forgotten or remembered with tolerant amusement. When she comes to college however, things have changed. She is now a college woman—she may be only sixteen and wear pigtails, but she is one, nevertheless,—she has begun her college career, and only the cynical could ever fail to be impressed by a person with a career, no matter what that career may be.

She has entered a miniature world where the presidential election pales before the class elections, and a change in Russian generals in the East passes unnoticed compared to a change in the basket-ball team; she has left her home, where people are very much alike, equally cultured and equally unimportant, and has come into the realm of Personages. When she has thought of celebrities before it has been of authors, inventors and statesmen, but they have been so far off that she has never even cared particularly about meeting them; now she actually sees distinguished people, sits near them in the tea-room and even hears a few magic words drop from their lips. All the inborn instinct of the lion-hunter, so long buried, bursts forth, that love of celebrities which even the most high-minded feel, comes to the fore, and she begins her worship of the golden calf called Prominence. It is not so much a worship of prominent girls or rather concrete prominence, as a worship of prominence in the abstract, which is expressed, to her mind, by those girls. They are the symbols of that dreamed-of state and are consequently objects of admiration and respect. At first there are no distinc-

tions in her mind, no graded scale of prominence, and the question does not even present itself to her mind, whether any kind of prominence—no matter what it is for—is better than none at all. The girl who holds the record for high jumping and the girl who writes odes and lyrics stand on the same level—they are both prominent—and the means of arriving at this distinction make no difference.

After a few months at college, however, it begins to dawn on her how many ways there are in which to become distinguished. There is the basket-ball girl, whom everyone sings to, vociferously, when she makes a basket—this has its charms; there is the literary light, who carries a note-book to English 13 and puts down comments in it about other people's papers; there is the one who is always managing things and receiving notes on the bulletin-board,—and so on through a long list. There is a glamour about them all—and there is also the disillusionment which is sure to follow. After she has made the team she finds it is not all making baskets, but mostly practice, which becomes as exacting a duty as attending classes. When she receives a good comment on some paper she remembers that it was not the result of inspiration but of many hours in the library, and after one experience as chairman of a committee she learns to dread the notes on the bulletin-board. These external awakenings produce a still more disheartening inward one—the discovery that after some success or achievement she is still the same person; no wonderful change has taken place in her character nor—still more discouraging—in her looks, and that, except for a passing thrill, she feels exactly the same after a dose of prominence as before. The lesson is so plain that it does not even have to be brought out by personal experience,—living on the same corridor with a celebrity teaches volumes on the subject, and the loss of glamour is still more sickening. How can you feel the same glow of admiration for a girl's wonderful poems when you know that she wrote those poems by the light of *your* lamp, using *your* coal oil? Perhaps if you had had the lamp at that time you might have produced a masterpiece! But whether the disillusionment comes by actual experience or by contact with others who have had experience, it is always a shock, and makes necessary a complete change in one's point of view; only after this readjustment of ideas has taken place can one see things in their proper perspective.

The discovery that prominence is not so very wonderful after all, at least in the effect it has upon the girl herself, may be rather bitter for a while, but when this feeling passes it usually leaves behind it a much saner way of looking at college life—the tendency to adore prominence indiscriminately, and the desire for it, no matter at what cost, have disappeared and the disagreeable pill has had a most healthful effect. Yet there is another kind of experience in prominence which has the effect of giving a girl false and injurious standards. It comes from having a reputation which results in a certain kind of prominence being thrust upon her. Unless she has mental poise far exceeding that of the ordinary college girl she tries to live up to her reputation no matter whether she particularly admires it or not. It is on the same principle that if some one comments on the way you raise your eyebrows, or say certain things, you find yourself always raising your eyebrows or using those expressions in precisely that way. Unfortunately, it is not wholly desirable qualities which are most often fastened on us by unthinking friends—if it were, how delightful our characters might be! If, for instance, we felt obliged to live up to a reputation for sincerity, for conscientiousness, or for tolerance, the moral atmosphere of the college would be raised several degrees. As it is, the reputation which is most often thrust upon the victim is for being peculiar, for having moods resulting from unfathomable depths of character such as we read of in books, and, most fatal of all, for being clever.

The effort to live up to a reputation like any of these is a vain expenditure of energy and inevitably results in a pose. The fact that a girl is unusual, that she never does anything like anybody else, does no one in the world the slightest harm except the girl herself, but the zeal with which she takes to introspection, to studying her natural moods and cultivating new ones, the firm belief which she acquires that she is unlike other people and that she is living a spiritual life far removed from that of her more commonplace friends, is bound to warp her character and incidentally make her rather unhappy; that is, unless the intense satisfaction which she feels in being different from her friends and superior to them, compensates her for living with them and their inferiority. In this it differs from the reputation for cleverness which a few chance sallies of wit may often establish. The number of girls who long to be

peculiar is as nothing compared to the legion who pine for the reputation for cleverness. "The cleverest girl in her class" has an alluring sound, and to one who has the gift of turning a phrase and an occasional original idea out of which to turn a good many, the ambition for prominence in this direction becomes a compelling force. To this end she says a fair number of clever things, but a disproportionate number of extremely flat ones and ones that hurt others, and when analyzed have no claim to exist at all. It is a distinct strain never to relax into comfortable commonplaceness, to talk without thought of effect and no better than others, and the strain soon becomes apparent in the restlessness of her conversation. She forgets that cleverness is a rather shallow quality and that people do not care for it in large doses; it is stimulating for a while but soon becomes a trifle wearing on the nerves, and though the clever girl can always count on one pleased listener, herself, she sometimes can count on few more. All this comes from a lack of a sense of proportion—from not being able to see that although cleverness does very well as a slight decoration to the character it will not answer for character itself.

For, after all, it is not what a girl does, but what she is, which really counts, and prominence and honors are but the recognition of her character. The fact that achievement alone will not result in lasting prominence but in a passing notoriety, is shown every day. A girl may play better basket-ball than any girl in college, she may write better, she may do a hundred things better, but unless these accomplishments are not the result of something finer she is soon regarded *only* as a basket-ball player or *only* as a literary light, and sinks into insignificance in every other way. The girls who gain and keep positions where they are trusted and deferred to, often do not excel in any one thing, but in some way, often very slowly, people grow to feel the force of character and they come to a prominence which is absolutely different from that resulting from a chance proficiency in some one line. True prominence, then, founded on fine character, does not result in a pose nor in conceit, but serves to strengthen the feeling of responsibility and bring out more fully the qualities which cause it.

MARION CODDING CARR.

## FROM THE OLD COUNTRY

It was in the spring that John Keenan died, and all Ballahara attended the funeral, the finest funeral in the memory of the village. The village felt somewhat responsible for its success, for John Keenan had no relatives in Ireland, except his daughter Theresa. But Ballahara fully supplied this lack, and no one felt the absence of his brother and sister, who were over in America, except Theresa. She, poor child, was left entirely alone, so she boldly determined to go to America and seek her fortune there, where her own people were. "It'll be to New York ye'll go, and yer Aunt Bridgeen will look after ye," her chief adviser commented, "wid yer Uncle Peter right in Vermont to be neighborly like, just like going down to Athlone, darlint."

So Theresa took her seat in the cart in which she was to go to Athlone, admired by the village as an adventurous spirit. But as the train drew out of Athlone, all her boldness left her, and she sank back in her seat very lonely and scared and almost wishing to go back. Opposite her sat another adventurous spirit, though his appearance gave no sign of the bold heart within. Miles O'Leary was almost wishing to go back, too. But it was his only chance, and how he had waited for it! A year ago, his father's old friend, Peter Keenan, had offered him a place on the farm where he worked, near Dorset, Vermont, the letter had said. Miles had gone to Father Gaffney, who had brought out his well-worn map of America, and after much searching had found Dorset, Vermont. It was a long way, but Miles knew there was no chance for him in Ireland, so in a year the passage money was saved, and away he started from County Roscommon. And now his courage was almost failing him. Once before he had been in Athlone, when he had gone five years ago to visit John Keenan at Ballahara. This time it was for John's brother, Peter, he was to work. Beyond Athlone everything was new and he suddenly realized the rashness of his venture. A sob from the seat opposite roused him from his fears. The girl there—certainly he had seen her before. It



was, it was—"Why Theresa Keenan," he cried aloud, and Theresa dried her tears to see who this might be.

Three days later they stood on the steerage deck taking the last look at the old country. "That's Cruik Patrick, Theresa. Ye can see it miles out. I wonder when we'll be seeing it again?" but his voice was not as mournful as his words, and she only said: "Do they be having mountains in America too?"

"Father Gaffney was after saying that Vermont was all over mountains," he informed her.

"And I can stand on me Aunt Bridgeen's door-step and be looking at them, with ye up there."

Miles began to think of those mountains with favor, though before he had had his doubts of finding good farms in a country all over mountains. He began to connect the mountains with Theresa, somehow or other. He'd be working in the fields, and she'd be getting his dinner and come out to the door to call him, with her two yellow plaits of hair and her blue eyes. Then he shook himself and realized that it would be years before he could ever have a home for her, even in the mountains. So he never told his dreams to Theresa, but instead what Father Gaffney had said about New York. It was ten times bigger than Athlone, and even larger than Queenstown. But this frightened Theresa, so after assuring her that Aunt Bridgeen would take care of her, he went back to his dreams. As they steamed up the Narrows he and Theresa stood together and watched the first signs of New York as they had strained for the last sight of Ireland.

"There are no mountains here," she said at last.

"Mucha, that's quare. But sure an' it's a big place." Then he remembered it might frighten Theresa, and continued, "but not so large as Queenstown." She did not seem afraid, however, for great excitement burned in her cheeks and courage shone from her eyes.

Next month, among the lettuce beds of Mr. Hiram Peabody's vegetable farm, one Miles O'Leary worked diligently, encouraged in his task by the thought of the two blue eyes which should some day beam in welcome to him. Peter Keenan was general manager of the place and kept a sharp eye on his new employee. It was not the kind of farming Miles was used to, but with care one could learn, and Peter Keenan was well satisfied with his bargain. Miles had had time to look around

him and see how different everything was from what he had expected. The houses were different and so were the people. The mountains were different, and the only thing that did not change was his dream. He never doubted that when he should have the home in the mountains she would come. Only it wasn't in the mountains now, but in the valley just beside. He wrote her much about the farm and his work, but never about the home in the valley. She wrote him about the city. It was dirty and noisy and hot, and not a bit of grass in it, except Sundays in the park. Then he thought how happy she would be with him, with a little garden for her own. But it was not long before the letters ceased to express a wish for the joys of the country, and told about shopping in a big store, and a wonderful policemen's parade, just like the soldiers in Athlone. Then for weeks came no letter at all, and when it finally did arrive, it told how "the lady" had given Theresa tickets to the theatre. Miles felt himself aggrieved. He could offer no counter-attraction to the theatre, and though he had never been himself, he knew that one does not go to the theatre alone. Not that he didn't want Theresa to go, but he wanted her to go with him. He knew he would not want to go with anyone but Theresa. To tell the truth, he hadn't had any chance. The true-bred New Englander despises an Irishman beyond belief. There is one degree worse, the "Cannuck". To the New Englander they are both Catholic and thriftless, only the French-Canadian is worse than the Irishman. So among the girls that passed his way, none ever cast a second glance at Miles O'Leary. But Miles thought only of Theresa and banked his celery with more vigor than was necessary, as he wondered with whom she had gone to the theatre.

He was deeply buried one day in such calculations when in the road below there was a crash and a scream that made him jump up. Down the hill had come a rattling buckboard with wavering wheels, drawn by a most discouraged looking piece of horseflesh. At the bottom of the hill the beast had stumbled and fallen. The girl and the man were thrown from the seat, and the wagon rolled onto the horse, which made no attempt to rise. Miles reached the spot just as the man rose, shaking himself, from the dust. He was evidently a Cannuck, and even to the Irishman's uncritical eye, shiftless looking in every way. But he seemed unhurt, and Miles turned to the girl, who had

tried to stand and then had sat down again quickly in the grass bordering the road.

"Is it much hurted ye are?" he asked.

"No. I'll just sit here. My ankle hurts." She spoke slowly, and Miles watched her. She was about Theresa's height, but her hair was black and her eyes were dark. "Will you help my father with the horses?" she finished.

The father had paid not the slightest attention to her but was busied pulling the buckboard from off the horse. With Mile's help they soon had the horse up, evidently uninjured, but extremely weary. He wandered slowly to the roadside and ate the grass quietly but with decided relish. Miles glanced at the bony horse, the rattletrap wagon, the shiftless man, and formed his opinion. But there was the girl, as weary looking as the horse, and with such a wistful face. The father was examining the wagon.

"He is broke, so," he said. The back axle was snapped and immediate progress was impossible. Just then Mr. Peabody drove up.

"Hulloa, LaBombard. Smashup? Is your daughter hurt?"

"He is broke," answered the Canadian, pointing to the axle.

"Yes, sir, she has hurted herself," said Miles, pointing to the girl, who again tried to rise.

Mr. Peabody took in the situation. "Ankle? Oh, that's too bad. Look here, O'Leary, you take my team and drive her down to East Dorset to Dr. Brigham, and when you come back the wagon will be ready."

Miles helped the girl in and they drove off. It was over a year since he had spoken to a girl and this one was just Theresa's size. Theresa had no business to go to the theater. He began the conversation, "Where do you live?"

"Down near East Dorset. We were coming up to see Mr. Peabody."

"Then ye'll be knowing him?"

"Oh, yes. He owns the farm that father has now."

"Has now? Does he be afther having many?"

"This is the third." Then she grew passionate. "Oh, I hate it so—changing and changing, and always for the worse. First in the factories and then back to a farm. Then a dairy, and now here. We've had this two years now, and I don't want to leave it."

"Sure, where be ye going?"

"Father wants to go to Rutland. I can get work in the shirt factory there."

Miles remembered the father's utter indifference to his daughter and again formed opinions, but he remarked, "Rutland is a foine town for them that likes it."

"Yes, a fine town. Trains every minute, and smoke and noise and dreadful, old houses and no room to breathe."

Miles whistled in surprise. That was just what he thought of towns and what some one else had once thought. On the ride back they talked all the way and Miles wondered why he had always preferred blue eyes. He was still pondering this when he went to his room and found there a letter from Theresa. He read it humbly. She had gone to the theatre and he had blamed her, and now he wasn't worth one look from those blue eyes. He was that ashamed. He figured out his bank account and went to Mr. Peabody.

"Set up for yourself? Yes, it does take quite a bit." Miles' heart fell. "But I've got a place to rent. La Bombard wants to give up his farm. I'd have to kick him out before long, any way. It's a good little place, eighty acres. You could make it pay. La Bombard is no use. He's a rolling stone."

Miles first intended to write to Theresa all about it. Then he remembered that he had never told her anything of the farm in the valley, and it would take many pages. He had better go and see her. Mr. Peabody would give him the vacation. A week later saw Miles bound for New York with visions of Theresa and the farm in the valley. He had intended to go right over, upon his arrival in New York, and see her as soon as possible, but as he looked at the men around him he decided that he needed a new suit. It was his old one that made him feel so uncomfortable. The next day the suit was purchased, but he did not feel any more at home. The noise and hurry confused him and he could not think. As he walked up the block to the address he had written so many times, he thought of Theresa standing on the deck, with her two long yellow braids and her short green skirt. He pictured how her eyes would shine, and how he would tell her about the farm, and she would understand. He rang the bell. In a few moments some one came. It was Theresa, in black gown and white apron, the yellow hair piled in a huge pompadour. Miles gasped,

"Theresa," and she recognized and welcomed him. When seated by the kitchen fire, he looked again. Where was the Theresa of his dreams? Where were the two yellow braids? She spoke, "It's that glad I am to see you, Miles. You're just like the day you landed."

"I'm hardly afther knowin' ye."

"Sure, an'," she laughed, "I must have been a sight when I first came over."

Miles was silent. He couldn't seem to tell her. The bell rang again and Theresa's eyes lighted. She came back followed by a burly policeman.

"This is Mr. Duffy, Miles. He goes on the beat at five."

Mr. Duffy assented,— "And wanted to spake a word to ye first," he said.

Theresa laughed, and Miles felt convinced that this was the man with whom she had gone to the theatre.

"Miles is my cousin," she added glibly.

Miles started.

"Just over?" Well, Ireland's a fine country, my boy," spoke the magnificent officer.

Miles was angry and resolved to wait and tell her all. Silence fell on the room. The two men waited. Miles watched the policeman. His grand manners had left him and he stood there waiting and looking at Theresa, very searchingly, and then fearfully at Miles. The silence continued. Suddenly Theresa half sobbed, "Miles, dear, ye won't mind, but I've got to be getting supper." At the door he bade Theresa good-bye and wished her joy, though he could hardly speak. She thanked him, shyly, and he went away, back to Vermont and the farm in the valley.

He thought of giving it up. What use now? Yet sometimes he wondered that he did not feel worse. His dream was gone. Theresa was gone, and yet he was still alive. He reminded himself of all it had meant to him, and decided to give up the farm. He would see La Bombard, and get him to stay till Miles could find some one else, for the lease was signed. He drove down the road remembering Theresa. When he came to his own land his heart swelled. It did need repairing and straightening up, but it was a good farm. If only he had some one to work for, it would be worth while. But Theresa of the golden hair was gone forever. He walked up the path and knocked at

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the door. There was no answer and the door was open, so he stepped in. Everything was packed and ready to go. There on the floor crouched a girl, her face buried in the seat of a rickety chair. She had heard him, and looked up, with longing eyes. Miles stood still a moment. The old dream was gone, but he knew then that this was the real dream, and that this would come true.

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

### A SEA SONG

Oh, salt is the brine on cheek and lip,  
And cold the drenching spray!  
The call of the winds comes glad and free  
With the answering roar of the baited sea  
Lashed to a foam-flecked gray.

Oh, cold is the brine on cheek and lip,  
And ho! for a swelling sail,  
And the master joy that mariners feel  
When the rushing prow and cleaving keel  
Bound thro' the teeth of the gale!

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

### A PLEA FOR MODERATION

In an institution of the size and importance of Smith College there are always a number of burning questions, and always, thanks to the number of us and to our prevailing disposition, plenty of fuel to keep them burning. But there always seems to be one pyre on which more willing sacrifices are being heaped than on all the rest, and these few lines, penned by a hand already shaking from over-work, are a plea for reform.

There is no doubt that at the beginning of senior year a queer, qualmish feeling comes stealing, comes creeping over you—it's morally certain to follow if there is more than momentary indulgence in the thought that this is the last year in a place which has so grown into your heart that the very rocks and stones belong in a way to you. It is a hard thought that in a

year will come the breaking up of the unit of which you have been a part for so long, and the heart that doesn't thud a little dully at the idea is not the heart of most of us. But it is this very natural, very creditable feeling of regret that, to my mind, is productive of a most unfortunate disposition; and that is the disposition evinced among the members of the senior class to work themselves into nervous prostration.

It is true that the longer we are here the more varied the interests grow. It is true that a certain "noblesse oblige" attaches to seniors, and that certain responsibilities unquestionably follow. It is, on the whole, a pretty serious business—this being so near to the end, and we are not to be blamed for a certain longing to do better during this last year than ever before, to retrieve our past mistakes, to be more like the girl we have always meant to be. All this is natural. Perhaps one has not always been a social success; another feels that her work has not always been her best work; another that she has been selfish in her friends—a dozen different motives, all good ones, may lead one on the path of reform—but what I want to urge, here and now, is that this year should not be looked upon as the end of everything.

For it is not the end, and because it is not, no last desperate spurts need be indulged in. If we could get rid of this feeling of finality—the only-so-many-weeks-more idea—what nicer, healthier, happier girls we should be! If we could make of it a good beginning, instead of thinking of a splendid close; if we could always remember that out beyond the short stretch left of this there lies a long, long road that this year will help us to travel better, what dreams might come! There is no need to work and worry so, to rush from one pursuit to another—our lease of life will go on, let us hope, after the month of June.

There are beautiful big, red rockets to be had in the stores at holiday season and at night when they shoot far, far up into the heavens, the people lift their eyes in admiration. It is good that the kindly darkness covers their descent! And then there are little candles which burn in the churches night and day, and never go out, whose flame is always steady and bright. And the people lift their eyes to them in blessing as they burn, on and on, round about the altar.

MARIETTA HYDE.

## SKETCHES

### QUICKENING SPRING

Joy, joy, joy! Maddest mirth of gladness,  
Laughing in our leaping hearts and running in our feet!  
Wonder of the great bright sun,—pulse of life a-starting  
Thro' the dry old veins of earth!—O, the spring is sweet!

Wild faun, wild faun, satyr, nymph, and dryad,  
Let us run together across the open hills! \  
Crashing thro' the woodland, wake the stag and otter!  
Bound adown the precipice and leap the rushing rills!

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

Jessica pressed her face against the car window-pane, and looked out at the rapidly passing telegraph poles, and the hurrying flakes of snow tossed hither and thither by the whistling wind. Ugh!

Jessica's Professor The frame was damp and cold. She shivered, then readjusted her possessions, carefully changing the *Monthly* from left to right, and her chatelaine bag from right to left (oblivious to the fact that the top was yawning open, its contents held in only by Providence or the force of gravity). Then she drew off and on her gloves, with as much gravity and attention as if she had not been though the same intelligent exercise for three distinct times in the last half-hour.

Finally she fell to inspecting her fellow-passengers. Those within her range of vision were few, and of little interest. A woman in startling velvet gown and voluminous lacy hat, whose plump pompadour caressed the page, so eagerly was she devouring "From Music Hall to Palace"; a thin, worn, pitiful apology of a man studying the "Baby Pathfinder"; a little woman in black, with a crying baby and two talkative boys; and a group of chattering, gesticulating freshmen. These



were all, save a lean, middle-aged man across the way, with the unmistakably brisk manner and quick, observing eyes of the travelling man. He seemed to be wonderfully amused by watching—was there anything the matter with her hat? Why *did* he—

"Tickets, please!"

"Oh, yes, there's some mileage here. I want to go to Bradford."

"Sixty-four miles, madam. There's only twenty-one here. That'll take you to Rockingham."

"Of course! I'll pay for the rest."

Jessica drew her purse, with handkerchief, vinaigrette, theater tickets, and diverse other articles, from the recesses of the open chatelaine—to find it—! She had certainly had an old dollar-bill there! Impatiently, incredulously, desperately she searched, till at last the fact dawned on her startled consciousness that her money was gone—gone! She looked up at the impatient conductor, who had just returned from his round, and with an appealing expression in her deep-blue eyes, stammered that her money was gone, and she must get off at Rockingham. Impatiently, the conductor punched her slip, jabbed it into the car seat, and stalked away with an injured air, as if *he* had lost the last cent he had in the world—and would have to spend the night in a dark, cold depot, with robbers, probably! Oh, the insufferable beast! Weep? no, of course she was not so weak-minded. She plunged into an abandoned perusal of "Greek and Hebrew Legends: Their Similarities and Differences."

"Rockingham! Rockingham Junction!"

Jessica arose and vindictively gathered her bundles about her, then sailed in a dignified manner past the stolid conductor. As she stepped to the platform of the dingy little station, she felt a touch on her arm, and heard a strange, manly voice saying:

"I beg your pardon, but—er—I found this—er—on the seat where you were. I—er—I thought it might belong to you," and before her startled gaze was held a fresh, crisp dollar bill. Jessica raised her eyes to the owner of the voice, a blushing young giant of six feet three, and exclaimed:

"Who are you? What is your name? Where do you live?"

A slight smile appeared in the young man's eyes, and the embarrassed flush faded as he replied:

"I am Professor Burridge of Andover. I—won't you take it?"

What matter that her bill, for its appearance, might have been a survival of the paper currency of the Revolution? He was an Andover professor, she must get home—and Jessica was five feet nine! She held out her hand, and Professor Burridge dropping the bill into it like a hot cake, dashed aboard the train and disappeared into the smoker, leaving the astonished young woman, bill in hand, to return to her car. She had to bear the amused scrutiny of the travelling man as best she could, till at Haverhill a number of friends got on and her mind was drawn from the contemplation of her adventure by the rehearsal of Christmas surprises and festivities, Ada's engagement, and Sue's wedding, etc., etc.

She saw no more of her rescuer, but that night a group of excited and envious school friends, grouped about a trunk, a candle and a bottle of olives, listened with bated breath to the thrilling recital of her hairbreadth escape, and her description of that "tall, grand, handsome professor", who came so nobly to the rescue.

The next day Jessica, reimbursed, sent a check to Mr. Burridge of Plain Street, Andover, with a note as cool—oh, quite as cool—as becoming gratitude would permit, but not so cool as to prevent her receiving in less than a week a note of acknowledgement with a gentle suggestion of common interests in the little Vermont town from which she came.

Jessica, in those hours after the ten o'clock bell, so conducive to the enjoyment of a vivid imagination, exercised her powers of composition and expression until the proper time should come for the recognition of that gentle suggestion. For after all he was an Andover professor, and there are not too many men who can walk by the side of five feet nine and an 1830 hat, and lose nothing of prestige.

MARIE MURKLAND.

The Left-out Freshman, sitting in the top balcony in the college library, leaned back in her chair and pushed the copy of

Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and

The Left-out Freshman Light" far across the table. Then

she chewed her pencil viciously and thought her own thoughts on the "Bitterness of Things in

General" without the hindrance of Matthew's eternal "Sweetness." Everything was disappointing, she decided—everything. Nothing had gone right. In the first place, she hadn't made the basket-ball team. Now, at home, she had been considered a very good player, and when she had put her name down on the list of those freshmen who wanted to play basket-ball, it had been with a confident feeling of easy victory. And now she had been deliberately dropped, simply for the reason that she lacked interest and didn't come to practice when she was posted, as a kindly coach informed her. Disappointment number one. And right after that, she had actually had a warning that if she didn't do better work she wouldn't pass in English. At school, she had never shone, but she hadn't done bad work. Here, she had decided at first that she hated it, and so she hadn't exerted herself any. Well, that was disappointment number two. And on top of that, she hadn't been invited to the Wainwright House dance, though almost every other girl in her house was, even that little pill of an Elsie Brown whom you wouldn't think anybody would ever ask to anything. Disappointment number three. None of the upper class girls ever paid any attention to her, to say nothing of asking her to things and being nice to her. Disappointment number four. Well, for that matter, she hadn't many friends in her own class. Half the class didn't know her by sight and the half that did either hated her or were indifferent, she was sure. And coming right down to the point, she really didn't have any friends at all except perhaps Helen who, of course, being her roommate, *had* to stand up for her.

What was the use of it all, anyhow? She had lost touch with her friends at home. She was misunderstood, unloved here. Yes, that was it—she was misunderstood, utterly unappreciated. People didn't realize her real worth. She had read of unfortunate persons before who, though really great, could not make themselves understood, who stood mournful and alone in their greatness. That must be the trouble with her. Though she had never noticed it before, she now realized that hers was, if not great, at least a lonely and unapproachable nature. Possibly—who could tell?—she, too, might be an undiscovered genius. Well, if one cannot be popular and distinguished, how far grander a thing is it to feel that one is, unknown to the world, a genius whom some day, long after the rest are all dead, people will delight to honor and to praise.

Yes, that was why Helen, whom she hadn't ever considered so much brighter or more attractive than herself, was so much better appreciated here. Helen had been asked to the Wainwright House dance. She was beloved of upper class girls. She hadn't had a warning in anything. She hadn't been dropped in basket-ball till just last time. Everybody thought her so pretty and clever. The Left-out Freshman wished that somebody would think her pretty and clever, but no—of course she didn't. For the moment she had forgotten that she was an undiscovered genius. Certainly she didn't. When one can go down into the annals of history as an unnoticed and unappreciated, yet really noble nature, how foolish it would be to spoil one's eternal fame for a little piece of self-contented glory now! And then it occurred to the Left-out Freshman that she hadn't yet found out what kind of genius she was. She wasn't artistic nor musical nor literary nor scientific. Suppose, after all, she shouldn't be a genius! Oh, yes, she was, though; the loneliness and the unapproachable nature proved it. None but geniuses were ever that way. And as for the kind of genius, why, she could decide that when she didn't have so much work to do. But now, when she was so busy on her English lesson—And the Left-out Freshman pulled poor Matthew's "Sweetness and Light" over toward her, and shuddered sympathetically to think how nearly—how very nearly—the world had come to losing its Unappreciated Genius.

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is *not* its goal",

came a voice in her ear, with convincing force. "Wake up! Take that awful exhalation-of-the-graveyard, St. Cecilia expression off your face and listen to the good news."

The Left-out Freshman looked up at her energetic room-mate and smiled wanly; that is, she tried to. The unloved, unappreciated ones in books always smiled wanly. She did not know exactly how that was, but she tried to do it as nearly as she could. "Well?" she said, with a calm, what-is-it-now-dear? expression on her face. What did she care about the little petty college-girl joys and sorrows now? She was a genius.

"It is about you, too," persisted her room-mate in an audible whisper, "so you needn't look so terribly bored. In the first place, I'm posted again for basket-ball. Isn't that great? You know I substituted for a girl the other day and distinguished

myself so much that they've decided to let me have another try for it. And the part about you is, that one of the junior coaches—you can guess which one—said to me just now, 'I wish you'd get your roommate to substitute in basket-ball. She really plays an exceedingly good game, and she never would have been dropped if she hadn't been so lackadaisical about it. You tell her that, in my private opinion, she is about the best centre in the freshman class.' Now, don't you feel puffed up?"

The Left-out freshman sprang up with quite a happy light in her eyes for a sad recluse. "Did she really?" she cried in a whisper so loud that the whole library looked at her menacingly.

"Yes, she really did," said Helen, "and by the way, if you are going to act so like an unchained lion, you'd better get out of the library and outdoors where you can roar undisturbed. Come on."

"Oh, Helen!" exclaimed the Left-out Freshman, when they were walking homeward across the campus, "Isn't it simply scrumptious? Do you know what I'm going to do? Well, I'm going to substitute for Imogene in basket-ball this very afternoon. She asked me to and I told her I'd tell her later. I am going in for everything. I am going to pass in English. I am going to be popular, and I'm going to make the basket-ball team. There!"

"Anything else?" inquired Helen smiling. "Anyone would think to hear you talk that you could do it."

"Well, I can—that is—you see it's all in having a point of view, as they tell you in English. Before you came up, I'd just decided that nobody liked me or thought I could do anything and that I must be a genius—that is—I mean—I must be different from other people. But now I've changed my mind. I'm going in for things all over, and if I don't get them——"

The Left-out Freshman's room-mate was laughing outright now in spite of herself. "Well, well!" she said,

"A little flatt'ry now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men"—

even geniuses, nicht wahr, room-mate mine?"

But the Left-out Freshman was thinking of the triumphs before her and did not hear.

EUNICE FULLER.

RONDEL

Whither away, oh babbling brook,  
With such a sweet and merry song,  
Never a moment to stop and look,  
But running all your whole life long?

Through flowery meadows scented strong,  
Down hill, through dale, with many a crook,  
Whither away, oh babbling brook,  
With such a sweet and merry song?

Through mossy rocks in a shady nook,  
Kissed by many a flowery throng,  
That lightly the laughing breezes shook,  
Always joyfully skipping along,  
Whither away, oh babbling brook,  
With such a sweet and merry song?

AMY EVELYN COLLIER.

There is no one in whom the arrival of spring-time does not call up some emotion. There is joy in all our hearts at the promise of green leaves, bright flowers  
**The Fishermaniac** and sparkling brooks. There is ecstatic happiness for the small boy with marbles, base-ball and the thoughts of the long summer vacation. There is mourning on the part of those for whom the winter has meant a welcome relief from June bugs and mosquitoes. The young man's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of love, while the busy matron plans her spring house-cleaning. But of all the poets who have treated spring in her different phases, not one has done justice to the most absorbing and violent fever which she arouses in the human breast—fishermania. Let no one think for a moment that all who fish are afflicted with fishermania. The born fisherman, who knows all about the haunts and habits of fish, is as different from the fishermaniac as is the south wind of summer from the cold northern blasts of winter.

Fishermania has lately become a most dangerous form of lunacy, although as yet no institutions have been established by the state for its victims. It is merciless in its power. It strikes down young and old, and drags them within the magic

circle of its influence. But like many fevers, it is far more fatal when it attacks a matured person. Alas! How many promising lives have I not seen blighted by this fatal disease!

And yet how easy it is for the germ of fishermania to creep into the human system. Take any ordinary man and beguile him into going fishing. If the day is hot enough to make his head ache, and the lake is rough enough to make him sea-sick, if the boat leaks and he doesn't catch any fish, then he may not catch the fishermania, either. In most cases he will curse his luck and vow never to go again. Little does he know how fortunate he really is and how narrow his escape has been from becoming a hopeless fishermanic. But let him once catch a fish, even if it is only a large-sized minnow, and fishermania will begin its deadly work. That man will go fishing the next day and the next. If he is a good moral man, he will probably stay home on Sunday and read in the newspapers about all the catches that have been made at the summer resorts. He may even, before the disease has crept fully into his system, observe Isaac Walton's little ditty:

"When the wind's in the east  
The fish bite the least.  
When the wind's in the west  
The fish bite the best.  
When the wind's in the south  
The fish takes the hook in his mouth.  
When the wind's in the north  
The fisherman goeth not forth."

He will, however, soon find that the rule is rather troublesome, especially when the advice of our modern fisherman, Grover Cleveland, coincides with his own desires, namely: "If the wind is in the south or west, go fishing. If it isn't, go anyway." As the disease spreads over his system, the fishermaniac will begin to devote to fishing the hours nature has set aside for other purposes. He will arise at the unearthly hour of three and go out on the lake, because some one has told him that "the early worm catches the fish". No sun will be too broiling, no weather too rainy, no seas too rough for him. He will also take no account of meals; and for you, if you have any important business to transact with him. Business is now to him only a secondary consideration. His first, and, in fact, his only aim and ambition is to catch fish.

If you are unfortunate enough to live in the same household

with him, you will have still better reason to regret his mania. You will soon find that there is very little room in the house for you. Rods and reels, poles of all lengths and thicknesses, lines, hooks, nets and fish-flies of every shape and color will decorate the tables and desks, for they now represent to the fishermaniac the highest form of art. Literature from the pen of Isaac Walton and other famous fishermen will fill all the bookshelves. The enthusiast himself, in the midst of these agreeable surroundings, will smash all your bric-a-brac learning to use the reel and throw the line. He will dig up your favorite flower-beds in search of fat angleworms. It is most important, he will say, to be fully equipped both mentally and materially when one goes fishing.

It is only natural at first for you to wonder whether there will be any fish left in the lake after the wholesale slaughter the fishermaniac has planned. But you will soon know better than to waste any sympathy on the fish. The fishermaniac seldom catches anything. If he goes with a friend, it is always the friend who monopolizes the best fishing hole and catches all the fish. If he goes alone, he comes back empty handed, too, at least as far as fish are concerned. When you ask him what luck he has had, he will carefully evade your question, and will begin an eloquent description of the fine fish Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith caught. If you still insist on an answer, he will tell you that the weather wasn't good; it was too cloudy, or too windy, or the bait was poor, or a thousand other things happened to give him bad luck.

There is something pathetic in the dogged perseverance of the fishermaniac. Yet he is cheerfully persistent in spite of all misfortunes. Only the other day I heard of a piece of ill-luck amounting almost to a tragedy. The patience of the fishermaniac had finally been rewarded and he had caught a four-pound bass, by mistake. He put the treasure carefully in a net and let it down into the water, intending to take it home with him and to show it to some of his friends, who had been rude enough to twit him about his failures. His eye must have sparkled at the thought of the admiration he could now compel from them. When he was ready to pull into shore, he drew up the net to take a final look at his fish, and oh woe! the fish was gone. Not trusting his eyes for what they had, or, rather, had not seen, he felt for the fish. When he had made sure that it



was not there, he searched for some hole where it might have escaped. There was none. The only solution possible was that the fish had eaten a hole through the meshes and had patched the net up again very considerably. It was a blow severe enough to discourage any ordinary mortal, but not the fishermaniac. He is fishing yet to see if he can't catch a larger bass. Nor will he stop trying until ice has formed on the lake.

Oh! mothers and daughters! Give heed to my warning! The fascination of the club is nothing to the fatal power of fishermania. You may not realize the danger now, but it is ever present. Exert all your influence and do your best to tramp out this fire which is consuming all the sense of mortals and is driving them to hopeless insanity. Save your husbands and sons before it is too late!

SUSIE STARR.

#### VERSES

Oh, the gleaming of the wavelets  
And the blue of sea and sky!  
Oh, the dashing of the white foam  
Where the fresh winds landward fly!

For 'tis morning on the ocean,  
And the mighty swell of sea  
Breaks into the tiny ripples,  
Looking back to laugh with me.

Oh I love the sea at morning  
With its merry wavelets blue,  
I love the sparkling, dancing  
Sea, that harbors every hue.

When the restless waves are tired  
In the evening, and the moon  
Watches o'er them all in stillness,  
Then, though I love the sea at noon,

Yet I love this evening quiet,  
When the rushing winds have flown  
And the little sleepy wavelets  
Gently breathe against the stone.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE.

The poor-house girl stood listlessly dusting off the window-sills, with the old brown turkey-wing that Mrs. Bean and her mother before her had used for dusting

**A Spring Dream** off window-sills. The girl's slim, young figure drooped wearily, and the angles of her thin arms showed with every movement that she made.

"Corinna!" called a sharp voice from the kitchen. "Ain't you ever goin' to get done wingin' off those window-sills?"

One less accustomed to the sharpness of that voice would have started, but Corinna merely stopped her work and answered, in her pretty, soft voice:

"I'm most done, Mis' Bean. I've only got the sitting-room to do."

"Well, I should think you ought to be most through. You come out here when you get done."

The girl resumed her work. There were many windows in the Beans' parlor, and some of them looked out on the orchard all in bloom, and the hawthorn hedge which an ancestor more imaginative than Mr. Bean had set along the road. As Corinna's hands were busy with the window-sills, her eyes were looking down into the orchard, and it seemed to her childish imagination as if she had let her soul go out and flutter like a bird among those pink and white trees. She was a fanciful girl, and was forever dreaming dreams and thinking quaint thoughts that drove good Mrs. Bean almost crazy.

"Corinna!"

The poor-house girl put down her turkey-wing and went into the kitchen. Mrs. Bean was making soap, and the pungent odor of the ingredients rose up and greeted Corinna and made her shudder with disgust.

Mrs. Bean turned partly around as Corinna entered.

"Well, if you ain't got on that pink calico again!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you go and take it right off this minute. How many times have I told you not to wear light clothes round, working. For a girl I've took from the poor-house, you do beat all."

"I—it—don't soil so very quick, and when it does I can see it and take off my dress, and I can't see it on my black calico, so I can't tell when it's dirty and when it isn't. And I—"

"What's the trouble, mother?"

;

The voice, kindly and stern at the same time, came from a tall, quiet-looking man who stood in the doorway. He had come up the walk and had overheard most of the conversation. He was Mrs. Bean's son, and he looked like her in a vague, superficial way. He had the same alertness of features, but it was tempered with a tolerance and generosity which was lacking in Mrs. Bean's sharp, almost shrewish face. He was not a young man, but was approaching middle age. He had just come in from the field, and his boots and rolled-up trousers were all splashed and smeared with thick, yellow mud.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked.

Corinna cast a grateful glance at him, and then ran up the stairs to her own room. George Bean's gaze followed her till she got up to the bend in the stairs. Then he turned and spoke to his mother.

"I came in for a little sweet oil to fix one of the machines, mother. I heard you sailing into Corinna."

"I wish Mrs. Faunce hadn't sent me such a girl. She's too flighty for a poor-house girl. She's awful idle and shiftless."

"I know she seems so, but she's young, and she's only been here a month, and it's hard for her to get into your ways. And it's only six weeks since she got up from typhoid fever."

"I'm giving her that 'Marsh Root' medicine regular."

"I don't think it's that she needs so much as the fresh air."

"You've always been crazy over fresh air, and being out of doors, ever since you were a little fellow." Mrs. Bean's face relaxed into an indulgent smile, as she spoke. She handed her son the sweet oil, and he took it and started for the doorway.

"Set Corinna to weeding, down in the garden," he said, as he went out, "instead of keeping her in here to work over that mess you've got there in the kettle. The plot by the gate needs weeding bad."

He went out, and as Mrs. Bean stirred the boiling liquid in the kettle, she watched her son's gaunt, middle-aged figure as he strode down through the fields.

"George is a good boy, but he does get notions."

"Ma'am?" asked Corinna's clear voice.

Mrs. Bean looked up and saw Corinna in a black gown.

"That's better," she said approvingly. "I always liked black calico for working round."

There was a rebellious flash in Corinna's eyes, but she said nothing.

"Now, Corinna," said Mrs. Bean, after apparently considering a moment, "you may go out and weed that radish bed by the gate. It needs it bad."

Corinna's face brightened in a flash. She cast a grateful, rapturous look on Mrs. Bean, and her face was all smiles as she went out and up the walk to the plot by the gate. To be really out of doors in this beautiful, warm, sweet world! To be of it, and in it and with it, and to breathe in all the fresh, green scents of new, growing things. Corinna looked forward to weeding the radish bed as a man looks forward to an all-day's trout-fishing in summer. The earth was damp and soft, and the weeds came easily. Corinna, as she worked, grew pink, and her yellow hair hung in little baby rings around her face.

"Could you get me a drink of water?"

Corinna straightened up. A tramp stood at the gate, at his heels a big, shaggy dog. Corinna looked at him a moment, in hesitation. He was a young man, tall, dark, and, in spite of the rags, handsome, and he had the voice and manner of a gentleman. Out of his pocket stuck the end of a flute. His smile reassured Corinna, but she stood hesitating before him a moment.

"Could you please get me a drink of water?" repeated the tramp.

"Why, yes," she said. "Mrs. Bean doesn't like to encourage people's stopping here, but I'll bring you a drink from the well, if you don't mind a tin can to drink out of."

The tramp smiled.

"Thank you," said he. "And could Toby have a drink, too?" At the name, the big dog stood up on his hind legs and begged so appealingly that Corinna laughed.

"Have you ever seen the picture, 'Sunshine in a Spring Garden'?" asked the tramp, and, without waiting for an answer, "You are just like it," he said.

When Corinna had brought the water and the tramp had finished drinking, he looked at her critically as he handed back the tin can.

"This is your home?" he asked.

"I work for Mrs. Bean," said Corinna simply. "I'm a girl from the poor-house. I was born there."

"Oh!" The young man's voice showed genuine regret at having asked the question. In his manner was surprise, but he asked nothing further.

"Why don't *you* work?" asked Corinna frankly. She had been puzzling about it ever since she heard the refinement in his voice, and noted the grace of his manner.

"I? Oh, I just like to live out-doors and roam over the hills and sleep in the woods and live right with the birds and trees and stars. Did you ever wake up in the night and hear the wind whisper among the pine trees, and see the stars shining over you, so calm and bright and steady? Or hear the first faint, sleepy twitter of the birds, at three o'clock on a summer morning?"

The girl's face was aglow with eagerness.

"I—oh, do go on!" she cried.

The young man smiled.

"You're a dreamer, too, I see," said he. Then he added, with a change of expression, "You'd better go on with your weeding, I guess. I think I heard Mrs. Bean call out, a moment ago."

The girl's face grew sober, and she dropped quickly to her knees and began working with feverish haste.

"Good-bye," said the young man, slowly, "and thank you. I hope I may see you again when I pass this way."

"Oh, don't go," cried Corinna, springing up. "Do tell me some more. I—oh, there's nobody here knows what I think and feel, and sometimes it seems as if I should just burst—I feel so full of thoughts, and happiness, and—and singing! I—"

The young man looked at her in silence, with a quizzical expression on his face. He whistled to his dog and moved away.

"Good-bye," he said, "here comes Mrs. Bean." Corinna went on with her weeding.

"I'm glad you drove away that tramp," said Mrs. Bean, as she came bustling up. "Why, what a sight you've got done. Beats all, Corinna, how fast you work when you get to it."

Corinna said nothing, but quietly went on weeding. Down the road she could hear the joyous barks of a dog.

At noon the men came in from the field, and Corinna, waiting on table, moved slowly about her task with eyes that seemed to dream. George Bean looked at her more than once with a puzzled expression on his face. As she passed him the great platter of cornbread he looked up at her with a smile and said, "I guess getting out of doors did you lots of good, Corinna."

She started, and flushed.

"I—it's lovely out," she said, absently.

That evening, as Corinna went down to the store on an errand for Mrs. Bean, a man stepped out into the path before her, and took off his hat. It was the tramp of the morning.

Corinna looked at him with intense surprise.

"Why, I thought you must be miles away by now," she said. Her pink calico—she had put it on in the late afternoon—switched the dewy grass as she moved, but she did not heed.

"Toby and I are on our way to find a last year's haystack to sleep in. It will be a glorious night, with this grand moon to watch."

As he spoke, he lifted his hat and, dog at heels, vanished in the dusky fields to the right of the path.

Corinna, waking in the night, thought of the wanderer and his dog, sleeping in their haystack under the soft spring sky. She got up, and stole quietly to her window. It was open, and she leaned out, and stood looking into the night. It was very still, not a sound save the faint chirp of some crickets in the grass. The air was soft and warm, and sweet with the fragrance of swelling buds and growing leaves. Overhead were the stars, very luminous and big through the softness of the air.

Corinna drew a long, deep sigh, and stretched out her arms to the night. With all her heart she envied that man asleep out doors in the spring night.

George Bean looked still more puzzled at her next day, for she went about with a smile on her lips, and a far away look in her eyes. He stopped beside her as she stood washing dishes, and spoke to her, half in sport, and half in tenderness.

"If you were my little sister, Corinna," he said, "I should say that you were in love."

Corinna blushed and looked up into his eyes. They were honest eyes, even handsome eyes. Corinna wondered why she had never noticed it before.

"Who is there for me to be in love with, sir?" she asked.

George laughed, a short, sharp laugh.

"Why, certainly," he said, "who is there for you to be in love with?"

He lingered a moment, as if he would say more, but after an instant's hesitation, went out to his work.

The next day, towards nightfall, as Corinna was going to the

store, she met the stranger again. She saw his dog first, and it ran to her and whined and rubbed against her as if it knew her for a friend. Then she saw its master.

"Well, 'Sunshine in a spring garden,'" he said, "so we meet again."

Corinna's face became as the face of a child, in its joy and eagerness.

"Oh, how often I've thought of you," she cried, "and wished that I were you!"

"Wished that you were I?"

"Yes. To be free,—free to go where you like, to live, to eat, to sleep out of doors, in the woods, under the trees, in the fields, by the—oh, I wish with all my heart that I were you!"

The man seated himself on the wall and looked off to where the road dipped down between the eastern hills. When he spoke it was with his usual abruptness.

"To-day," he said, after a long pause, "I got up at five o'clock and walked to where that road climbs the hills and goes down to the sea. I saw the sun rise out of the sea, and I felt the breeze blow on my face and I smelt the salt in the air. Tomorrow I shall walk beyond those hills, and the day after—we shall sleep, Toby and I, in a pine wood that I know, by the sea."

He turned and looked at her. Rising, he held out his hand.

"Won't you come with me," he said, very low, "'Sunshine in a spring garden?'"

Corinna suddenly felt herself begin to tremble all over. She could not say a word.

"We can be married at the next village," said the young man. "and then—why, then we can wander, wander forever over God's fair, green world!"

There was a long silence, in which it seemed that from beyond those distant hills they could hear the very sound of the sea. At last Corinna, very timidly, and with hesitation, lifted her eyes, and put her hand in that of the stranger.

It was midnight when Corinna rose, dressed, and stole softly down the stairs. She sped by Mrs. Bean's door, but at George's she stopped a moment. Her heart was not so light as she had thought it would be.

"He has been so good to me," she whispered, and suddenly something seemed to catch in her throat, and it hurt so that she could hardly breathe.

She stole down the stairs and unlocked the outside door. The stars were shining brightly, and everything was very still. She closed the door softly behind her, and at her feet stretched all the world. She stopped a moment and looked upon orchard and field lying white and clear under the moonlight, and suddenly it seemed to her that the joy all went out of things for her, and it seemed that she was leaving all her heart in the house behind her, along with her old life.

"But I'm going away with him,—to go away and away over the whole big world together! I should be glad!"

She shivered a little, then, as if gripping her courage in both hands, she ran down the walk to the gate. She was turning the corner when a figure, walking rapidly from the direction of the village came all at once out of the darkness before her.

"Why, Corinna!" cried a man's voice.

She gave a little startled cry, and shrank back against the wall, covering her face with her hands.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "I—I—"

"Corinna!" said the voice again. George Bean took her gently by the arm. His strong, stern face was very white in the moonlight. Corinna's heart began all at once to beat very hard and fast.

"Do you love this man you're going away with, Corinna?" said George Bean.

There was no answer, and George waited a long time.

"Because if you do love him," he said finally, "I would not stand in your way one single instant, Corinna."

There was still no answer. Corinna sobbed, and kept her face hidden in her hands.

"I don't want you to make a mistake, Corinna. If—if you're perfectly sure you love this man well enough to go away with him and share his whole life with him, bright days and rainy days, comfort and discomfort, and—a wanderer's life isn't all spring days and sunshine, Corinna."

Corinna made some little, helpless movement. George Bean still looked puzzled. His face was very stern and set. Corinna trembled beneath the touch of his hand on her arm, but she made no movement to go away. Suddenly, as he looked at her, the man's face cleared.

"It's love that you love, not he," he said in a more assured voice, "and it's freedom and the joy of being alive and young. It's all these that you love, it's not that man."



He paused an instant, then he went on again.

"You are free, Corinna," he said, "free as anything in the world. I—I love you too much myself to want to make you stay if you really want to go."

There was a long silence,

"Will you come back, Corinna?" asked George Bean, at last. Corinna nodded dumbly.

He led her gently back to the house. She went, unresisting and quiet. He opened the door for her and stood aside to let her pass. As she did so, she looked up at him with a pleading expression in her eyes. He put out his hands toward her, but drew them back. The night wind rustled the leaves of the grape-vine near them; in the grass the crickets chirped.

Suddenly Corinna shivered, opened her eyes very wide, and gazed around her in a dazed sort of way.

"Why," said Corinna, in a startled voice, "I feel—I feel as if I were just wakened from a horrible dream. I—I—feel as if I had been living in a dream for days, and as if now I had wakened up for good and all. I feel as if I had never been alive till now."

She paused an instant. In the moonlight, her soft, fair hair, her gray eyes, her child-face, were adorable, appealing.

"It was a wonderful dream, though," she said softly, as if to herself, and smiled.

He held out his hands to her again in that involuntary way.

"And I shall try," he said slowly, "to make the awakening still more wonderful, Corinna."

RUTH POTTER MAXON.

## ***EDITORIAL***

In the old gymnasium there is a room known as the Lost and Found, and in this room there are now fifty-two pairs of gloves, and eighty-eight unmated ones, twenty-eight rubbers, forty-five handkerchiefs, nineteen pins, twenty-seven combs, and odds and ends without number, all lost within the year and all obviously unclaimed. What can be the reason, one wonders, for this lethargic indifference on the part of the owners? Have they purposely abandoned these belongings to the cold world? The twelve umbrellas there seem fit for nothing else, but we are not writing of these. There is no Lost and Found for the useful umbrellas. Like the good they die young, and are carried off over night with a galloping consumption that no remedy has yet overcome. But the other articles are comparatively new and worthy of redemption, yet only one-twentieth is ever reclaimed. Here they accumulate, heap on heap, till once a year, an auction clears the place for a new supply.

Nor does this represent all the lost property of the college, but by actual count not more than one-seventh. For if the claimants for lost property do not go to the old gymnasium, neither do the finders, and the result is a dead-lock. Most of the articles in the room now are those brought from the college buildings by the college employées. Few indeed are the girls who bring the articles they find here. Nobody comes to claim them, they urge, and straightway put up a sign to advertise them themselves. And the girl who has lost anything goes and does likewise, till the notices on the bulletin board in Seelye Hall are thick as autumn leaves, and their numbers neutralize the results they might have. No one takes them down after they are posted, and the wail of the girl who lost a pen last September is side by side with the advertisement of a girl who will make your shirt-waists to-morrow, and anyone who has ever waded through the lists in search of an erstwhile possession knows how tedious is the performance. Why, then, do

we not resort with a glad accord to the simpler method of the Lost and Found? Why, indeed? When in the history of women did they ever rise up and do anything simultaneously and with a glad accord? Unless *all* girls return articles to the Lost and Found *no* girl will, for if nobody does it, why should anybody?

Perhaps a selfish, almost unconscious inner-woman urges that the finder may as well keep the unclaimed gloves as the college, or perhaps desires personal credit of returning them. But aside from these more or less unflattering reasons, I am inclined to think the sign habit has a good deal to do with the trouble. Other things being equal, the Smith girl would rather put up a sign than not. She puts them up when she reads, when she writes, when she goes to bed. Sometimes they are verse, but a humorous intent is popular, as when one girl placarded on her door when writing her Bible paper, "Noah's Flood—Continuous performance. Cold water for all intruders", or again, "Friends will not enter—no others may", or simply "I work", "I sleep".

That these prohibitions are not always observed is shown by the earnest remark, "This means you", sometimes appended, but the disregard is caused by the same negligence in leaving them up when the occasion has passed which detracts from their efficiency on the bulletin board.

One thing is clear, with the simplest method of exchange in the world we have become involved in advertising methods, of the most complex kind, and a reform is in order. But how can it be effected? How can we secure relief for the overburdened bulletin board and dispel the inertia of the young woman who will not go to the old gymnasium? Perhaps chapel notices given at least once a month would induce the unconcerned to come for their property if it were put as class spirit or a personal favor to the authorities; or perhaps a Lost and Found card, made out in detail, would stir the sluggish and the procrastinator and make the Lost and Found a thing of duty and a joy forever.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

*Little Love Stories of Manhattan*, by Melville Chater. The Grafton Press.—In the Bookman of February there is an article entitled "Confidential! For Story-Writers Only!" in which a popular author explains in detail his successful recipe for the making of short stories. "Always four parts, that's my working model. One, they meet; two, they fall in love; three, they fall out; four, they fall in again. I allow a thousand words, or a little less, to each part and use one of six plots as a basis, and then add the variations. The stories are like this:

Ping

Pong

Ping

Pong

and they are all practically alike."

We are tempted to believe that Mr. Chater has taken this advice of the Bookman to heart and the result is—these tales of a versatile Cupid,—where He and She play a merry game of hide-and-seek with wedding bells. Whatever the little god assumes as a disguise,—and he has many poses, from chaplain and war correspondent to kidnapper and motorman,—the sequence of events does not materially differ. They meet, they cannot marry, the Deus ex Machina rises up and joins their hands.

The book is advertised as one for a holiday gift, and it is in a holiday humor that we must read and criticise it. They have no pretensions to serious consideration,—these tales where couples mate as swiftly and unthinkingly as birds, and marriage is nothing but a gay picnic with laughter and dancing till sunset-time. It is very superficial, of course,—a ludicrously young love, with a ludicrously certain end in a wedding. But you must remember that we are in a holiday mood and with gay spirits enjoy the irresponsible wooing.

Perhaps the only unique element that enters into these stories is the way in which the different phases of New York life are

portrayed. It is not done with much insight into any underlying significance, dipping only here and there beneath the surface. But it does convey to us living pictures,—not pictures, indeed, but a veritable kaleidoscope of business life in New York. The atmosphere of “down town” in a large city is hit off to a nicety,—the various elements of noisy streets and crowded stores. Who cannot recognize, in the well-drawn sketches, the types of men and women seen during many years, but seen now with a new significance? “Caramels”, behind the candy counter, has often lifted “her pale, snippy face from her novel to serve us.” “Locals, in his smart gray uniform and important pose”, grins at us daily as he shoots us up to the floor we desire. We have hurried past the “megaphone man”, when his hollow roar announced our train. We have watched the sign-painter, marking big white facts on a blackboard down town. We have bought our elevated tickets without a glance at the blue and brass figure in the box-office. All these we know and also some we have never seen but have heard of more or less vaguely,—the escaped prisoner; the lank, red youth from the farm; the chorus girl. Now they cease to be mere names to us, mere types of their class, and become individuals with lives to be lived and comic and tragic every-day to be endured. Each of these are “tangled in the meshes of Cupid”, and dance in and out until the church bells ring a happy ending.

The stories are written spicily, and are full of life, which make them very readable, when one is bound for a vacation.

At the Academy of Music, Northampton, March 3d, “Sunday.” The general run of theatre goers are lenient toward the play when Ethel Barrymore is behind the footlights. It is often but the background for her charm and winning grace, which make her the darling of matinee girls and college boys. Her latest play lives up to this reputation of its predecessors, or rather, is found to be a further degeneration. “Sunday” is a very cheap melodrama with the vivid coloring of the Bowery type toned down to Broadway taste. We find the usual western cabin, with the sentimental conversation of the miners cutting it off at once and decisively from reality. We find, too, a sudden, murderous passion and pistol-shot, an unconvincing change to aristocratic life in England, a flight home followed by the enamored lord, and a lover’s kiss at the end. Were it not for a certain pretti-

ness with which Miss Barrymore plays her part, a touch of humorous reality in old Lively and Tom Oxely, a uniform ability in the rest of the cast, we could hardly believe this to be a serious attempt at a play. As it is, we enjoy it mildly and regret its waste of time and talent.

At the Academy of Music, January 9th, "The Jewess, or Leah the Forsaken." Miss O'Neil is well known as an actress of unusual strength and ability, which she expended without reserve in portraying the cheerless and forsaken Leah. But unfortunately, she never elected to do, without overdoing, and strength without restraint, power expended in passion and guttural frenzy brought "Leah" to the level of lurid melodrama. Only in the last act in the scene with the child, was the least restraint imposed, and it was this scene only that secured sympathy. The play cannot be passed over without speaking of the interpretation of the Schoolmaster as one of remarkable intensity.

M. W. H.

*The Most Popular College Songs* (Hinds, Noble & Eldredge). A convenient copy of the usual collection of songs is always pleasant to possess. This book lacks few of the favorites from "Old Black Joe" in the beginning, to "Good night, Ladies," at the end.

#### A SONG OF THE DARK

The line of shore and the rocks before have softened away into one, dear,  
And the gleams of the town have focused down to only the lighthouse spark,  
While here in the folds of the swells' curved rolls on the evening sea there is  
none, dear,  
Save only you and the lithe canoe, in the vast, still, yielding dark.

Like the subtle guess of a light caress, or the touch of a soft passed gown,  
dear,  
The dark comes gliding over the tide, and up to the star-dimmed height,  
With just a trace on the water's face of a half tone light, drawn down, dear,  
From the sun-red west to the ocean's breast, to 'broider the edge o' the  
night.

Heavily damp with the salt set stamp from the very heart of the sea, dear,  
The night winds breathe, as they stoop to leave a wet caress on our hair,  
And somewhere, far by the distant bar, achord to a low faint key, dear,  
The wind and the swell are tuned to tell of the world that is hidden there.

In time I feel the dip and yield as your paddle sweeps with mine own, dear,  
 And 'neath our bow the purl is low on the parting waves, to mark  
 Our course, as straight to the eastern gate I am keeping her true, alone, dear,  
 With only you and the lithe canoe in the vast, still, yielding dark.

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

#### THE END OF TOIL

Put grief away and all slow, bitter tears,  
 Thy grieving and thy sorrowing shall seem  
 As weary winds that blow across the years,  
 Bringing dim echoes of a fainter dream  
 And men that weep. The kindly silent snow  
 Shall softly fall about thy weary head ;  
 Nor shall thou count the winters as they go,  
 But sleep shall be when all sad things are dead.

Slumber shall steal upon thee with a smile,  
 And welcoming arms and yearning odorous lips,  
 And all thy weary journey mile by mile,  
 And all the sorrows of the silent ships,  
 The bitter winds that blow, the rains that fall—  
 Of these dim things no sorrow shall be bred,  
 For peace shall breathe a stillness over all,  
 And sleep shall be when all sweet things are dead.

*Williams Lit.*

#### SONG

Ah, Lady, will thy wistful ghost  
 Linger amidst our apple trees  
 And love the summer evenings most  
 —Leaning a dim cheek to the breeze?  
 Or wilt thou drift on the dank air  
 Of our enchanted pine grove old  
 And like some frost wreath, thin and fair,  
 Vanish if I pursue, too bold?  
 Or pausing in the firelit gloom  
 Of this poor cottage, shall I hear  
 Thy eerie sobbing from the room  
 Where hang thy fading garments dear?

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### DEDICATION OF THE BOOK WHEREIN I WRITE

Oh, children of a far-off time,—  
Oh, brave tall lads and darling maids,—  
Who chase the echo of a rhyme  
Among your garrets' glints and shades,  
Who chase adventure of old days,  
Old books, old odors, strange decay,  
With hearts aleap and eyes ablaze  
For age that once was young as they.  
Oh, unborn dreamers, of my blood  
Or alien-veined, who find this book—  
The crest-wave of my youth's full flood—  
Laugh not too lightly as you look.

Be gentle with my ancient words,  
My crooked writing, jangling rhymes,  
My tuneless songs of winds and birds,  
My tears, my love-deeds, and my crimes.

Oh, children of a far-off day—  
Oh, musing lads and dreaming maids—  
Be gentle with my dust, I pray,  
Beneath your garret's glints and shades.  
I, young to-day and swift to run,  
I, singing always in my heart,  
Shall leave no token to the sun  
Save faded words, to sting and start  
From out a yellow page, at you,  
Oh, children in your garrets' gloom,  
Rustling the odd old papers through,  
With smiles and dreamings—at a doom.

A hundred years, and then—ah, you—  
Sweet unknown children, draw one sigh  
Because a long-dead child's heart knew,  
Although it sang, that it must die.

F. S. DAVIS '04.



To the eye that keeps watch over man's mortality, the occupations of a working-man in his leisure hours are as significant as his effort to secure an eight-hour day. The same friendly inter-

**Concerning Vacation Houses** est questions concerning the working-girl's vacation—a rare week or two set in the midst of fifty devoted to stenography, store-keeping, box-making, type-setting—how shall the problems of railroad fare and board be met and an opportunity to live “carelessly and well” be gained? The skilled working-woman, with good salary, faces no such difficulties, but the girl who works for five or six dollars a week searches almost hopelessly for a cheap hotel within reach of her city for a moderate fare. Country farm houses? Some one suggests, remember Ardelia in Arcady!

This need, vacation houses have been trying for half a dozen years or more to meet. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania—I am not informed concerning other states—“holiday houses” have been established accessible from the larger cities for a fare varying from ten cents to perhaps two dollars. Some of these represent the benevolent activity of individuals. In one charming country-place near Boston the mistress virtually entertains groups of eight or ten women for a week or so at a time all summer long. They enjoy whole-heartedly her simple, abundant fare, her wide old house, her woods and lake, and pay her two dollars and a half a week for board, a sum adequate only for table expenses, she has told me. All other charges are her personal contribution. One's instant question as to the wisdom of thus misleading women in regard to cost, is partly answered by Miss Merriam's wish to receive only middle-aged and old women—supporters of families, it may be, whose monotonous lives need relief more than wholesome training in self-support. In special cases her guests are simply guests. When one sees a toil-worn scrub-woman who has had no vacation for twenty-five years enjoying the peace and charm of this delightful home, one rejoices over such gracious benevolence.

Many houses represent the efforts of working-women's clubs, directed usually by women of leisure who are workers in or friends of the clubs. Philadelphia clubs maintain Whitford Lodge, two hours out from the city; New York clubs have three houses on Long Island; Massachusetts supports houses at Princeton, Squantum and Bayside; Connecticut clubs have established a house at Madison. Here the value of organized efforts tells. The rent and certain fixed expenses of the houses are raised through the winter by club entertainments and fairs and the running expenses are met by the three or four dollars a week paid for board. In all these houses the girls care for their rooms and prepare them for the next comer; in some a coöperative system is followed, as at Princeton, where the girls wash dishes, set and wait on table in turn. The work required is decided by an executive council representing the club or clubs, which also decides other important matters of administration.

To the woman of marked or solitary individuality these houses may not appeal. She wishes to go to a “regular hotel” and if her wages allow, she goes. If she is interested in a vacation house, she chooses one most nearly approximating the hotel ideal, where least effort is made to give the house

the atmosphere of a gracious home. But most houses owe their existence to the affection and coöperation of the girls, and the devotion of women of leisure and large opportunity, who work with the clubs through the winter. I know of no house where this directing influence is not felt, if in no other way than in the choice for housekeeper of a cultivated and interested woman. Whitford Lodge, a most successful house, accommodating twenty-eight girls, and managed by a representative board of working-women, has won the deep affection of Philadelphia club girls largely through the wise, devoted work of Miss Sibley, its most interested director. At many houses one or two hostesses assist the house matron in furnishing initiative for picnics, dances, dramatics and infusing into a delightful society the score or more of unacquainted girls who are thrown together for a week.

The housekeeper or hostess in such a house finds her summer full of opportunity. The economic problem of making both ends meet, in itself calls for strenuous intellectual and practical effort. But the human interest furnished by friendly contact with shop-girls, milliners, scrub-women, type-writers, box-makers, enriches one's knowledge and sympathy as few occupations save settlement work can do. One house that I know is at present seeking a housekeeper for next summer. I should be glad to furnish further information to any who might be interested in such a position.

ETHEL de LONG,  
146 Bay Street, Springfield.

"Well, just what do you do in a library school?" This question greets the library student with such invariable regularity from everyone she meets that she soon begins to feel that the world at large

**Library School Work** must think that all a librarian has to do is to stand behind a counter and hand out books and that for such work only a little practice can be necessary. Perhaps it is because of this or similar hazy ideas of library work that so few college students take it into consideration as among the possible occupations or lines of usefulness open to them. Last year one of the trustees of Smith College, in a talk to the senior class, urged those students who were thinking of teaching to look around them first, to see if they could not find or invent some other occupation. Young women, she said, are too apt to turn to teaching as a matter-of-course, whereas the profession is already overcrowded by those who would have done much better elsewhere.

It is with the idea of suggesting the real nature and opportunities of library work to those who are just now thinking of the after-college days—or even better, to those who have still some college years before them—that I will try and answer the question of what is done in a library school.

But first of all, I should like to correct one impression which often prevails, namely that this profession is a particularly excellent calling for the book-worm or ardent lover of books; and that in studying to be a librarian one devotes oneself exclusively to books and acquires enormous amounts of ready information by reading, reading, reading! The widest possible knowledge of books is indeed most essential to the efficient librarian, but it is only one of many requirements. In the training school one learns a great deal about

books and handles them constantly, but very little time is there for pleasurable reading. In fact, one of the important things to learn is the ability to determine the scope and value of a book by a fifteen minutes' glance through its pages.

The training in the various library schools in the country probably covers about the same ground, but being as yet in a very experimental stage, it is arranged or proportioned differently. I can write only from a knowledge of the New York State Library School, which is one of the oldest and largest. In this school the courses are planned to cover two years, but the first year fits one with all the technical knowledge required to obtain a position as an assistant. Many students take positions then and return later, when the need arises, to take the second year.

The courses, naturally, correspond to what a librarian may have to do in a library. In the first place she may have to select and buy the books for the library. There is therefore a course on the selection of books. This consists of weekly discussions of five books belonging to particular departments of literature, such as biography, fine arts, etc. The books are considered in relations to certain tests for books of that class and a comparison is made with other books on the same subject. Each student makes out a so-called "librarian's note-book" for every book, which records its scope, the decision as to its value for certain kinds of libraries, people and various other points that may prove of future value to the librarian. This is a most interesting course and the only one which requires the reading of books, the students being expected to read at least two of the books and to examine with the aid of reviews the others. Of course, in a library, the actual selection of the books is further determined by the needs of the community and the character of the library.

After a book comes into a library it is first recorded in an "accession-book" and receives its accession number. The students are given some practice in doing this with the books that come into the New York State Library.

Next the book has to be classified; that is, given a number according to the Dewey Decimal System, which indicates what division or subdivision of knowledge it comes under (942—history of England; 943—history of Germany), in order that all books on the same subject may be put together. This is not an easy thing to do, for many books are painfully vague or complicated in regard to subject, or will not fit in well under any heading of the Decimal System. Daily, after explanatory lectures on the various parts of this system, the students classify a number of books, selected to illustrate questionable points. At the close of the course they do fifteen hours of classification for the State Library by way of practice. In the second year there is a comparative study of other methods of classification, the chief one being the "Expansion" system worked out by the late Mr. Cutter of Forbes Library.

After a book is classified, it has to be catalogued; that is, to have cards made out for it to be put in the drawers which readers consult in looking up a book or a subject. The course in cataloguing is the Old Man of the Sea in library school work. Those simple, harmless looking, little cards are most complicated things. A single book may have anywhere from two to twenty

or more cards made out in various ways and alphabeted in different places in the catalogue. It requires a good imagination to foresee all the headings under which people may look for a book or a subject. Moreover, there are various kinds of catalogues and different kinds of cataloguing for different kinds of libraries. This is the most mechanical part of library work, but even this fails to be dull. Furthermore this, as well as other mechanical phases of the work, are being gradually lightened for librarians. For instance, the Library of Congress is now printing the catalogue cards for every book that comes in and all libraries can purchase these cards.

A much more live and thoroughly interesting part of library work is that of reference librarian. The students learn from lectures and practical use the relative values of different dictionaries, encyclopedias, periodicals and other reference books. They learn from made-up problems how to look up the answers to all sorts of questions and from class discussions just where the best material is to be found. During the second year the students serve at times at the reference desk in the State Library and in other libraries of the city.

It would be hopeless and unilluminating to try to explain in this short space all the phases of library work which the student has to learn by experience or study; how to mend books, how to receive and send out traveling libraries; how to coöperate with schools; how books are registered at the loan desk; how the children's rooms are run; how to look up the bibliographic details of books such as editions, prices, publishers, etc.; how to work up the material and get together a list of best books on a particular subject; and many other points of library economy. The librarian has to know also something about the best plans for library buildings and how to make the best use of space under given conditions. Each year the school makes a trip, first south to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and the next year through New England, to study all these points in different kinds of libraries.

I fear I have conveyed only a very confused idea of library school work, but perhaps it is enough to show that a librarian is neither one who stands behind a loan desk nor one who enjoys many quiet hours of study and reading. And yet I have left out the all-important element that makes the vital interest in the librarian's work and this is exactly the same as the teacher's vital interest, the living people she has to deal with and work with. The teacher has only the young; the librarian has both the old and the young, in fact, the whole community. People are just beginning to realize how equally important with the school the library is as an educational and cultural factor. The two supplement each other, and the librarian comes into contact with people and living interests, just as the teacher does. She needs just as high intellectual qualities, sympathy, insight and tact, coupled with as much practical ingenuity and ability as she can command. In many communities, especially in mining districts and the like and among the lumbermen of the northern and western woods, the great need just now is for workers who combine library and college settlement experience. Library work opens a very direct door to those who feel an interest in sociological and philanthropic work.

In conclusion there is also this to be said: Library science is still in its beginning. There are no hard and fast lines. Every librarian may and must know the joy of experiment and of making fresh contributions to past experience. Trained librarians of the efficient type are as yet few in number in comparison to the demand for them. Even the inexperienced graduate of the library schools can obtain positions of the greatest interest and opportunity.

SOPHIE KNOWLTON HISS '04,  
New York State Library School.  
Albany, N. Y.

To those who are interested in studying the various phases of the collegiate world of to-day, "the all-round girl" is very attractive as she is such an integral part of college life. The phrase itself can be heard a half-dozen times over in crossing the campus of a morning. "Helen ought to see your committee, she's an all-round girl if there ever was one, and anything she takes hold of goes!" Or again, "O, no, I don't know that she *does* write, but any way, she is such a fine all round girl that they'll make a mistake if they don't put her on the Board." To those unversed in the college vernacular, the expression may have no meaning at all, or at the most but bring up a vision of a buxom damsel ready to brave any odds. The all-round girl has come to stay in some form, so it is well to understand clearly what she is, and how she differs from her predecessors.

To begin with, she is the girl whom the college expects to do everything, and who usually does it successfully. She can run a Junior Prom and lead a Prayer meeting with equal ability—she can play basket ball or a mandolin so as to gain the applause of her admiring audience. She writes a few creditable verses now and then and paints scenery for a house play when the prescribed expenditure has been reached. Altogether, she is a girl to love and admire. If she happens to be an upper class girl, her desk usually has a fresh rose or two on it and she is often out to dinner with some young friend. But there is no sentimentality allowed. Crushes she abhors and says so. Indeed, people think she is a little too practical. It is only her closest friends to whom she shows her heart.

The college girl of twenty-five years' standing hardly knows her young successor. In fact, she looks a little dubious at times, when she hears of all that is done to-day—the festivities and the "stunts." She listens in vain to hear about the studies she loved so dearly, for they are never mentioned. It is hard for the older woman to understand how the all-round girl makes department societies, which stand for good work. If she is as kind as one I know, she will shake her head and say: "You young things are much cleverer than we were. We went to college primarily to study, and we never forgot that idea. We never had dances and plays, and yet we thought we had a good time. Our greatest excitement was burning our Algebras when we finished." The girl of to-day shakes her head in turn, when she thinks that there was no Boydens' or Copper Kettle, or even a chafing dish in those days!

It is hard for either to understand the point of view of the other, or to see

the matter from its historical standpoint. For the all round girl is not of mushroom growth, but is a gradual evolution, as inevitable, as she is surprising to the person who does not take into consideration the causes which have brought it about.

First of all the growth of the college has had a great deal to do with it. In the early years there were so few girls and the whole thing was such an experiment, that the students felt one thing to an overpowering degree — namely, that they must show that higher education could be grasped by the feminine mind. Now, with the streams of girls pouring in from all parts of the United States, a flood of new ideas is being presented continually, with the result that a broader outlook becomes the privilege of each member of the college.

With every year, too, the number of *alumnæ* is increasing. And they, in going out into the world and meeting with the problems that confront every one less protected, see that the idea of a student life *per se* is not the best thing for every graduate. Therefore, they desire to make the students better fitted for all sides of life, as it will be shortly presented to them. Through the *alumnæ* associations and the *alumnæ* teacher, the graduates are able to change existing conditions from time to time as they see fit.

Yet it is not alone the growth of the institution which has developed the college girl, but the changes in the world outside have operated on the original type. The entrance of woman into all fields of society is one of the important elements. For it stands to reason, that if she is to take any place, she must have other sides developed, besides the scholastic. Whenever she runs a play in which the hero and heroine are at sword's points, she is fitting herself to meet some of the unpleasant situations which will necessarily come later. Then too, it is not only the college world that has become many-sided, but the growing complexity of the ordinary life she will become a part of after leaving college, must be taken into consideration. It is inevitable that college should be far from simple, when the echoes of the great world reach over the classic halls. She cannot but be moulded in accordance, when at vacation time, she goes back to the conventional life where men hustle and women plan.

But of all the changes in the world outside, there is none so curious and interesting as the change of attitude taken toward the college woman. Her days as an experiment are passed. She is tacitly or openly accepted as a success and the world respects her. A clearer knowledge of the purpose of the college has operated in her favor. The words of our President have had their effect, in that his ideal of the college graduate is not that of a scholar pure and simple, but of an intelligent gentlewoman. People are quick to appreciate qualities of that kind and when they perceive them in the student, their opinion of college is broadened and more enlightened. Besides this, and working along the same line, the proof of the college girl's adaptiveness to every situation has been seen with approval by the world, and it is not at all slow in showing it.

However pleasant the approval of the world is to the college girl, it has its drawbacks and reacts upon her. Unfortunately, in the course of human events, the qualities for which the all round girl has been applauded, have

been intensified and carried to an excess, so that to-day we are brought face to face with her defects. No true friend of hers should fear to meet the censure, for it is only by appreciating it, that it can be remedied in any true fashion.

The most pernicious result of her attempt to do everything, is the tendency toward superficial academic work. It does not stand to reason that a person can do a thousand and one things outside, which delight the heart of the thorough college maiden, and give thoughtful attention to those studies she has chosen. She has to resort to bluff—to use college parlance, and is satisfied when she gets through without being detected. On the face of the thing, this is not creditable, and she knows it, but when she has successfully run a play the night before, how can she expect to compete with the accurate scholarship of the conscientious girl who spent four hours on the work? It is just a question of this or that, and the temptation is to choose the pleasanter task.

Another mistake that arises, is that college honors are thus limited to a select few. This is one of the most crying evils of the present custom, but it, too, has resulted from a cause innocent enough. The girl in question has proved early in her career that she can do something very well, and so thereafter, when some one is needed for a position, she is appointed. The work has to be done, and there is no time for experimenting with untried genius. It happens time and again that another girl is much better fitted to do the work, and would like to do it, for the inevitable recognition which comes with it. It would mean a great deal to her, while it means just one more thing for the all round girl to do, which, unhappily, leads in many cases to a nervous break down. Girls who have come to college robust and without knowing the meaning of the word nerves, by Senior year are being sent home frequently to rest. From what? Study? Not at all. From the innumerable things which have been heaped upon her, and which she has carried through to a triumphant end. Of course it follows that the family to which the girl goes home, feels very strongly against college, and get wrong ideas of collegiate work.

But however much this feeling of the complexity of college life is deepened by the memories of the nervous breakdowns of some of the necessary members of the college world, yet the points in favor of the all round college girl are strong, and offset many of her defects. Granted that she has too much to do, and that many of the minor details might just as well be given over to girls who haven't any committees to labor on, yet it must be admitted that the all round girl's capabilities are enlarged and given free play. At college, she gets the chance to do almost anything, and she learns how best to go about work and grasp its significance. Then, too, she is thrown in contact with all sorts and conditions of girls, and becomes accustomed to getting along with the most uncongenial people. It is a lesson which some of her older friends have had to learn in a hard school, and they respect this quality in her, when she is able to make people forget their private antagonism, and work peaceably together.

And lastly, with the broad education, which her college life has given her, she is prepared for any position on leaving her college home — for she knows not only how to lead but to follow when necessary the lines laid down by some one else. She has learned to keep a "shining morning face" in the pres-

ence of difficulties, and if she had gained nothing more, her college course would not be a failure.

The future of the idea of a college girl is a subject of interest to her friends. Will the next generation of students find life fuller and more complicated than we? Will there be more superficial work and more frequent rest cures, and will she be more sensible than her predecessors? At present among many of the more thoughtful college girls there is a tendency toward reaction from trying to do everything, and they are endeavoring to divide up things a little more fairly among the many. Whether this reform will really be accomplished, remains to be seen. It lies mainly in the hands of the girl to decide for herself. When she can see that the facility acquired by doing many things does not alone develop her to her best, and that with all her cleverness, she must concentrate upon some specialty and know that thing thoroughly, then many of her defects will pass away of necessity, and those that love her will be more proud than ever of the all round girl.

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON '04.

#### Alumnae Fund for the Students' Aid Association

"All things come round to him who will but wait", but they may come in earlier season and more abundant measure to him who works while he waits. The members of the committee appointed to raise the fund for the Students' Aid Association have no doubt of the loyalty of our college women to this cause nor do they question the ultimate success of the effort before them. It is their earnest wish, however, to complete this fund before Commencement next June. To make this possible, they ask anew the zealous coöperation of all friends of the college, of alumnae and non-graduates, of men and women interested in this important phase of education. The limit of time for the payment of new pledges has been extended from April first to June first. Special pleas have been sent to individuals in various centers to assist us by becoming responsible for one hundred dollars or fifty dollars each, to be paid by June. To all who have aided by gifts of whatever amount we give thanks. We still lack, however, more than half the desired sum. May we not hope that some other women, in localities not reached by local clubs or direct appeals, will volunteer to represent this cause among their neighbors and will pledge some definite sum,—\$200, \$100, or \$50?

Though these personal subscriptions are necessary to supplement the contributions from local branches, it is hoped that each Smith College club will make concerted plans to raise money for the fund. In dissent, some have said that too many requests for money have been made in recent years among the graduates and friends of the college. Is it not true that the most progressive and effective institutions, in educational, religious and social activity, keep alive the zeal of their members by constant appeals to their service for worthy objects? A new state association of Smith graduates and non-graduates has recently been formed to meet such appeals as the present one. Groups of girls in small communities have met, and organized plans for entertainments and lectures whose proceeds are dedicated as an answer to our persistent letters.



If unable to assist by contributions, through branches or in an individual way, perhaps you can suggest to the committee the names of some persons among your social acquaintances who may be interested and able to contribute. If you dislike to ask them, will you give us the opportunity to speak officially in the cause? To one sincere doubter, and to any unknown companions in her fears, the committee would say a word regarding the general purpose of this fund. "Will not the existence of such a fund", she asks, "encourage a yet larger number of girls, ill-fitted in health and mind and lacking personal resources, to enter college and receive aid for a time but, in the end, give up the pathetic struggle?" All who are familiar with the wise distribution of the funds of the Students' Aid in the past, and all who will read with care the circular issued by our committee last November, will understand the general plan. A member of the present committee on distribution writes: "The fund is designed to meet the needs of the students of the two upper classes especially, who have paid their way up to that point, sustained honorable grades in their work, have good health and character, and are obviously intended by nature to make their way in the world in the ways by which educated women earn their living. The large majority of cases we help are girls who have entered college with a reasonable prospect of being able to pay their way through, but who from sickness, death and financial loss at home are brought into sudden straits."

The fund at present (February 28, 1905), registers as follows:

On deposit and drawing interest at 8 per cent,	\$2,852 85
Pledges,	795 00
Total,	\$3,647 85

This report represents 174 individual contributors in response to 3,500 circulars and scores of personal letters, in addition to many interviews. If our need has passed from your memory and you have not contributed, in larger or smaller amount, will you not make use of your privilege and send us a contribution or a pledge within this next month, that we may estimate our resources by April first? If you have given, cannot you aid us once again by personally influencing some other person to contribute or by allowing the committee to reach such possible friends of the cause? The amount is not large and will be raised by June if we can secure cordial coöperation from a large proportion of our more than three thousand alumnae and non-graduates in all sections of our country.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE,  
For the Committee.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr., Chairman,  
Madison, New Jersey.  
Mrs. Charles F. Marble,  
4 Marble Street, Worcester, Mass.  
Miss Martha Wilson,  
564 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Smith College Club of Philadelphia gave a musicale at the home of the Misses MacAlister on the evening of December 8, for the benefit of the Smith Students' Aid Society. The program consisted of selections on the piano by Ada Knowlton '97 and soprano solos by Ruth Duncan '98 and Miss Marion Eames. They kindly gave their services, coming from New York for the purpose. Mr. Bertrand Austin of Philadelphia contributed several 'cello solos. As a result fifty-eight dollars has been handed over to the Students' Aid Society Fund.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'85.	Elizabeth Cheever Wheeler,	.	.	Feb.	8
'00.	Edith M. Ramage,	.	.	"	3
'02.	Mary Grove Smith,	.	.	"	
'96.	Eva L. Hills,	.	.	"	4-6
'02.	Blanche E. Barnes,	.	.	"	4
'04.	Helen A. Choate,	.	.	"	8-10
'01.	Clara E. Schaufler,	.	.	"	10-18
'02.	Louise Childs Perkins,	.	.	"	11-18
'08.	Marion Hill McClench,	.	.	"	11-15
'87.	Alice Walthon,	.	.	"	18
'04.	Mary Lois James,	.	.	"	14
'90.	Flora Kellogg Jones,	.	.	"	18
'04.	Florence Nesmith,	.	.	"	17-20
'04.	Edna Cushing,	.	.	"	18-23
'04.	Marguerita Souther,	.	.	"	17-20
'04.	Priscilla Jewett,	.	.	"	17-22
'04.	Emma H. Dill,	.	.	"	18-23
'01.	Mabel C. Mead,	.	.	"	21
'92.	Lucy Abbot Cameron,	.	.	"	21-23
'91.	Gertrude M. Hogan,	.	.	"	21-23
'04.	Mary Hunter Pusey,	.	.	"	21-24
'00.	Cora E. Sweeney,	.	.	"	22
'98.	Harriet B. Winsor,	.	.	"	22
'03.	Anna C. Holden,	.	.	"	22-23
'80.	Mrs. Charles A. French,	.	.	"	22-25
'96.	Eleanor H. Woods,	.	.	"	23
'91.	Anna Speck Thomson,	.	.	"	24

All alumnæ who wish to secure tickets for the Senior Dramatics should send their names to the business manager, Alice M. Holden, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer to go on Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnæ for Saturday night. An alumna is allowed to buy a seat only once, and only on her own name, but she may buy "rush" tickets as often as she cares to.

All communications for the business manager should be addressed to Miss Elizabeth H. Creevy, 80 Green Street.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

On the afternoon of Saturday, February 11, Professor Woodberry gave the first of a series of lectures on Literature and Life, the subject of the first one being "The Function of Literature in Human Development." Being a post

Lectures by Professor Woodberry himself and a true lover of literature, Professor Woodberry presented his lecture in the most finished diction and form. He began by saying that a highly developed race is, in the true sense, aristocratic. Just as Athens, Rome and Judea reached their moment of perfection and disappeared, so is there always "some great culture dying to enrich the soil of new harvests", for the time to die comes to every race, as to every man; and the energy of a race is thus dedicated to the higher ends of mankind. History moves along this line of "age-long surrender of privilege and power into the hands of the world's best men", which constitutes the humanisation of mankind.

Throughout all historical and political changes the human spirit is stable, the "race-mind" endures. Its life consists of a conception of the world and an emotional response thereto. Professor Woodberry defined the race-mind as "this potentiality of thought and feeling in any age, deeply inherited and slowly modified." As the race-mind grows, it takes unerringly the best and makes of it an enduring world of idea and emotion. It unifies the race, wipes out national distinctions, and liberates "that free soul common to all mankind." It is the peculiar and characteristic office of literature to aid in this enfranchisement of the soul, and it is through literature mainly that we know the race-mind. The men of a generation, and a national literature are great in proportion as they share and embody the race-mind, and this should be a primary idea in the study of literature.

American life offers a supreme opportunity to know the common mind of man as revealed in the book of the world. Yet our modern life demands a technical education; and to come to its best a soul must have self-knowledge, the young mind must find itself. The interpretation of the world by literature is open to everyone but the eye must be trained. Through the poets he may see nature artistically, scientifically, symbolically, or spiritually. His historic sense must be educated as well as his religious sense of the world in which God is. In the literature of the last age God is not a distant prodigy, but "an idea in the intellect and an experience in the emotions." The poets blend and blur these two ideas and unfold to us the secrecy of relations to the infinite.

On the afternoon of February 15, Professor Woodberry delivered his second lecture on Literature and Life. Since literature, in its broad conception, is the expression of the universal soul, its language must appeal directly to all nations. The principle of selection develops a language characteristic of every age and man, such as the euphuism of the Elizabethan era and the poetic diction of the eighteenth century in England.

Every artistic work has to face a problem in economy, has to gain speed, condensation and intensity. In his choice of words the writer has to consider the association with which they are charged, the "overtone" that makes a word preferred. Then comes the question: "What over-tones in life appeal most to this or that poet?" There are overtones either of thought or of feeling and they are most deeply charged with idea and emotion. In general this emotional power is lost to material objects by association, by the human use of them which is stored up for us by history. History, therefore, is close to poetry in imaginative power. The note of world-empire is heard in the latest English verse; the note of humanity, of the service of men, is ever dominant in our own. History underlies race-literature in a far more universal way, for literature is the expression of this transforming power.

There have been in the past three great transformations of history. The first of these was Mythology, not mere hero-worship but "all experience with nature and human toil," and from it man gained all that had any lasting significance. Mythology was the "transformation man had accomplished of his own past, the human use he had made of the world." When the creative impulse had ceased and its forms were fixed, an allegorical meaning was found, and there was an emblematic stage of literature.

The second great transformation was Chivalry, with its basis of bravery, courtesy and piety. This was an imaginative interpretation of the spirit life itself in a language of imagery and passion that was a world language. Then, like the mythological language, it lost the power of reality, partly through Cervantes's ridicule. The allegorical meaning, as in the *Faerie Queene*, followed. In the last century chivalry was reborn in Tennyson's "Arthur" and Wagner's "Parsifal."

Third and last came the transformation caused by the Scriptures, "the life of a race in one volume", giving us "the celestial world in association with human events." The habit of turning it to a parable gave to this too an allegorical meaning.

In Mythology, Chivalry and the Scriptures is a race-language, a universal tongue far more important than any national speech. "To omit them in his education is to deprive a youth of his inheritance." One must grow familiar with these forms of beauty, honor and righteousness to know the race-tongue.

Since human force is still operative it may be that a fourth great transformation is now at work. The transformations of history, of which literature is the image, have the same principle of selection. "The soul of a race is an artist's soul—its career an artist's career." It builds its ideal imaginative world through which it finds its true expression. Literature is woven, warp and woof, of the will to believe and the desire to live; its language is experience, just as the language of race-literature is race-experience, or history, which is slowly transformed into the imaginative world. The human

desire for the best enters into the process with such force that it arouses in the race-life "the creed of what man wishes to believe and the life he wishes to live."

On February 25, Professor Woodberry delivered his third lecture, the subject being "The Titan Myth." He sketched briefly the familiar story of Prometheus, the Titan, who pitied man and stole for him the celestial fire. The entire career of mankind may be said to have been kindled by this "Promethean Spark." Zeus punished Prometheus by chaining him to a lonely mountain where a vulture preyed upon him and the Titan was kept a prisoner because he refused to tell Zeus the secret by means of which the fall of the god was to be brought about.

The three chief aspects of the myth are, first, the idea of the law of human progress it contains, that Zeus would fall as had the gods who had preceded him, and that other gods would follow; second, the aspect of suffering for man's sake—which has been but slightly developed in literature; and third, Prometheus as mankind itself, as a symbol of man's race-life, "suffering yet invincible in its faith."

"The Prometheus of Æschylus," said Professor Woodberry, "has fixed the form of the Titan for the imagination." Here the sublime moral situation and the vivid scene once known, can never be forgotten. In the mind and memory of the race are two great mountains: "The Mount of Faith in God, and the Mount of Faith in Man." In Prometheus the idea of humanity is conceived in the characteristic act of suffering for mankind.

It is not strange that the tale of the Titan myth should hold such a place in literature. It had a natural re-birth at the time of the French Revolution, when many poets handled it to express their own heroic ideal. The Revolution had a Titanic quality and was rooted in humanity, as well. Its expression was to be "poured through Shelley when Europe sank back into the arms of kings and priests." Shelley conceived of Prometheus as mankind, gave him the Æschylean scene, tortured him not by physical suffering, but by the idea that the gifts he had given men were harmful. The "old pessimistic thought that civilization is a curse" is here, but Shelley introduces it as a thing that is, and therefore must be borne. In Shelley's eyes there had been two great failures: that neither Christianity nor the French Revolution had brought the millenium. In his poem Shelley blends with marvellous skill the Hellenic idea of higher power triumphing, and the Christian idea that this triumphing power is love, forgiveness.

In the Hyperion of Keats the change from Titanic to Olympic rule is more in sympathy with science, with the scientific progression of nature. "The gods are willing to give up because the birth of beauty has changed the universe." So the moment ideal beauty enters the mind of the Titans they fall, and at the end of the poem Apollo comes to a knowledge of his own beauty as a soul, of his immortality.

"Tis the eternal law  
That first in beauty should be first in might."

says Keats. When the race goes like a little child to the poets and says: "Tell me a story about myself, what is most divine in me?" Shelley answers that it is forgiveness, Keats that it is beauty, Goethe that it is liberty,

Victor Hugo that it is all-forgiving toll. We love these men "because they are more ourselves than we are", and "mankind, seeing itself more perfect in all men of spiritual genius, makes them part of its inner vision." The race-images that they give us of race ideas in these great myths lead up to God.

On March 1 Professor Woodberry delivered his fourth lecture, the subject being Spenser. Spenser was one of the men of genius who, in the process of absorbing the race-store, became scholarly with a culture which has spirit-life in it. Like Virgil, the poet of a dying race and culture, he wished to introduce into his country's literature the most supreme poetic art in the world. The empire of Rome had been Virgil's theme, the empire of the soul, was Spenser's, and he, "the master of all literary learning, the pioneer of literary art" wrote of the receding past.

Thus in the *Faerie Queene* there is an impression of remoteness from life, "a necessary element in any artistic work." This impression is given by the artistic atmosphere and setting of the poem, but still more by the remoteness of history in it, for the *Faerie Queene* depicts a receding world, a dying culture.

Spenser in this work describes in full his ideal gentleman educated in the virtues of holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice and courtesy. In the poem one knight embodies each virtue. The plan of the poet was to show how a soul comes to moral perfection in the Christian world. Mr. Lowell advised that we let the allegory in the *Faerie Queene* go; but the spirit-side was to Spenser himself the core of it, and the poem cannot be understood without it.

Professor Woodberry tried "to show in general terms certain aspects of it as a poem that presents life". First of these is the quest for self-mastery represented by Spenser in the idea of travel. The element of the danger of life is shown by the deceits practiced on the knights, and the element of mystery is given by enchantment which symbolizes the reality of divine aid. Spenser, "the most poetically minded of all English poets", had blended with a Puritan strain a certain artistic voluptuousness of nature. Out of this sensuousness of temperament he created his poem in which artistic joy in beauty remained pure in spirit, thus giving a new career to the Renaissance worship of Beauty.

Of the same nature is Spenser's worship of womanhood. Women enter the poem to ennoble it, not to impair it as in the *Æneid* and *Paradise Lost*, and in them is the highest reach of the poem. The *Faerie Queene* is essentially a poem of thought written in a "mood of artistic contemplation of beauty and ethical contemplation of action". In this regard Spenser stands as a disciple of Plato.

Spenser chose, at a time of vigor and activity, the formation of Christian character—a theme far removed from the general thoughts of men. His whole nature centered toward God and he has painted for us a soul's life, and this never changes, however it may be cast in new form. As the poet's poet, Spenser will ever appeal to the poet in mankind.

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

The first regular meeting of the Council was held October 7, Ruth Johnson, the President, presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing college year: Secretary, Marion

Semi-Annual Report of the E. Dodd 1906; Treasurer, Muriel Robinson, Smith College Council from 1907. At the beginning of the year a meeting of the house presidents was called by Miss Johnson, who stated the suggestions of

the Council in regard to the house dances. There seems to be a very general opinion among all the classes that there are too many entertainments during the first few weeks after the opening of college. It seems as if the welcome to the freshmen, and the efforts to make them feel at home were being overdone, so the Council suggested that the number of dances be cut down, and that the various entertainments for the entering class be extended over a longer space of time. It was also suggested that each house have tickets of admission to the dances given in the Students' Building, so that a more exact account of the number of guests might be possible. In 1904 it was decided that the students who kept books out of the library overtime should be responsible to the Council, and a sign has been posted in the College library to that effect. At the Conference meeting on December seventh, it was decided to have the usual exercises on Washington's Birthday, and a committee was appointed to agree upon a speaker. The Council has thought that the fire precautions in the different campus houses are not sufficient, and has recommended that there be five extinguishers and an alarm in each house, and that some one person among the students be responsible in case of fire. No action was taken in regard to the matter.

The Council has rented a piano for the Students' Building, and anyone may have the use of it by application to the President of the Council.

The plays for 1905, 1906 and 1907 have been assigned in the following order:

1905-6,—Wallace, Lawrence, Tyler, Morris.

1906-7,—Hatfield and Dewey, Albright, Haven and Wesley, Hubbard.

1907-8,—Dickinson, Chapin, Washburn and Tenney, Wallace.

MARION E. DODD, Secretary of the Council.

In preparation for the world-wide Day of Prayer for Colleges, observed February 12, the preceding week was set apart by the college as a season of spiritual quietness and communion with God.

**The Week of Prayer** Nearly every afternoon during the week, informal meetings addressed by members of the Faculty were held in the Students' Building, and the regular Tuesday evening prayer meeting was especially emphasized. The thought of the week as expressed in these daily meetings centered about the theme of earnest, individual search for the Christ-life; personal consecration being the only means by which that life may "be deepened in ourselves and in the college." If our intellectual and social interests occasionally seem to crowd out higher things, the large attendance at the meetings indicated a realization that the things of the spirit must be set first in the life of the Christian student.

The Day of Prayer—Sunday, February 12—was observed by an address at vespers by Dr. Howard Agnew Johnson, of New York.

At seven came the meeting of the S. C. A. C. W., led by the President of the Association, and very largely attended. This was followed by an organ recital in College Hall. The day closed with a meeting of the student volunteers, for a short prayer service. This culminating Day of Prayer gathered up into itself all the week's consecration and earnest desire.

Subjects and leaders of the meetings of the week :

Monday—The Ordered Life,	Miss Caverno.
Tuesday—Pray Without Ceasing,	Dr. Wood.
Thursday—The Knowledge and Freedom of Truth,	Miss Hanscom.
Saturday—*	President Seelye.
Sunday—Association Meeting,	Miss Clara Davidson.

A very interesting lecture on "Tenement Life in New York City" was given by Miss Cleghorn of New York in the Students' Building, Saturday evening, February 18. Miss Cleghorn began

Lecture by Miss Cleghorn her lecture by saying that it was no longer necessary to go abroad for the sake of observing the European populations. New York City itself contains representatives, and in large numbers, of nearly every European country. She then proceeded with most interesting statistics and an ingenious map of the city to treat of the various little colonies of foreigners, speaking in order of the Irish, the German, the Scandinavians, the Italians, the Russians and Poles, and finally of the Jews. Miss Cleghorn explained that this order represented that in which the immigrants had come to us, and was in general indicative of the numbers of each nationality to be found within the city. After a brief sketch of the characteristics of each class, she spoke of the disadvantages of tenements and tenement life, and the need for education among the immigrants. Miss Cleghorn closed her lecture with an appeal for leniency toward these unfortunate foreigners, who are largely not to blame for their wretched and sometimes criminal position.

With the usual enthusiasm and excitement the classes formed in line in College Hall, and marched into chapel for the Washington's Birthday exercises. Prayer was offered by Bishop Vinton.

Washington's Birthday. The speaker for the occasion was Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, who delivered a very interesting address with a strong political flavor. The Washington ode this year was read by its author, Louise Marshall Ryalls, 1906. There was special music by the choir.

The rally in the gymnasium followed immediately after the chapel exercises. The outfits of the various classes grow in elaborateness with each succeeding rally day, and the general effect has never been prettier than this year. The stands and running track were resplendent with yellow, red, green and purple. The singing was very spirited. We should have liked to sing longer had time allowed. The last song, to Alma Mater, was written by Alice Day, 1905, set to music by Jennie Peers, 1905, and sung by all the

\* Unavoidably omitted.



classes combined. A parody of "Julius Cæsar" was presented with great success under the auspices of the Council, and then the classes dispersed for dinner.

The two basket ball games for which we reassembled early in the afternoon were the most exciting events of the day. Amid much applause the 1908 team made its début. The seniors won over the juniors with the score 25 to 18 and the score of the sophomore-freshman game which followed was 40 to 12 in favor of the sophomores.

In spite of the weariness which might have been expected to succeed the events of the day, there was a large attendance at a dance in the evening given in the Students' Building for the benefit of the Silver Bay fund.

The class of 1905 wishes to announce the cast of the senior play "As You Like It".

Duke.....	Katherine De La Vergne
Frederick.....	Edith Chapin
Jaques.....	Alice Evans
Oliver.....	Elizabeth Morrison Moulton
Orlando.....	Katherine Cole Noyes
Jacques de Bois.....	Linda Harding
Le Beau.....	Ella Kellogg Burnham
Touchstone.....	Mary Paddock Clark
Corin.....	Marion Willard Woodbury
Silvius.....	Elsa Sarah Mayer
Charles.....	Jean Baird Pond
Adam.....	Hannah Louise Billings
William.....	Marian Elizabeth Rumsey
First Lord.....	Mary Alice Perry
Amiens.....	Mary Lois Hollister
Hymen.....	Bessie Whitney Ripley
Rosalind.....	Alma Christy Bradley
Celia.....	Elizabeth Theodora Babcock
Phebe.....	Beatrice Congdon Springer
Audrey.....	Alice Wilder Day

#### SUB-COMMITTEE

Costumes—Ruth Nancy Bullis, Harriet Tyrrell Kitchel, Louise Dodge, Lora Wright, Julia Preston Bourland.

Stage—Jean Baird Pond, Helen Wright, Elizabeth Freeman.

Music—Jennie May Peers, Florence Edna Johnson.

Business Manager's Assistant—Marjorie Perry.

Under the auspices of the Smith College Department of Music the sixth concert of the season 1904-1905 was given in Assembly Hall on the evening of Wednesday, February 15. After an analysis by Miss Jordan of Fitzgerald's version of the Rubâiyât, which was much appreciated, the song cycle "In a Persian Garden," was sung by Miss Julia B. Dickinson, soprano, Mrs. Charles B. Kingsley, alto, Mr. Alfred Y. Cornell, tenor, and Mr. Silas R. Mills, bass, with piano accompaniment by Prof. Story.

The annual conference will be held this year at Silver Bay, Lake George, June 23-July 3. The conference numbers about seven hundred delegates,

largely from the eastern colleges, and one of its

**Silver Bay Conference** strongest features is the contact with these other colleges. Last year the Smith delegation included thirty-eight, of whom twenty-five are here in college this year. We shared one of the cottages, "Overlook", with Wellesley, but we hope that there will be enough alumnæ and undergraduates this summer to fill the cottage and so make it a Smith cottage. The officers of the S. C. A. C. W. will be glad to answer any questions concerning the conference and to receive the names of these who expect to go.

Since this year is the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's death, it is not surprising that the presentation of "Der Neffe als Onkel" by the Deutscher Verein on Wednesday evening, March 1, proved of

**The German Play** unusual interest to its audience. The play is, as Schiller himself says, a "leichtes Intrigenstück" translated from the French of Picard. Schiller, however, has so completely translated it that the play seems to be a picture rather of German than of French life, and it is as such that we must judge it. The plot is the well-known confusion in identity resulting from physical resemblance, simple, well adapted to an English audience because of its familiarity, and resulting in the usual "comedy of errors." The nephew, Franz von Dorsigny, is so like his uncle, "an Gestalt, an Größe, an Farbe," that he can make use of the resemblance to frustrate his uncle's plans for the marriage of his daughter Sophie, with whom Franz is in love. The simplicity of the plot, together with the clear and careful pronunciation of the German, made it comparatively easy for one only slightly acquainted with the language to follow it. The turbulent and daring young lover, Franz von Dorsigny, was well interpreted and excellently given. Franz and his vivacious valet, Champagne, held the threads of interest well in their hands and sustained the pleasure of the audience to the end. In the rôle of Sophie, we find the naïve and coy little German girl of fifteen. The unconscious simplicity of this part was best shown in the recognition scene, where, with simple faith in her father's word, she refuses to believe that Lormeuil is not dead. One of the best features of the play was the insight given into German family life. The excellent interpretation of the rôle of Frau von Dorsigny, with her unquestioning obedience to the authority of her husband, and the essentially masculine appearance of the latter, Oberst von Dorsigny, aided greatly in this effect. Lormeuil, as the gallant gentleman from Toulon, was well given, but we might, as the lover of Frau von Mirville, have wished him more lover-like. In Frau von Mirville, the calculating little widow who says, "dasz ich Zeit gewinne, den Lormeuil in mich verliebt zu machen," there was perhaps too much of the mischievous school girl. The minor characters were well chosen, presenting their parts with little trace of femininity and with an excellence of pronunciation which was especially marked in the two sergeants of police. The taste and harmony of the setting and costumes added much to

the charm of the play and told of careful supervision by the department and committee. The cast follows:

Oberst von Dorsigny,.....	Helen Pomeroy
Frau von Dorsigny,.....	Lucie Tower
Sophie, ihre Tochter,.....	Bertha Page
Franz von Dorsigny, ihr Neffe.....	Florence Mann
Frau von Mirville, ihre Nichte, Wittwe und Franz von	
Dorsignys Schwester,.....	Agatha Gruber
Lormeuil, Sophiens Bräutigam,.....	Ruth Johnson
Valcour, Freund des jungen Dorsigny,.....	Marjorie Allen
Champagne, Bedienter des jungen Dorsigny,.....	Muriel Robinson
Ein Notar,.....	Hannah Scharps
Zwei Unteroffiziere, { .....	Marietta Hyde
Ein Postillon,.....	Ethel Woolverton
Jasmin, Diener in Dorsignys Haus, .....	Rosamond Dennison
Ein Lakai .....	Ruth Fletcher
	Alice Smythe

On Tuesday evening, February 28, a pianoforte recital was given in Assembly Hall by Ernest Schelling, on his first American tour.

## CALENDAR

- Mar. 15, Glee Club Concert.
- “ 16, Open Meeting of the Biological Society.—Lecture  
by Professor Tyler of Amherst College.
- “ 18, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
Basket-ball Game.
- “ 22, French Play.  
Lecture by Professor Woodberry.
- “ 25, Alpha Society.  
Gymnastic Drill.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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A PLEA FOR A MONDAY HOLIDAY AT SMITH

The large number of nervous breakdowns both in college and immediately after senior year ; the growing demands of social duties upon the life of the student ; the development of the intellectual at the expense of the spiritual atmosphere of the college, each expresses a crying need for some change in the present routine of our college life.

In casting about for some remedy, we have hit upon a plan which, though we confess it is not entirely free from disadvantages, yet will, we believe, in a large measure, abolish the most salient of these defects. But first let us consider carefully what the present system is, and by weighing its advantages and disadvantages, we may measure to what extent the proposed plan is able to overbalance in favorable points the existing one.

To-day we have regular class-room work six days out of the seven. Each student is obliged to attend daily upon an average of from two to three classes. The class-room work then from day to day is not heavy. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons no classes are scheduled and these evenings are open to the social engagements of the student life. But when we consider that few courses, besides the laboratory courses, have after-

noon schedules for the juniors and seniors, this gift of two half-days is little more of a holiday than any other two afternoons. The great advantage of the present system lies in the arrangement of the courses, for, having six days, the heaviest three-hour courses need not overlap.

We will admit that with a change from six to five days this overlapping of courses must occur, but may we not consider in this concession, the fact recognized by all scholars, that by concentration of work the best results are produced. The old adage, "Work while you work and play while you play", has become a truism in modern days. When no half-holidays are interposed, the steady course of work may progress uninterruptedly from Tuesday morning until Saturday night. The overlapping will fall on Thursday, and no more propitious time could be found for the heaviest work. It is the middle day of the week, a fitting climax for the work of the earlier days. The two preceding days will have, by their application, immersed the mind thoroughly in the spirit of work, and yet will not have tired it.

A second point which the advocates of the six-day system may advance in its favor, appeals primarily to the athletic life of the college. Instead of two afternoons weekly for basketball, with a change in the schedule, we will have only one. But let us question whether this is an advantage. During the first two years of a girl's college career the importance of basketball is dangerously emphasized, throwing into a secondary position the importance of her class-room work. By Christmas time a large majority of freshmen have come to think of college as a place where nothing is worth while but making the team, and where that girl is most clever who can spend all her time in her "gym suit" and at the same time avoid a condition. Our plea is not to partially abolish athletics but to broaden them. In the place of two afternoons of basket-ball games—two afternoons devoted to exercise for a few, and patient watching for many—we would suggest one afternoon of basket-ball, Monday, leaving Saturday afternoon free to be devoted to such exercise as is most pleasing to the individual. By this plan, that energy which is now wasted in hanging one's arms and legs over the iron bars of the running track in a mad endeavor to follow the game would be expended in walking or skating or tennis, each more pleasant and profitable to the individual.

In considering the advantages to accrue from such a change in the routine as this one contemplated I would suggest three points.

First, by a concentration of social duties at the end of the week, an equal concentration of student life is attained during the week. The student may enter with zest into her work, undisturbed by thoughts of the good time that she is missing. Her mind, alert and well-poised, is receptive to the most delicate impression. Moreover, Saturday afternoon and Monday are left free for individual research, for gathering up arrears, and for the exercise of individual taste for the student who wishes to specialize. When her day of recreation comes, the conscientious worker will feel that she may enjoy her vacation and her pleasure without the annoyance of thinking that she ought to be that very moment in the library working out the latest interpretation of the Weber-Fechner law. The present tendency of the college is to devote one's time to the so-called outside matters at the expense of one's scholarly habits. The growth of the social duties in the past few years has been unparalleled. Every Saturday and Wednesday night there are a dozen things to attend. House dances and plays, society dramatics, crowd the college lectures and concerts into the study hours. There is scarcely an evening in the week not occupied by a department club meeting, to say nothing of the presence, now and then, of a good play, to which the busy student feels that she is not at liberty to go.

In looking into the second point, we may call to mind the dictum of Publius Syrus, "Health is one of life's greatest blessings." Without good health the most finished education is of little avail. Therefore, since college is a preparation for life, care of the health is as essential as training the mind. Four years of college for a girl of unusual health is necessarily a strain; what then must required attendance, seven days in the week for four years, be to a girl of delicate health? And shall the delicate girl be debarred from a college education? With the present system of no cuts, a conscientious girl dislikes to miss a single recitation, and therefore goes often when her good judgment tells her that her health demands rest. On Sunday, rather than hand in to the office a chapel card defiled by church absences, and stand consequently before the official eye branded as a heathen, the righteous girl will drag her weary body forth

to church. Sunday is transformed into the seventh day of compulsory attendance, and the Lord's ordained day of rest is omitted for the college girl. With the omission of classes on Monday the tension of the week is relieved, the beauty of the Sunday rest is appreciated and enjoyed.

This brings us now to the consideration of our third point, the great moral and spiritual influence which might be felt in the college and which is not. As it is now, Sunday is turned into a day of work and study. Two and three recitations must somehow be prepared between Saturday and Monday, and what girl of class spirit recognizes the claims of the library Saturday afternoon and evening, when a basket-ball game is going on or Ethel Barrymore is playing at the Academy? She must choose between an alarming desecration of a very respectable New England Sunday and an ignominious flunk on Blue Monday. Church attendance is no longer a voluntary service of worship, but between the words of the minister's sermon the busy girl is seeing visions of Stout's Psychology and Miss Jordan's Argument. After four years of vain struggling to glean from the Lord's day some bit of spiritual uplift, the poetry of religion becomes prose and the girl's moral status descends one step from the goal of immortality.

We have only to add that Smith College in her non-holiday system stands alone among her sister colleges. Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley and Mount Holyoke each has tested the five-day plan and by long experience has found it advantageous. Shall Smith, the youngest, step forth as an apostle of new light? Letters from Edith Tufts, registrar of Wellesley, and Caroline B. Greene, Secretary of Holyoke, testify to the superiority of a free day, in that it gives opportunity for independent and consecutive work. Ella McColet and M. H. Ritchie of Vassar and Bryn Mawr respectively, assert that the advantages of their plan outweigh all disadvantages, that they find the concentration of the social life and the day for rest two most imperative needs of their colleges.

Not only in these specified instances do we find a day of rest commended, but the general consensus of all students seems to be in favor of it. We find this illustrated in our own college life. Different members of the faculty prefer to arrange their work so that it is bulked at one end of the week and either light or entirely free as to class work at the other. Nearly every

junior and senior arranges her courses so that she may have a light Monday or Saturday. Several, we are certain, have an entirely free day. We need only to say in conclusion that the question is an important one and should receive careful thought; the arguments advanced are weighty enough to call for some attention. A change will necessarily involve many difficulties and should it, in the face of these, be deemed inexpedient, present conditions will no doubt be compelling enough to accomplish at least a modification.

LUCILE SHOEMAKER.

### MARTHA, MELINDA, AND THE DOCTOR

For fifteen years, ever since his wife's death, Martha had worked for him, darned for him, cleaned for him, in fact had done everything that a woman could do for a man, and when, at the end of that time, the good doctor saw fit to marry her, the neighbors nodded their approval and deemed it a most convenient arrangement. But for Martha, after the happy feeling of possessing a home of her own had grown old, things went on in the same way. To her friends she still spoke of her husband as the doctor and she continued to address him by the same appellation with frequent interspersions of "sir." To his friends he still spoke of her as "my housekeeper," and always addressed her, as before, with a most formal "Martha."

In the morning at the breakfast table they exchanged notes on the state of their repose the previous night and on the weather prospects of the present day. Then the doctor went away on his professional visits and Martha did her house-work. The noon hour found them again seated face to face at their little table, the silence of which was sometimes relieved by some incident of the doctor's morning calls, or by a piece of harmless gossip humbly repeated by Martha. Then Martha to her dishes, a walk, a nap and the preparation of the evening meal; and the doctor to a nap, a walk and some hours in his office. Next the evening meal and, in the winter, books or magazines on either side of the sitting-room lamp; in the summer, chairs on opposite sides of the porch. Once a week, however, the daily routine was replaced by the Sunday routine—church in the morning, church in the afternoon, church in the evening.



But one day a change was wrought by the arrival of a letter for Martha. The black border on the envelope prepared Martha to a certain extent for the news. She carefully cut it open and drew out a sheet of paper which informed her of the death of her widowed sister and asked if she could care for the child until some further disposition could be made of her. As for her sister's death, Martha had long expected it and she took the removal of one weary soul from the world in the philosophical way common to country church members, but the child aroused within her two conflicting emotions—desire and fear: desire for the little girl and fear of asking the doctor for her.

At noon Martha showed strange preoccupation and unusual nervousness, made apparent by her salting her tea and mistaking the syrup pitcher for the cream pitcher. It was even manifest to the good doctor himself, who consequently was not so much surprised when Martha, summoning all her courage, said that she had something to ask him. She told him about her sister's death and about the advisability of removing a young child as soon as possible from such mournful surroundings. The good heart of the doctor overcame his conservatism and he heartily recommended the expediency of having the child come and spend a week with them. It wasn't exactly the answer Martha had hoped for, but then she had only herself to blame—the doctor didn't know the child was an orphan.

So little Melinda came down from the sorrowful, old, hill farm to the quiet little village house. And if Martha had any fears for Melinda's behavior, they were soon realized, for no sooner had she entered the house than everything seemed to be turned upside down. The tablecloth and often the doctor's trousers were dripping from overturned glasses of milk and of water; the doctor's spectacles were never to be found and the poor man was continually scraping his shins over certain strange obstacles on the floor. But the climax came when Melinda, in an effort to put the big doll to bed completely shattered the doctor's beloved manikin. Then even the good doctor was tempted to ask Martha if the week wasn't nearly up.

Two days more—the doctor shuddered at the possibility of what might happen in that time. However, nothing more serious took place than a severely scorched hand for Martha, obtained in an attempt to extinguish flames engulfing the darling child. The darling child was herself, of course, quite unhurt.

At last the week was up. Melinda was to be shipped to a distant aunt who already possessed ten children of her own and was not very anxious to add another to her rather numerous supply. Nevertheless "God's will be done" she murmured between pious lips, but whether in reference to the selfishness of the doctor or her own generosity it would be hard to determine. Anyhow another bed was rigged up in the attic, and the duties of two of the ten were lightened by half.

Martha's scorched hand confined her to the house, so it was the doctor who had to escort Miss Melinda to the train. As they walked out of the front gate the little girl slipped her hand in the doctor's and looked up at him in such a pretty, confiding way that the doctor quite forgot all her evil doings and the results thereof. He even went so far as to buy her a pink and white striped stick of candy with which Miss Melinda ecstatically besmeared her face.

Half hoping that she would run back to the house, he left her alone in the waiting-room for a few minutes while he bought her ticket, but he came back to find her sitting primly straight on the bench where he had left her. Then they went out on the platform and walked back and forth. Both were quiet. Melinda, fearful she knew not of what, unusually silent and subdued—the doctor wishing that he had not made so sure of being on time for the train. However at last the train came in.

A brief colloquy between the doctor and the conductor and Melinda was lifted into the car. The doctor saw her comfortably settled, but just as he was going to depart Melinda threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears—"I won't go, I won't, I won't," she shrieked, much to the passengers' edification and the doctor's discomfort. He tried to loosen the hands fastened so tightly about his neck, but the little clenched grip would not give, and when the conductor shouted "All aboard," two, instead of one, were forced to disembark.

Somewhat sheepishly the doctor chose a round-about passage home; somewhat sheepishly he told Martha that Melinda had decided to stay another week. The week passed quickly and happily for all. In the morning Melinda accompanied the doctor on his rounds; in the afternoon she helped Martha and played with the little girl next door. There were no more mishaps. Everything went along as smoothly and much more cheerily than before she came.

The doctor made sure Martha's hand was in a fit condition and then, two days after the appointed time, he reluctantly announced that the week was up. This time it was Martha who took Melinda to the station and who left her alone for a few minutes while she should buy the ticket. But on her return she saw no little girl and though she searched and searched, a second time the train pulled out without its small passenger. And Martha, half joyful and half fearful, spent the rest of the morning in making vain inquiries.

The doctor's morning had been anything but fortunate. In fact, never had so many things gone wrong. Never had his old horse shown such signs of age before; never had his visits seemed so tedious and cheerless and never had he been in a greater hurry to have them done. But once started on the homeward way his mood changed somewhat, and instead of urging Dol along he even permitted her to substitute a sleepy walk for her slow ambling jog. He was in no special hurry to reach home. There was no reason why he should be.

As Martha, nervous and frightened, entered the back door the doctor, morose and unhappy, came in through the side door and so it was that both of them met in the dining-room and saw, not each other, but a little girl busily setting the table, who paused long enough to remark that she was "a-goin' to stay." "Nothin'" could stop her.

RUTH MCCALL

### A GARDEN

A little, quaint, old garden, 'tis ; a maze  
Of winding paths and flower-beds with box,  
All interlaced, and filled with old-world flowers—  
Spicy verbena, jessamine and phlox.

Oh ! to be there at twilight hour, and hear  
The far-off murmur of the placid bay,  
And see the fire-flies flitting 'midst the green—  
The tall, white, plane trees darkening with the day.

A little quaint, old garden, 'tis—that's all  
To you, the stranger, who therein may roam ;  
To one who loves each bloom and bit of grass  
That garden is a part of life—is home.

ARCHER MARTIN.

## ARTISTIC JAPAN

When we think of the Japanese, we do not picture them as an artistic people, but as a clever one. During the war we have sent out army and navy doctors to study their medical equipment (much of it borrowed from us). And we have watched them at Port Arthur blow up Russian warships with American and European torpedoes. We also know, from our own experience, that they make beautiful vases and charming paper lanterns and umbrellas. But the real artistic life of the people is closed to us, simply because we have never been to Japan. To understand their art at all we must go to their homes; for with them existence itself is an art, and all their arts have grown from their everyday life.

For instance, take a Japanese garden. Now, an American garden is simply a plot of earth that we set aside that we may have flowers. We put rows of sweet peas in one place, and clumps of nasturtiums in another, while the roses have an oblong to themselves. Sometimes, if we are so fortunate, we have low green hedges of old-fashioned box, that divides our garden off into little circular or rectangular plots. But in any case, we never spend much time in our garden. We go out there in the morning, look at the flowers, pick as many as we need, and then promptly retire, until our vases need refilling. In Japan a garden of this kind would be a travesty. Their garden is a temple, a beautiful sacred place, set apart to rest in. They fill it with dwarf pine trees and little pagodas and lovely flowering shrubs; and there is always somewhere a little brook that tinkles over rounded stones. Here they go to talk or read together, in a secluded, little paradise. And if one blossom grows more perfect than the rest, it is gently cut and carried in doors, where a delicate porcelain vase receives its solitary beauty, in a little wooden room.

So gardening is an art with the Japanese. Men who make it their profession lay out their gardens with all the care with which a European artist paints a landscape. Conversation, too, is an art, in which pain and hatred are covered by the shield of

courtesy. And for the very reason, perhaps, of there being so much acting in real life, acting on the stage is little appreciated in Japan.

"A man", they say, "who puts himself up to be somebody else" is to be despised. So they have nothing to do with the players; and when the census is taken, count them with the same numbers they use in counting cattle. As a result of this social stigma, all the actors are of very low caste and exceedingly immoral.

The theatres themselves have many customs that seem strange to us. The performances usually begin at six in the morning and continue till six at night. Sometimes it is one single play, sometimes the first acts of four or five different plays are given in succession, while the second acts take place the following day. If the plays be given piecemeal, the spectator usually goes out after the first act of his favorite performance, and returns the next day for the second act. But if for any reason he chooses to remain, he has luncheon served him, between acts, from the adjoining cafes, while his wife, if she stays, embraces the opportunity to go out between times to change her quaintly colored dress for another equally quaint, in which she kneels again on her mat with great satisfaction.

Many of the plays in the old theatre are based on the traditions of the exploits and love affairs of the Japanese gods. These plays are incongruous mixtures of comedy and tragedy, much like our early miracle cycles, where the reader is transported from earth to heaven, or from heaven to hell, or from hell to earth, in a twinkling of an eye. Then there are what might be called the Japanese realistic dramas, in which the theme of revenge, leading to hideous tortures, and love stories of endless intrigue are especially important.

The pleasure derived from these interesting stories is much lessened by the vices of the actors, who storm and rant to an ear-splitting extent. Another thing disagreeable to western eyes is the constant appearance of stage attendants, who move tables about under the noses of the actors, and change bits of scenery with an obtrusiveness that is irritating in spite of the fact that they all wear black veils and draperies as a token of their invisibility.

In direct contrast to this, however, is the wonderful mimicry

"Japan." Macfarland, chapter on "Theatre."

and facial expression of the Japanese actors, which hold the foreigner's attention although he cannot understand the language. The newcomer is also enchanted by the beauty of the brightly colored, heavily embroidered dresses which pass to and fro on the stage like moving lantern pictures. A funny feature of the Japanese costume is that the men wear very long trousers which trail in deep folds along the floor behind them as they walk. One explanation of this is that it makes the men move slowly, so making assassination difficult. But a more charming tradition ascribes it to the wish of the Japanese to seem to be always kneeling in reverence to their superiors.

The theatre building itself, surrounded by booths and cafés, is a poor structure with no attempt at ornament, a fact not surprising in a land where earthquakes and fires destroy houses with alarming frequency.

Everything in Japan is changing—river courses, lakes, mountains and valleys—and because of this natural condition buildings are made to serve only for the moment. The ordinary Japanese house is built in five days and endures for a proportionally short time. The exceptions are the shrines and temples, which are made to last. One of the most noticeable of these is that of Chinese construction at Kamakura. Here the temple and great statue of Buddha with the jewel in his forehead—, the "Light of the World"—stand in silent majesty, "while of the great city which once surrounded it not a trace remains." This is symbolic of the spirit of the Japanese, who regard this life as but one of many lives that have been and are yet to be; and to whom "the dearest spot on earth is not the place of birth, but the place of burial."

In spite of this, however—perhaps because of it—no nation strives so hard to make its everyday life beautiful as the Japanese. And all their arts are the expression of this endeavor. The painting, for instance, is done essentially for decoration. A Japanese interior is very simple—nothing but the four walls, made of woods that delicately harmonize, and windows with panes of white paper, and soft mats to kneel on. The charm of it lies in the blending of color and in the paintings on the walls. The pictures on the panels are what we generally associate with Japan. There are many cranes, beautifully drawn and dearly

1 "Kokow." Lafcadio Hearn. Page 23.

2 "Kokow." L. Hearn. Page 21.

loved as emblems of happiness and prosperity. "My great lord the crane", the Japanese call them, and feed them in flocks in the market-places of their clean, well-ordered little towns. Then there are drawings of pheasants and wild geese, and sometimes cocks, which are kept entirely as time-pieces. The bamboo tree is cherished as a symbol of life; while the fir and cypress, which are almost sacred in their eyes, are often painted throwing their dark branches against a delicate sky. As the people are great fishermen, in a little land which has miles of seacoast, you will find many pictures of fish of all kinds which have long lines trailing behind them in the water as they swim. The artists delight also in drawing highly-colored grasshoppers and butterflies and beetles and the night-moths which Japanese ladies often keep in cages for pets. In no case do they draw an individual, but always the perfect type, so much so that American and European scientists take Japanese pictures as model specimens.

In their use of the human figure the same principle prevails. They never paint what we would call portraits, because their superstition keeps them from the imitation of a person's face. But instead they represent different phases or periods of their life. So youth is always drawn without lines in the face; widows have no eyebrows—straggling tresses mean great grief—while old people, men and women, have heavily lined faces, and, except when distorted by strong emotion, a far-away, serene expression. This all shows the Buddhist ethics of the people—the desire to hide all personal feeling and subordinate all individuality to a general law.

A strong point of our occidental art, which is absolutely lacking in the Japanese, is the use of the nude. Such a picture was exhibited by a Japanese artist in a large city a few years ago. The people came up, gave it a few contemptuous glances and passed on. The explanation is simple. One reason is that in the Buddhist belief the body is but the garment of the soul and therefore worth little in itself. One other, which is still clearer, is that the lower classes in Japan, the coolies and laborers and boatmen, wear hardly any clothing during the summer months, so that nudity in the minds of the people is a sign of inferiority and therefore ugly. As they do not care for the body, the artists bestow all their attention upon the dress, giv-

<sup>1</sup> "Gleanings in Buddha Fields." L. Hearn, Chap. on "Faces in Japanese Art."

ing it much color, and working it out with elaborate detail. The higher the rank of the person, the more profuse the drapery, so that the gods and goddesses are almost lost in magnificent folds.

Yet with all this attention to minute details, there is a peculiar suggestiveness in all their work. They never put in any more lines than are necessary, and all the lines are drawn in the simplest, clearest way, so that there is a quaint, hidden spirit in all that they show. One can see this best, perhaps, in some of their nature work, where the branches of a pine against a clear sky make a charming picture, or where a trailing branch of wistaria fills a large panel of a screen. But if most of their painting is for the purpose of ornamenting their houses, most of the sculpture is for the decoration of their temples and shrines. There are gods and goddesses of all sizes, from the famous bronze Buddha at Kamakura, with the jewel in his forehead, to images so small that they can stand on your bookcase. Some of these many idols are made of wood, twenty-six feet high, and very hideous, with scowling faces and prominent muscles, while others, of either wood or bronze, are of life size and very beautiful, with the habitual Buddhist serenity of expression. Then there are the thousand and one smaller ones, each symbolic and finished with exquisite care. Unfortunately, few of these ever find their way into our country. Instead, we have what is equally beautiful and for us more useful, vases and small jars of porcelain and cloisonné. These the Japanese make more wonderfully than do any other nation of the world, finishing them with minute perfection. There are so many kinds of this pottery that it is impossible to describe any one in detail. All, except the enamels, are decorated in the usual Japanese way, with flowers and little bits of bamboo tree and cranes and fishes.

The method of making and selling these curios is very different from our own. "Real objects of art are never exhibited by the dozen in Japan, either by dealers or private owners. A Japanese gentleman keeps his collection carefully packed away in boxes in cotton-wool, and when he has a guest coming he selects a few, according to the time of year, the character of the rooms where he proposes to place them, and what he judges to be the taste of the guest. A dealer keeps his stock in a fire-

<sup>1</sup> "The Real Japan." Henry Norman, p. 128.



proof go-down attached to his shop and when you go to buy he invites you upstairs to a private room, arranges cushions on the floor for you, regales you with tea and sweetmeats, exchanges a series of compliments and small talk and after twenty minutes or half-an-hour he claps his hands and his boys bring in the pieces one by one, extracting each in turn from its box and soft wrapper of old brocade and setting it before you. Your inspection over, it is delicately wrapped up again."

"It is equally true of the best modern productions that you cannot see them in quantity anywhere. The makers of them are true artists in spirit, and to see them work you must follow them home and watch them executing missions. Most of them live on the extreme outskirts of Tokyo, almost in the country, and each in his little home with two or three pupils around him, working away under delightful circumstances of life, and under conditions giving the freest scope to his own genius and fancy. The only place that resembled a factory was where cloisonné enamel was being made, and this unpleasant reminder of home was only due to the fact that an order for these enamels for the foreign market sufficient to occupy several years, had recently been received."

So we see that, where the foreigners have left them alone, the artistic spirit runs through all classes of society, from the Mikado in his beautiful garden to the geisha girl who sings and dances for you at the tea-house. It is this love of the beautiful in life that leads them in a perfectly natural way to use an art that with us is delegated only to a few—that of poetry. All the Japanese people are poets, although they have written no great poems. They sing little poems, just as they paint little pictures.

"The toil of the fields and the labor of the streets are performed to the rhythm of chanted verse; and the song would seem to be an expression of the life of the people in about the same sense that it is the expression of the life of the cicadee. As for visible poetry . . . in thousands and thousands of dwellings you might observe that the sliding screens, separating rooms or closing alcoves, have Chinese and Japanese texts upon them; and these texts are poems. In houses of the better class, there are usually a number of Jaku or suspended tablets to be seen, each bearing a beautifully written verse. But poems can be found on almost any kind of domestic utensil—for example,

1 "The Real Japan." Page 140.

2 "The Ghostly Japan." L. Hearn, p. 150.

upon braziers, iron kettles, wooden trays, lacquer ware, porcelain, chopsticks of the finer sort, and even toothpicks. Poems are painted upon shop-signs, panels, screens, fans."

"The first curious fact is that, from very ancient times, the writing of short poems has been practised in Japan even more as a moral duty than as a mere literary act. One old ethical teaching was something like this: 'Are you very angry? do not say anything unkind, but compose a poem . . . whatever injustice or misfortune disturbs you, put aside your resentment or your sorrow as soon as possible and write a few lines of sober and elegant verse for a moral exercise.' Accordingly, in the old days, every form of trouble was encountered by a poem . . . Also it is still the good custom to write a poem in time of ill fortune."

These bits of poetry are often difficult for us to understand; sometimes, because like the Japanese pictures, they are all suggestion; and sometimes, because they are full of play upon words, which is unintelligible to a foreigner. For instance, take this one—

"'Oh body piercing wind! what work of little fingers in the shoji.' Now, what can this mean! 'Shoji' means those light paper screens which in Japanese houses serve both as windows and doors, giving light, but concealing the inside and keeping out the wind. Infants delight to break them by poking their fingers through the soft paper. Then the wind blows through the holes; in this case very cold indeed, into the mother's very heart, for it comes through the little holes made by the fingers of her dead child."

These we can understand more easily—

"After long absence •

The garden that once I loved, and even the hedge of the garden  
All is changed and strange—the moonlight alone is faithful—  
The moon alone remembers the charm of the time gone by!"

"Viewing the autumn moon I dream of my native village  
Under the same soft light,—and the shadows about my home."

"Happy poverty.

Wafted into my room, the scent of the flowers of the plum-tree  
Changes my broken window into a source of delight."

1 "The Ghostly Japan." L. Hearn, p. 152.

2 "The Ghostly Japan." L. Hearn, p. 157.

3 "The Ghostly Japan." L. Hearn, p. 159.

Apart from these short poems there are the long ballads of love and adventure that beggars, men and women, sing on the street and before your door. Then there are the Japanese modern novels which have been translated for us. These the people delight in, so that if you should enter a garden in Tokyo some late afternoon you would see, in the midst of the dwarf pine trees and flowering shrubs, a little group of quaintly dressed men and women, each holding up before his face a quaintly colored paper book, while in front of them a little artificial lake winds in and around; and the image of Buddha smiles in the distance.

LOUISE KINGSLEY.

### IN THE COPPER LANDS

Wal, stranger, now my work is done,  
I've time to talk awhile, to tell  
You just how I come to be here;  
We'll set, an' talk, an' smoke a spell.

The copper country's bad, I s'pose,  
The Eastern fellers say that it  
Is blue with sulphur smoke, an' calls  
Us "slaves o' smelter an' furnace pit."

There's sunthin' nice about this life,  
I can't just tell you what, I'm bound;  
You'd never think to find much fun  
With a hammer that'll weigh four pound,

An' a candlestick; that's all, my friend;  
Not all the fun is in the find;  
But when the day is over, then  
To smoke, an' think, an' look behind.

I s'pose I've got no 'scuse, at all,  
To tell what's allus in my mind;  
There's nothin' to look for'ard to,  
I've got to, stranger, look behind.

You don't mind if I tell you? Wal,  
It's good to hear you say that, still  
I've never told scurce any one,—  
The mill man knew; I had to tell;

Fer then it seemed I's just too mean,  
 An' ornery, an' too weak, an' small,  
 To keep my trouble in myself,  
 I couldn't seem to hold it all.

But since I come to th' copper lands,  
 Where hills are big, an' bare, an' brown,  
 I keep my story to myself ;  
 An' when the sun is goin' down

I just go up on them brown hills,  
 An' smoke, an' think, an' feel that there  
 Is good in workin' fer to live,  
 An' breathin' God A'mighty's air.

An' then I tell it to myself,  
 Just how I loved that little girl,  
 An' what life might a been ; but then  
 Life's pretty good, if allus dull.

I s'pose it might a been a lot  
 To me if I'd had her ; my friend,  
 I ain't a whole lot soured on life,  
 But there is parts I'd like to mend.

It happened in the red-dirt land,  
 Away up north towards Frisco way,  
 As pretty a country as you'll see ;  
 I met her in the month of May.

Come five long years ago next spring,  
 When all the peach blows was out full,  
 (It's peach land where the red dirt is),  
 I met, an' loved that little girl.

I s'pose I hadn't ought to fret,  
 Fer I was the fool who wouldn't see,  
 Till it was too late,—she'd married then ;  
 But she was too good fer likes o' me.

Wal, friend, I left the red-dirt land,  
 When I found out I'd lost her sure ;  
 It seemed I couldn't stay on there,  
 'Cause she loved me, as I loved her.

I don't know what you'll think o' me,  
 A-tellin' all this stuff to you ;  
 It's good to tell it all again ;  
 I like to feel it's allus new.

I said I left the red-dirt land ;  
 I come down here, to where it all  
 Was different like, so's I'd forget  
 That she had ever lived at all.

The copper country's good enough,  
 There's work an' grub enough to spare,  
 I'm pretty happy in my shack,  
 I'm batchin' it, alone, up there.

A magazine or two, I've bought ;  
 A howlin' fire o' nights fer me ;  
 My boots pulled off, a high-backed chair,  
 A sack o' crackers, a pot o' tea.

That's livin', friend ; it's findin' peace  
 Wherever you have got to stay,  
 An' bein' comfort'ble at night,  
 An' workin' hard as time, by day.

Wal, stranger, I must hit the trail.  
 I like to talk to you a sight,  
 But bunk time's comin' quick enough,  
 An' then,—there's mush to make to-night.

GAIL TRITCH.

### THE VIRTUE OF A LIE

Marco, the young Sicilian, was very brave. All the camp knew that, as a mere boy in 1830, he had struggled among the first up the steep, slippery slope of Benzia and planted the flag on its crest. Therefore no one was surprised when the general chose Marco, in spite of his youth and of the many older men who had volunteered, to seek for news in the Austrian camp, two miles away.

"Now, Marco, don't get caught!" the general said, as he gave him his final instructions.

"No fear, general, I'll come back!" was the gay answer.

But he was not to return. A deserter recognized in the slouching peasant his former comrade, dashing Marco, and in spite of Marco's attempt to prove his innocence a drum-head court-martial soon decided his fate. The guilt was self-evident,

and after a few moments the sentence was announced to him,—  
“Death : to be shot at sunrise the following morning.”

At the sound of this voice Marco raised his head with a start. He had had no hope, but the word “death”, uttered in those passionless tones, brought it so close, so very close, it aroused in him a sudden horror of death.

“So young,” he thought, “to die so young ! It cannot be !”

“Forward !” came the command, and he followed his guard mechanically until he had crossed the threshold of the room where he was to await the sunrise and heard the rattle of the key which was to hold him fast for death. Then suddenly he realized the truth,—he was to die all alone, all alone. No ! he was mistaken. Of course he was mistaken. He felt his way awkwardly, like one half-asleep, over to where he saw a jug of water standing on a table, and gulped some hastily.

Was this to be the end of Marco, gay Marco ! he wondered vaguely. Ah ! he had dreamed of his death, it is true—a far-away glorious death on the field of battle, falling at the moment of victory, as he rallied his comrades for the final charge. Unconsciously, he had sprung to his feet. That was a death, but this—he felt a violent panic take hold of him. His own shadow, reflected by the sun across the room, frightened him as he thought of how it would cast itself for the last time to-morrow. He must get out. He felt his way over to the window and plucked desperately at the heavy iron bars. They held. The sun streamed in and shone on his face, white and furtive-eyed, as he still struggled in vain. The sentry below, attracted by the noise, looked up, grumbled to a comrade—“Pah ! what a waste of good powder to kill that !” and passed on.

Exhausted, Marco finally threw himself down upon his blanket. He could not escape alone, but—why, there was his old mother—she might help him. He was her only support, her only joy. He would make them let him see her. They must. He began to pound on the door with his fists and to shriek at the top of his voice, “Open the door ! open the door, I say !”

The door slowly opened, and a woman entered.

“My God, it is my mother !” he cried, and started towards her only to be stopped by the expression on her face. “Mother, mother, speak !”

"And so this trembling child, this crying baby, is really my son! And I had thought him a man—a patriot!"

He shrank back, horrified.

"What!" he gasped, in a terrified tone, "you would have me die!"

"Die! would thou had'st, ere thou had lost the right to call thyself a man!"

She hesitated a moment, then with an effort began in a milder voice. "But come, Marco, my son, remember your mother, your country, your flag, and gather together your manhood. Be a soldier!—ah! now, now, indeed thou art my son once more. Embrace me, my child, thou art once more my child. Though death—"

"Death! death!" he broke from her. "My God! I had forgotten." He flung himself at her knees. "Mother, mother!" he begged, "don't let them shoot me. Save me! Disguise me! Help me to escape!"

"But, my son, I cannot help you. I cannot leave here till you do. Come, look, the night has come. Be calm and wise!"

"But, mother, there must be a way!" he clutched desperately at her dress. "Save me, madre, I am your child!" and he crouched, a whimpering heap at her feet. She tore herself free.

"You, my child! That craven, my son!" she laughed scornfully. "Listen, you coward, do you know what the Austrians intend to do with you? They are going to gloat over your cowardice—the cowardice of an Italian—and of my son. As I waited in the hall to be allowed to see you, I heard your guards talking of your shame and laughing about how they would fool you. 'Use ball cartridges,' one said. 'Never! blank cartridges are good enough for him; he'll die of fright alone.'"

"Mother, are you telling me the truth?"

"My son, yes!"

Marco arose and with a smile on his face awaited the sunrise. As the first light gleamed in the east he was led out to die. A volley of shots, and he fell.

"Well! may the Blessed Virgin curse me!" exclaimed one of the firing detail, "if he didn't die game after all."

JOSEPHINE MARIE WEIL.

## SPIRIT AND CLAY

A soul once lived in a house of clay,  
A soul of flame !  
And thither, who knows " how " or " why ",  
The flame-soul came !

The prison of clay by the fire within  
Burned grey and hard,  
And no one guessed that a flame-soul dwelt  
In walls so marred.

Though the soul of flame and its prison of clay  
Seemed both as one,  
And the being and purpose of each apart  
Was seen by none,

When the lowly walls were shattered, and fell,  
The soul, set free,  
Resplendent shone with undimmed light,  
But not for thee or me !

O mystery of life !—O peace,  
Beneath the sod !  
Omniscient of the " how " and " why ",  
The flame-soul was with God.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.



## SKETCHES

### A GARDEN GUEST

What think you I have seen? At early morn  
Before the sun had pierced my curtains white,  
And when the little birds about the eaves,  
Singing their matins to the timorous light,  
Were mad with music, I awoke from dreams  
And through the noiseless house I sped my way  
On tiptoe to the garden. All the dark  
Had lifted, and I watched the gentle day  
Creep in upon me, slow, and half afraid  
To wake the flowers rudely from their sleep.  
The pansies purpled as she neared, and white  
The violets cuddled in a careless heap,  
And whispered as she bent sweet, unknown things  
I could not hear, so low the whisper came,  
But half I think they spoke kind words of me  
And called me a forgotten flower name.  
And white-faced daisies lifted up their heads  
And hollyhocks looked down, tall, slender spires,  
Where, in the plot below, the marigolds  
Glowed dim like embers of deserted fires.  
The little foot-paths, 'broidered round with box,  
Gleamed whiter where the feet of day had pressed  
And called to me to wander. O, 'twas good  
To be, at early morn, a garden guest!

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

Over in the corner under the eaves, where the garret-roof  
slopes down close to the floor, there is a rough, wooden box full  
of old toys. Some of them have not been there  
Playthings many years—just how few I should, perhaps, be  
ashamed to say—and others look quite antique  
as I draw them out to the daylight. But they are all old friends,  
endeared to me as the participants in many happy hours, less  
beautiful in themselves than in the pictures they call up; and

yet, if you have such a chest, I think you will agree that the treasures it holds were not after all the best playthings you had. There were many glad play times, many days of fun that have no connection with that group of toys. Was not that always the best play in which you cut loose from all those conventional amusements suggested by top and kite, and fashioned for yourself a castle from an armchair, or a horse from a willow branch? What rocking-horse with four legs and a real mane ever carried you to so delightful a country as that slender brown switch did?

Of course, those realistic representations, those dolls and animals, had their worth. They were old friends to which you ever came back with a sense of friendship. Even when they were new and untried they had their charms. I remember how, looking around me on Christmas morning, I have seen in perspective the good times that each new toy would bring. Their very novelty lured me on, their possibilities were still latent, and though perhaps at first a little embarrassed by so many strange companions, I greeted them with joy. Yet what were they compared with the old standbys who had braved many a tempest of anger and soothed many a sad hour! They were as yet raw recruits who must prove their worth before they could enter the select company of veteran toys.

One attribute that was positively required for eligibility was endurance. Many, who bade fair at first to enter that illustrious group, fell short of its attainment only through utter collapse. Partial dismemberment or decomposition was no drawback. In fact it often gave added worth to lose a leg or pass a night out in the rain. But to be an easy prey to the ravages of time, and fall to pieces before one had grown old in the service, was to forfeit all right to an enduring name,—or, in fact, to any name at all. But then, there are those who disparage the use of names, who can call a trusty horse Dobbin one day and Aladdin the next, who can let the sharer of many joys and sorrows go through life with no better cognomen than “the doll with brown eyes”; but I was never of these. A well-chosen name gives, I think, a certain dignity and individualism to a plaything, and adds to that sense of personality which makes a toy something more than a piece of painted wood.

Those ancient relics demanded, too, a certain tolerance on your part. The soldier who had lost his gun in a courageous skirmish

ish with the enemy must not be expected to do sentinel duty, nor was the one-legged doll to be blamed because she was persistently tumbling on her nose. There were times however, when you had to be blind to such imperfections—when there was need of disregard, not pity—such critical times as when the wigless doll became the “Sleeping Beauty”, or the teapot with no nose must serve at a royal banquet. By long acquaintance you learned what could be expected from each toy, and affection was strengthened rather than weakened by these little peculiarities of temperament.

But even those playthings that were not bound to you by any tie of affection, that came into your lives only for short moments, had their charm. Sometimes, indeed, the toys that did not belong to you possessed a stronger fascination than your own. Distance lent such enchantment to the view, that the other girl's doll was surrounded by a halo of light that made your own babies seem commonplace and uninteresting in comparison. Doubtless she was not to be compared in sweetness and amiability to your Alice Jane, but because she was another's, you longed to hold her in your arms. In the dim past there was probably a time when you would have attempted to take forcible possession of her, but the bitter humiliation of returning the visitor's toys that had been conveniently missing when she had started for home the afternoon before, had left its mark on your soul and you had learned that sufficient unto each person must be his own playthings.

But though one experience sufficed to teach this lesson, no amount of reasoning or punishment could keep your hands from forbidden playthings. Unless the closets were locked, mother's hats and dresses were never safe. Can you not still feel the exhilaration of riding a contraband cane, or remember the fascination that hung around the cubby-holes of your father's desk when viewed in the light of robbers' caves? It seems that the very prohibition enhanced the value of the treasures, and that their full possibilities never appeared until you had been expressly forbidden to touch them. Older people never recognized their worth and yet they were generally the most delightful playthings. To make a sword out of a paper-cutter or a mountain out of the staircase makes the whole game more attractive and real.

These indoor plays may be the choicest memories of a city-

bred child, but to one who has lived among green fields and running brooks, they must ever fall far behind those glad days spent out-of-doors. Within, there were always the grown-up people to be reckoned with. Even the play-room was not secure from the sudden invasion of the maid and the broom, and one's most exciting plays in library or hall were always in danger of interruption by some chance visitor. But once out-of-doors, the world was your own. In fact it was a world that no one knew as you knew it. Who before you had penetrated that miniature forest, and discovered the veritable robbers' cave at its centre? Who knew so well the course of the brook, or could tell just how far one could see from the top of the cherry tree? There were also secrets between yourself and Nature. She was always ready to abet you in your wildest flights, and guided your plans by her moods. Was she bright and cheery to-day? Then off to the hidden fastnesses of the woods that were too gloomy for exploration last evening. Or did she invite you by black clouds and rumbling thunder to be a shipwrecked mariner, the hammock your wave-tossed boat and the cat your terrified mate? The very interruption brought by nightfall, though it sorely tried you at the time, had its compensation in the added zest which it gave to your adventures, and the eagerness with which you came back to the play the next day. Sometimes Nature took a hand while you were asleep, and in the morning you found your clothes-prop wigwam destroyed — a sure sign that hostile tribes were lurking in the hedges and that you must never move without your tomahawk. Occasionally it was possible to view even human interference in this same happy light, but that was more difficult, and you yielded up your big brother's hockey-stick more with the air of a sulky child than that of a defeated warrior surrendering his sword.

It was out-of-doors, too, that you could best put into action the wonderful tales that you read in the evenings. Some of them positively demanded dramatization; in fact, the chief value of books seemed to be their ability to suggest novel plays. As you read of wild adventure on land or sea you fairly ached to be up and doing, and the embryo powers of a Drake or a Nelson stirred within you. Had you been in command you would have utterly destroyed the Armada and left nothing to be desired in the thoroughness of Spain's humiliation. So you made what amends you could for your absence at these critical

times by giving a satisfactory ending to the encounter outdoors the next day, and no general was ever more flushed with pride than your small self when you came back victorious from a hard-fought fight.

For such thrilling adventures the house offered cramped quarters, indeed, but they were not the only stories that you carried into the open air with you. You were as much a dreamer as a warrior, and there was always the tantalizing possibility of meeting the supernatural. Did not the fairies always live in the flowers, and were you not at any time likely to find a tiny personage with a magic wand beneath a quickly-pulled mushroom? Truly, these little people were inseparably connected with sunshine and blue sky, and you never felt their mysterious presence within walls of brick and mortar.

Even out-of-doors I fear I cannot find them now. They have gone as completely as the companionship that I once got from these old playthings. Perhaps it is so with you, too? Yet, though we have put aside our toys, we have, I doubt not, found many new playthings in the world of men and women. Nature, at least, ever stands ready to frolic with us, and he is indeed to be pitied for whom the blustering wind or the scurrying snowflakes have no call. These may still be our playthings, and if dolls and tops are gone, yet

"The world is so full of a number of things  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

MARGARET HALLÖCK STEEN.

#### MY TALISMAN

At times when life seems empty  
And faith but an idle jest,  
I turn me to the talisman  
That is locked within my breast;  
A priceless talisman truly,  
For doubt and despair flee in shame.  
The clouds show a silver lining,  
Hope rekindles its flame;  
And life is well worth the living,  
When I whisper softly—thy name!

Deep lay the snow on the pine trees,  
And soft o'er the earth's barren breast ;  
Beyond dark branches, the sunset's  
Dying glory filled the west.  
All nature, in deep adoration,  
Whispered, " God and love are the same."  
Silent I stood, and the memory  
Of you, dear, thrilled through my frame.  
Trembling, I uttered a prayer,  
And breathed to the forest—thy name !

'Twas May—the birds' blithe carols  
Told of life and love born anew ;  
Yet forgotten the just God above me,  
Forgotten my talisman true,  
Rebellious, I paced through the forest  
With a heart full of censure and blame.  
Hush !—'twas a sigh from the pine trees  
That reddened my cheek with shame ;  
I prayed to my God for forgiveness—  
The forest had whispered—thy name !

MARGARET ELISE SAYWARD.

" God tasks him and will not absolve  
Task's negligent performer ! Can you guess  
How such a soul,—the task performed to point,—  
Goes back to life, nor finds things out of joint."

*Two Poets of Croisic.*

Having finished my course at Sandhurst, I had come up to spend my long vacation at the sea-shore, where I used to go when a boy. To tell the truth I  
**The Measure of Success** was not rejoiced over the prospect of a summer's idleness ; it had been my life's ambition to be a soldier and now that the drudgery was over I was impatient to begin.

The morning after my arrival, as I was pacing restlessly along the white cliffs near Brighton, I saw approaching a familiar figure, an old man of perhaps seventy years, a little bent, with a white, pinched face and thin, blue lips. He made a visible effort to hold himself erect and walked without a cane. I remembered him as the old man who used to watch my sand forts with such interest when I was a youngster. As I came near I noticed what my boyish eyes had overlooked, a cross of the Legion of Honor pinned to his breast. With an instinct of re-

spect that this produced in me, I drew myself up as we passed and raising my hand in salute as to a superior officer, said :

"A fine day, general." I guessed at his rank, as I had no idea at this time what his real position was.

"Good day, monsieur," he responded with a slightly French accent, "it is some time since monsieur used to build forts in the sand."

He remembered me then ; my cheeks tingled with pride at the fact, for his air of dignity and—was it just a touch of condescension—an air of a superior to an inferior officer, made me jump at the conclusion that he was somebody. Yet he seemed so much alone I dared ask him if I might accompany him on his morning walk.

"With pleasure, monsieur," he replied, with a fine open smile and I went along full of pleasure. The fellows had always chaffed me for a hero-worshipper, but I knew I had found a Plutarch's hero and was talking to him face to face.

"It was just about there," he said with a wave of the hand, "that you used to conduct your campaigns—and conducted them very poorly indeed except for your energy."

"Yes, indeed," I responded gayly, "I guess I could do better now."

He did not smile at the egotism of my youth, but replied with a touch of more personal interest in his voice, "Ah, then, you are a soldier ?"

"Well, pretty nearly," I answered, "that is, I left Sandhurst a couple of days ago ; I go into service soon, India I expect." And forthwith I found myself telling him all my ambitions and desires. He was a very good listener, this old soldier with the Legion of Honor on his breast, and his face glowed a little in sympathy with my mood. After I had stopped for breath and it was some time, so full of my subject was I, he put in his word.

"You find the summer long ?"

"Beastly !"

"Well, well, youth is hot. Ah, I was the same, the same," and he smiled a gentle, tolerant smile as if in memory of his own youth.

"You were a soldier, sir ?" I questioned.

He drew himself up, and I realized how tall, how commanding a man he must have been.

"I am," he responded simply.

I was very young then ; I did not realize how young until long afterwards, and I was somewhat inclined to smile at what I thought was the vanity of the old soldier.

"And where did you serve, sir?"

"All over Europe."

"And your commander?"

"Napoleon."

"Oh!" I said, and was silent for some time, but youth is ever curious and I could not forbear such an opportunity to find out more of the great master of my trade, I who was just starting on my career.

"Did you know him, sir? That is, did you ever come in contact with him?"

He smiled a little and then answered me as if complying with the requests of a child.

"No, none of us knew him, but," with an amused smile, "he has twitched my ear, he has put his hand on my shoulder."

Again I could only respond, "Oh." I did not know exactly how to go on and was considering what to say next, when suddenly to my surprise he began himself.

"I was about the same age of the great commander and first served under him as a sub-lieutenant on his first campaign in Italy. I happened to attract his attention and was put on the staff. From that time on I was with him pretty steadily." He went on with the long familiar story of Napoleon's campaigns. He was a born story-teller and I found myself hanging on his words. We had climbed down from the cliff by this time and were walking along the narrow strip of beach. Suddenly he stopped and taking the light cane which I carried from my hand began to demonstrate one campaign after another. There was no one at Sandhurst who could equal him. I followed breathlessly from Austerlitz to Waterloo. Suddenly he stopped.

"That's all," he said, and his face regained its usual calm and repose.

The ringing of the village bell warned me that I had already outstayed my time.

"By Jove," I said, "I have to go. You walk here every morning? May I come again?"

He nodded yes and went along the beach. I climbed the cliff and set out for home over the downs at a pretty pace, my heart light and the prospect of the long summer very bright.



I met him again the next morning coming along the cliff with his arms folded across his breast.

"By Jove, if its stupid for me here what must it be for him!" He came near to me and greeted me cordially.

"Well met, monsieur, you look fresh for warfare."

"Yes," I answered, then added, "by the way, may I know your name, mine's Cecil."

"And mine de Bracy."

"Oh!" was again all I could answer. No wonder he knew so well how to describe Napoleon's campaigns, he who had been the "Great Captain's" best engineer and a famous fighter.

"Isn't it a beastly bore here for you?" I blurted out.

He smiled again at me.

"Ah, youth," he said, "wild impatient youth! It is very pleasant here."

"But you," I cried, who have fought at Napoleon's side, have commanded brigades, who have built bridges, who have been fêted in Paris, have been decorated, have been cheered—"

He interrupted me by putting his hand on my shoulder.

"Mon garçon," he said, "those things are for youth, it is for an old man to look back without bitterness, to remember without sadness, to encourage youth without grieving after his own, and to die."

I could find nothing to say, something of the nobility of the man by my side silenced me. I remembered the stories I had heard of his captain's life at St. Helena, of his lost control, his pettiness and his wild passions. I had never wondered at these things before, indeed the only marvel of it had been to me that Napoleon had not gone mad. It seemed to me that a man, a strong man, cut off in the midst of his career must do this, yet this old man was happy. There was no mistaking the expression of his face.

He seemed to read part of my thought and tried to answer it.

"There is no impatience in old age," he said, "if we have done that which was given out to do." He drew himself up proudly. "It was not given to all men to have ridden by Napoleon's side, to have earned his praise, to have such opportunities as I to use what brains and strength I had. Why should I fret?"

"I don't know," I began weakly. I knew it sounded foolish, but could think of nothing else to say.

"No, I suppose not. Of course you can't understand, youth never can, but learn to wait, boy, learn to wait! And he began suddenly to talk of the sand forts I used to make.

We never touched that subject again on our morning walks, we talked of everything else, tactics, bridge making—and I found he had kept himself up in his profession—we discussed the merits of generals past and gone, in fact all that pertains to war. He taught me more in those few summer months than my whole course had given me.

The summer was gone before I knew it, the most delightful one I had ever known, and I went off to my work better fitted, I knew, than I had ever expected to be. The "Old General" came down to see me off.

When I arrived in London I found all my old chums waiting for me, mad with excitement at the prospect of sailing in a month. I was excited, too, and I didn't realize that I had changed until Landsdown, the incorrigible of our mess, exclaimed one day.

"Why, Bobbie, Bobbie, cheer up, man, you'll be famous some day!"

"What is fame!" said I soberly.

"Great guns!" was the reply. I got up and went out. At least I had rendered the mess speechless for one day.

Four years later, as I sat in the Army and Navy Club eating my breakfast, I noticed a couple of men not far from me glancing in my direction, and despite myself could not help but catch part of the conversation.

"And the best of him is," said one, "that after all the row the newspapers have made and all the petting he's had, his head isn't turned a bit. He'll grub away at the nastiest job as if he did it all for the joy of the doing. Now that Punjab affair!"

They were talking about me. I got up and moved off, my cheeks tingling. If they had only known how vain I had been at times, and then, remembering the "Old General," hadn't had the nerve to show it.

My eyes fell on a scrib in the paper.

"March 22d. The Marshal Hortense de Bracy of Napoleon's staff, age 78, died to-day at the Brighton Hospital." Nothing more. "Such is fame." I thought bitterly.

I sent word to the house that I was detained, and left London on the next train. When I arrived at Brighton I went straight

to the hospital. I made all the arrangements, there was no one else. It was I who dressed him in his old faded uniform covered with gold lace and medals. It was I who fastened on the sword that had been through Austerlitz and Waterloo, and last of all I put on the Cross of the Legion of Honor. And all the while in my ears rang the words, "Such is fame."

When I came back from the burial-ground where I had gone with him, his only mourner, I went to the little inn where the "Old General" had lived so long. The landlady came up to me with a little package and a letter.

"Oh, Mr. Cecil," she said, "the general wanted you should have these. I was to send them to you."

"Thank you," I said, and went to my room. I opened the package; it contained a fine miniature of Napoleon. I tossed it aside. I had no interest for the great captain then. I tore open the letter. It ran thus:

"Dear boy,

I am going to die, so I write you this. I see you are famous—I was once famous too, a secondary glory; of course, such as my captain cast on all around him. Fame, except the greatest such as his, does not last. I have found contentment simply because I did not overrate fame. I simply sought to work so long as there was work for me. I have had the sense of a completed effort. If there had been anything else for me to do I would have known it. Do not seek more than your share; do that with your might. Remember happiness, true happiness, is the measure of a man's life. When I die I shall be alone, yet not unhappy. I would that I had seen you again.

HORTENSE DE BRACY.

I went back to my profession; I did my work as well as I was able. I gained some fame, but although the face of Napoleon looks down upon me from out its frame of brilliants, he is not my hero, but instead a less famous man the Marshall Hortense de Bracy who achieved happiness after he lost fame.

FLORENCE HARRISON.

SPRING

Now gentle Spring returns—her genial breath  
 Warms nature through, while vivifying showers  
 Awake her from the winter-sleep of death ;  
 The balmy breezes call forth budding flowers ;  
 An emerald vest now decorates the trees ;  
 A velvet carpet for earth's floor, the grass,  
 Just peeping out, prepared to weave. The bees,  
 In busy companies, now quickly pass  
 To such delights from blossoms, which around  
 Their dewy fragrance spread o'er all the air ;  
 While merry warblers make the woods resound,  
 As now, to woo their mates, they fast repair ;  
 Last, bright-winged butterflies, heaven-born, appear,  
 And sighing Summer then leads on the rolling year.

MARY FRANCIS HARDY.

THE LITTLE SUN-BONNET

Her little sun-bonnet, I see it now—  
 'Twas pink, with rosebuds scattered here and there,—  
 And when, in boyish fun, I pulled the strings,  
 The ringlets of her sunny, golden hair  
 Would slip from out their hiding—lucky things—  
 To kiss her forehead. Then when she would pout  
 Because the wind, a bold and boisterous lover,  
 Tried to toss her pretty curls about  
 And form them in a halo bright above her,  
 And make them put to shame the summer sun,  
 Then I would ask, my face all-blushing red,  
 If I might right the wrong that I had done.  
 Alas ! No sooner was it said,  
 Than straightway turning on her heel, she fled,  
 Fled on and on, far down the dusty road,  
 Till all that I could see from where I stood,  
 Was that sweet, winsome, dainty pink sun-bonnet,  
 With rosebuds scattered here and there upon it.

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG.

On a bright, fair day, the Isle lies clear and lovely in the sun-  
 shine. The sea comes washing lazily up, scarcely reaching high  
 enough to touch the marsh rose-

The Enchanted Islands    many that comes straggling down  
 from the meadows. From the Isle  
 of Jersey, on a day like that, one can see Jethon, with its one

rock, rising high and bare from the blue swell of the ocean, and Sark, with the hermit's house, white-washed and gleaming in the sun. But on a day of storm and wind, the sea comes roaring in upon the shore, far up beyond the line of marsh rosemary. The waves wash clean over submerged Jethon; Sark seems but a white-washed house rising straight from the waves.

"And, *ma foi*, sometimes we wake up in the morning, with the water beating against the house door," Félice's grandmother would say to her of an evening as she sat by the driftwood fire. And Félice, staring round-eyed into the fire, would wonder if she dared to go to bed, with the prospect of waking up to hear the sea lashing against the house door in the morning.

"And on a clear day, Félice, when one goes in a boat over to Jethon and leans over and looks down into the water, one can see way down, down on the floor of the ocean, the great green forest of pine trees, and fir trees, and—"

"Like the one on Uncle Jean's hill?"

"Like the one on Uncle Jean's hill, only this one goes all the way from Jersey to Jethon—"

"All the way down below you in the water?"

And Félice never went to Jethon on a bright fair day without looking down through the clear sea-water to see the forest lying so far below her on the floor of the sea. Sometimes she really thought she saw it. She knew it was there, for, after a big storm, did not the old women pick up roots of trees and pieces of driftwood, heavy as stone, that the sea had dug up from down below?

Sark's one house was empty now, its last occupant having died the year before. Félice, born at sea, and brought up within two rods of it, had never in all her eighteen years sailed to Sark. She was afraid of the sea. In vain her grandmother told her that it was her dearest friend, that it brought her all she had to eat and paid for all she had to wear. Félice would stare at her grandmother with round, sorrowful eyes, and say, slowly:

"But—it killed my father—and my mother."

"It brought thy father to thy mother first, *Mignonne*," said the grandmother with simple dignity. "From over seas. From England. That is why I make thee to speak English. It was the tongue of thy father."

But Félice's thoughts were already far away.

"Whatever of happiness is ever to come to thee, enfant, will come by way of the sea. It was so with thy mother, and so it will be with thee."

In such simple wise had passed Félice's eighteen calm years. Outwardly a fearless but quiet child, inwardly she went always in terror of that great gray enemy, the sea, whose lightest murmur struck fear through her heart, and whose roar on stormy nights kept her awake and shuddering in her snug bed. Yet over the sea was to come her happiness, so the grandmother had said, and in her heart Félice believed it, though outwardly she scoffed. The grandmother had never yet been wrong.

Then one night she dreamed the dream. She thought she was climbing up a steep winding path. In her face blew the sea wind, and behind her, far below, she heard the pounding of the surf upon the shore. She shivered, then looking up, saw a man at the turn of the path. In his arms was a great pannier of flowers, and as he caught sight of her, he started so that he dropped the basket and the flowers all fell to the ground. Félice gave an involuntary cry, and awoke. The next night she dreamed it, and the third. Always it was the same place, always the same man, tall, broad-shouldered, dark, and always he gave her a cold, critical, gray glance as he stooped to pick up the flowers.

On the third day, Félice woke with a strange feeling in her heart, a feeling so new to her that she did not at first know what it was. Then, as she heard the thunder of the surf on the upper end of the island, she knew. She was not afraid of the sea any more! It was as if she had been born all over again, and all that strange, unreasoning fear had been taken out of her, and in its place was a wild, buoyant feeling, that was ever calling on her to sing as she went about her daily tasks.

In the middle of the forenoon, the grandmother, sitting by the house-side, knitting in the warm sunshine, was astonished to see Félice go down to the shore, launch the dory and start over in the direction of Sark.

"She must be mad," murmured the grandmother. "I never knew her to go into a boat of her own free will."

Félice had been forced to learn to row by her Uncle Jean, and, though slight, she rowed with a right strong stroke. The gulls, wheeling about her, seemed to welcome her, a comrade late come to them. As she rowed she sang, and she hardly

knew herself why she either sang or rowed. Presently she reached an island, high, steep rocks rising boldly out of the waves: on the top a house, white, solitary, untenanted. And this was Sark, where Félice had ever longed to come, but from which that desperate fear of the sea had kept her away. She was still strong and unwearied after her long, long row, for Félice was a hardy young thing.

She landed, drew up the boat, and, all unmindful of that other boat, now hidden in the bushes, started up the steep, rocky path that led to the house that had belonged to the hermit. Thirty years had he lived there, all alone, but now at length the house was desolate once more. In Félice's face blew the sea-wind, and from behind and very far below her, she could hear the surf pounding on the shore. She shivered, with a touch of her old fear, then looking up suddenly, she saw a man, who had evidently been climbing the path, but on hearing her, had stopped to see who this intruder might be. In his arms he bore a pannier of flowers, but at sight of her he started, and dropped the basket, and all the flowers fell out at the feet of Félice. She gave an involuntary cry, but this time she did not wake. He frowned, and flashed a cold, gray glance at her.

"What are you doing here, girl" he asked, but Félice could not answer. For so far had the real outstripped her dreams, that she knew at length why she had wanted to dance and sing as she went about her daily tasks.

"I came here to be alone," he continued, less gruffly, "I came here because I had had enough of women and their ways." He paused, but still she said nothing, so he went on.

"And here, on the very next day after I arrive, I am confronted by a girl, a woman, come here doubtless to spy upon me and pry into my secrets."

"Pardon, sir," said Félice, at length, "I did not mean to intrude. I did not know any one lived here, since Monsieur Billottin had died, I——"

On a sudden the man's grey eyes smiled.

"I am very sorry I have made you angry," said Félice, "very sorry. I am sorry. Will you pardon me, and let me go?"

Between them lay the glowing heap of flowers. Across it Félice stretched out her hand and the man took it in his.

"Pardon you, I will," he said, "but not yet will I let you go. You must help me pick up every one of these flowers, and then

you must come up with me while I arrange them. Then I shall row you home."

Félice shrank back. This strange young Englishman, whose cynical smile was belied by his laughing grey eyes, frightened her with a fear worse than that of the sea had ever been.

"But I am a woman, too," said Félice, who could ever go boldly, though quaking within, "and if you hate them, then why not me?"

"Perhaps I do hate you," remarked the man.

Through Félice's head ran a sentence that her grandmother had so often used, "By the sea thy happiness will come to thee. So it was with thy mother, and so will it be with thee."

"But you do not hate me," said Félice triumphantly, "and I will give you one of those roses if you will pick up all the flowers yourself."

The stranger laughed.

"I brought them all from Guernsey, this morning," he said. "I thought to decorate a bachelor's hall. If you give me one of those roses you will make it impossible for me to put the rest to any such base use as I intended."

"Then take this one quickly," said Félice, stooping and selecting a little sweetbriar rose. And while he was fastening it on—for she refused to do it for him—Félice had hurried down the path, launched her boat, and was far out upon the water.

Often, in those after days, the French peasants on the Isle of Jersey have told the story of the girl Félice, who met on the lonely island of Sark a dream-man, for love of whom she touched one of his dream-roses and was visited by the curse which was her death. And now, sailing over between Sark and Jersey on a bright fair day, the sailors gaze fearfully down through the clear depths to where, hundreds of feet below, on the floor of the sea, stands the huge ancient forest, through which, they say, roams the girl Félice and her dream lover. And sometimes, on still nights, they see her boat and his, drifting side by side on the waves, and hear the murmur of voices, and the sailors say, as they trim their boats, "There will be a storm to-night, and Félice will be drowned again."

And in their faces blows the sea wind, and behind them comes the roar of waves on Sark.

RUTH POTTER MAXSON.



## EDITORIAL

The Hawaiians pithily remark, "Even a fool learns by experience," and truly the dullest vision can read much in the light of the past. Mankind — and womankind especially — has been generously gifted with that sort of "hindsight." We all know — ah, so well now, when the occasion is past! — just how we should have met it, and we wonder how it was we misunderstood so utterly, and were so utterly misunderstood. "If I had known last year what I do now," remarks the sophomore, and from senior lips we hear, "I'd like to enter college again, realizing all I do now."

What is it that we would do differently if we had it to do over again? Is it simply that we would play basket-ball because we have observed the amplitude of that reward, or elect elocution as a path to senior dramatics? Perchance, a "yes—a yes to both," for human nature is frail and prone to vanity, and the hearty echo of college applause makes the footlights an inviting abode. This publicity of appreciation is at once the bane and blessing of our college life, for we are apt to look upon so-called "honors" as the end and aim of activity, and to select our activity accordingly. Time brings a truer estimate of values, however, and we perceive also that "honor" is too frequently a euphuism for "labor," and that in the long run, leisure has its own abiding compensations.

Not for these things then, seriously, would we re-live the past, but for the sake of the things experience has taught us are worth while. Would we study harder? Well,—we think we would! Play less? No, not that exactly, but we would distribute our energy, oh, so much more wisely! With a more concentrated grasp on our work, we would be less diffuse and less hurried, and with a saner comprehension of the value of various lines of activity, we would hold fast to more time in which to assimilate ideas, and make possible the fullest expression of our powers—to be, as we are fond of saying, our true self.

The phrase is a worn one, yet of infinite suggestion. We have been exhorted from infancy, "To thine own self be true," without having been told just what self that was. Shall we be true to the self that moped and despaired all the morning, the self that idled so merrily with its familiars all the afternoon, or any of the thousand varying and none too creditable selves, in which our individuality performs? Not at all! We all instinctively

mean by our true self, the very best that is in us, and, comforted by this belief, we do not sufficiently realize that our friends consistently assume the every-day manifestation to be the real self. If, in our solitary moments, we look through our friends' eyes—let it be done, not in dejection, but in all intrepidity and enterprise.

I have no patience with people who are always urging us to learn our limitations. Unlearn them, and realize our possibilities! "Know thyself," does not mean a mere discovery of qualities, failures and needs, for purposes of enumeration, but for the sake of remaking and adjusting. What you are today, you will not be tomorrow, for the very reason that you are so, to-day. "Once a rover, always a rover," has its truth, but it is equally true, "Once a rover, *never* a rover," only we do not see it readily, because it is so much easier to draw broad distinctions and separate the white sharply from the black. Meddling with greys is a delicate business, yet it must be done by the painter who would represent, and in the same way, the deepest truth does not rest in the unqualified statement.

Of this sermonizing however—like Rally day—there is rather too much. I had meant to say simply that in the matter of realizing the best self, our college experience with its infinite appeal and opportunity is of the finest service. Even tho' we may feel that we have used this opportunity, not wisely but too well, and would like to go back and do it all over again in a better fashion, the experience will guard and guide our future steps, either here or outside. College life is not a closed circuit—it is, as we hear so often and remember so seldom, a process of preparation.

The Editorial Board of 1905 wish to announce the following elections for the year 1905–1906.

Editor-in-Chief, Louise Marshall Ryals.  
Literary Editor, Clara Winifred Newcomb.  
Sketch Department, Ruth McCall.  
Editor's Table, Charlotte Peabody Dodge.  
Managing Editor, Lucia Belle Johnson.  
Assistant Managing Editor, Florence Mann.  
Alumnæ Department, Elizabeth Marguerite Dixon.  
About College, Eloise Gately Beers.  
Treasurer, Bessie Ely Amerman.  
Business Manager, Mary Comfort Chapin.

## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

"There are fraternities and fraternities!" as the Wesleyan editor distractedly remarks, and they seem to be raising troublesome questions on the campus of their various alma maters. It is rarely that the colleges come into more than superficial contact through their exchange departments, and even more unusual to find a question of common interest widely discussed in closely following issues. But the problem of college societies, which Wellesley dubs "the smouldering question", seems to have burst into flame, and rages through all the various magazines. Their very definition is a point in dispute. "In one place they mean a class society, meeting twice a week in a sombre tomb. In another, the term is applied to a debating club, whose existence is a series of ovations and rival meetings. In a different part of the country they signify elegant houses in conjunction with an eating-club." In fact, their character is as varied as their colleges, and they join issue only in the agitation raised about them.

Yale University takes the lead in the discussion and its grievance is concisely put. Fraternities separate the class into cliques before it has had time to "find itself" and before the men have the opportunity to win their spurs. Naturally, their choice is sometimes poor and leads to disappointment both in the fraternity and among the outsiders. "To wait till junior year is the obvious remedy," concedes the writer. "By that time the class has become, to a great degree united, the men we want stand out more clearly, their heads are not so easily turned, and the probable candidates do not see the miserable hand of a separating fate in a failure to be elected."

At Wesleyan University the problem is seen in greater detail than its solution. It claims for its fraternities all the virtues of such associations, but hesitates to look the detrimental aspect in the eyes. "Do they put the social before the scholastic side of college? Do they form cliques and foster snobishness? Do they injure fraternity and character through rushing (or being rushed by) underclass men?" The writer is loath to answer affirmatively these very obvious questions. He runs away from them and hides behind general statements. "In accepting such a trust we must preach and practice for the benefit of incoming classes, for democratic fair-play principles in all college affairs." In fact he does nothing but stir up

muddy waters and leave their settling to "some more venturesome individual."

Conspicuously practical is the word that the Williams editor brings to the argument. "The position of fraternities" he says, "does *not* depend upon the number of prominent men that they can 'grab', or the elective offices which these fill. The test is inevitably the criterion by which the college judges men at large and that standard is manliness, and nothing else. The manliness may bring college honor—it usually does,—but never can elections won by other means than merit, bring to the fraternity that credit which it does not otherwise possess."

But to a woman's college—Wellesley,—belongs the credit of the strongest paper on the subject. Societies are acknowledged factors in the college life, "bringing much good in their train, and some evil. Is the evil essential to the good? In order that a third, or less, of the student body may have the joys of society life, must two-thirds leave college with a hidden hurt because they were not reckoned desirable? It cannot be helped so long as fraternity principle prevails in society elections,—so long as each society scans the classes for the 'nicest, all-round girls.' The solution is an increase of emphasis upon distinctive work and a fuller recognition in elections of ability along special lines.

And would that improve the situation? It is very probable. It is only natural that a girl, judged by her personality, suffers in finding herself excluded from what threatens to become our aristocracy. If she would hint at her wound, we could furnish abundant consolation—that accident plays a large part in these selections—that showy qualities catch the attention more quickly—that some of the most distinguished alumnae wore no society pins; but we should not comfort her. There are Wellesley women doing illustrious work in the world to-day who feel the old pang yet at the remembrance of how, as shy, eager undergraduates, they were rejected by their peers." The point is simply this—that in so far as any college society elects new members with primary regard to their relation to its special interests, their fitness for its special work, the element of society friendship far from being put into jeopardy, is thereby raised above the accidental and the artificial to a purer, more certain plane, . . . and would make of the societies the most vital forces in our college life."

At the Academy of Music, March 15, "The Gilded Fool." When a player of Mr. Nat Goodwin's distinction has his name figuring in the MONTHLY bookings we have reason to hope for a better performance than the one shortly given in Northampton. It was not that the play itself lacked refinement of plot and character — it was mediocre work, only now and then improved by a bit of insight and humor. The adventures of a simple youth come into much wealth are not unusual on the stage, but they are generally entertaining. A love affair with the daughter of a speculating father adds the necessary complications and provides some lively dialogue. And yet, had it not been advertised as a serious attempt at artistic drama, the supporting company could have appealed to us in nothing but the ridiculous. Their work was poor to a degree, giving an atmosphere of vulgarity and unreality to the most promising situation. There was lacking an indefinable air of good taste and refinement, without which all Mr. Goodwin's charm of acting could not make the play a success.

At the Academy of Music, March 27, "Her Own Way." As long as the public demands to be entertained when it goes to the theater, the business instincts of managers will provide it with light and amusing plays on the order of that in which Miss Maxine Elliott is at present starring. The plot is noticeably on a line with "The Gilded Fool" — a speculating brother, and a villain who makes capital out of this weakness. The support is good, with every character well-conceived and convincingly played. To Miss Elliott, of course, belong the laurels, and, in fact, she grows more charming each time the curtain rises. Her joy at the letter of her lover from the Philippines is a very good bit of acting. The villain and the frivolous sister-in-law are quite appealingly human; and the foolish painted mother-in-law is an ungrateful part well played. In fact, the whole performance is as entertaining as any satiated theater-goer could possibly desire.

It was the night before the editors go out of office, and I was stealing down for a last look at the MONTHLY room. With a sense of guilt I stole up the dark polished stair-way, to find a beam of light streaming from under the crack in the door. "Oho!" thought I, "have I caught any co-mate of mine in-

dulging in sentiment?" and I threw open the door in exultation just as a sweet voice from within called, "Come in." Opposite me stood an unknown girl; but before I had time to rate her a daring, sacrilegious freshman, my breath was taken away by the change in the room. Gone were the hard and bulky cushions, the shabby table, the imposing back numbers, rising row on row. In the distance, whither the walls seemed to have withdrawn, twined masses of flowers. The room was lit by soft candle-light, the floor waxed for dancing, and behind a screen of apple-blossoms an orchestra was playing. As the girl turned toward me I noticed that she was dressed in white, with black around her waist and in her hair, and that the merriest dimple offset two rather serious eyes. "I think I shall let you come in," was her remarkable way of opening the conversation, "though I did not expect you and it is hardly the thing to have you here, at annual reception, you know. Oh, never mind," as I instinctively glanced at my short skirt, "they won't see you. Of course no editor is visible to any but her own mistress."

"May I have the pleasure of knowing—" I began, at which she went off into a gale of laughter. "Excuse me," she panted, "but you have been working for me all the year. I am the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY." And with that she whirled me into a corner, where I stood too dumbfounded to speak, while the room began to fill with guests.

In came a huge man dressed in a dark-green foot-ball suit, with gold lacings in his shoes and collars. He made an awkward bow to the hostess, and was then rescued by a fluffy little thing in brown, with distracting curls and brown eyes. He swung her into the dance that had mysteriously started and I heard her giggle, "Oh, Mr. Dartmouth," as they passed by. Over the way, an exceedingly pretty girl in a green dress was serving frappée and a merry group of youths around her seemed to enjoy the society of popular Miss Vassar. A young fellow in a divinity-student gown—I think his name was Trinity—helped her serve, while she kept them all laughing at her clever stories. I picked my way into the very center of the throng, but no one took the least notice of me. A dapper little fellow, in white and black, with a large quill over one ear, was making himself agreeable to the ladies. Yale Courant passed by with a charming Southern girl, Western Maryland, on his arm, whispering frivolous witticisms in her ear. His elder brother, Yale

Lit, looked on with a tolerant air. Over in a corner a tall, thin woman stared at the dancers with the aid of a lorgnette and conversed with an older man in grey on "The Theoretical Infinity of the Thinghood." Just as I watched, a comely girl in a tan-and-red shirtwaist suit passed them with a tray. "Coffee, my dear Bryn Mawr?" she inquired. The lady looked at the opposite wall. "I never indulge, *Miss Holyoke*," she answered pointedly. The girl made a comical grimace and Mr. Princeton, who had been standing uncomfortably on one foot, took this opportunity to dart away.

At this moment my hostess came over to my side. "Do you recognize old friends?" she cried gaily. "That is Williams in the pearl-grey suit. He looks too spruce to be clever, but he is, oh very, and most entertaining to talk to. Did you notice the Virginian that just passed us. He is very intellectual but so full of narrow prejudices. The boy in black and red—" but the distant tinkle of a bell, above the music of the orchestra, caught my ear. "I must go," I said regretfully, "but I would like to know why you have the reception here," "If we have it at any other college" she laughed in reply, "we must invite the advertisements, because they are obliging and pay the bills. But they are rather showy folk and I have no dealings with them." "Thank you, that is interesting," I answered, "and I shall always remember this evening, and the pleasant work of the year. "Good bye," she said prettily, and as I passed through the circling dancers Amherst, Columbia and some of the younger spirits began to sing, "For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together." At the door I stumbled over Harvard with Wellesley on his arm, and he was telling her that he always came late, "it is such a bore, don't you know." I turned for a last glimpse of the gaily colored throng and the flowery background.

"Smith College Monthly, we will sing to you," came the chorus, and with that ringing in my ears I stumbled down the dark stairs.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### PAST

Oh you whose laughs cleave the air,  
At late rose-scented dusk, beside  
The grass-entangled ancient stair  
Where hundred-year past memories hide—  
Do those faint memories crouch close  
Among the crowded weeds, and touch  
Your feet with light but painful hands?  
No—you are ignorant of such.

Laugh out against the fire-fly's gleam,  
Last lovers, in this last moon's wane,  
Nor heed the fingering old-time touch  
Some night your hands shall seek—in vain.

FANNIE S. DAVIS.

The following four articles were contributed by the Washington Association.

The Kaiser Franz Josef had decided to omit sleeping-cars that night on the train from Trieste to Vienna, and tho' we objected to his arrangements there seemed to be no means of effecting any change.

**Experiences in Austria** So, with ill-repressed dislike for the workings of the royal and imperial railroad of Austria-Hungary, the Boy Explorer and I secured a small day compartment—a singularly small one—and bribed the guard into promising to admit no one else. Then we prepared for a night ride of about twelve hours. Our accommodations were not sympathetic. There was one shiny leather seat, about nine feet long and two feet wide, and there was an equal area of floor space. At first we tried lying down on the seat, both at the same time, our heads in opposite directions, but one or the other of us slid off at every jolt of the train, upsetting the balance and the temper of both, so after a time we sat up and considered. Then the Boy Explorer spread his rain-coat and lay down on the floor, and after that I agonized in the struggle of adhering firmly enough to the leather seat to keep from sliding off on top of him. However, time passed happily enough until the pestilence began to walk in the darkness—and then we arose and fought with lusty tho' invisible enemies, who were routed only when daylight appeared. Then we decided that we were hungry, and began to look for a station with a restaurant. It was now about four o'clock in the



morning—a cold, gray, showery day, and the rain beat dismally on the windows, and in our exhausted condition the thought of even oranges and dry rolls was of comfort. So when the train stopped at Graz the Boy seized his cap and made for the restaurant, while I sat and wondered how many oranges he could carry and how juicy they would be. While I was still engaged in solitary reflection the train started, and horror seized me at the thought of my defenceless condition—no money, no ticket, a very sketchy knowledge of German, and no idea where to go in Vienna for shelter, and my natural protector stalled in the station at Graz, with no train until afternoon.

Now the Boy has an enthusiasm for exploring the police stations of foreign countries and an unexampled facility for transgressing the law, so if he ever disappears for any time, the safe method is to go to the police authorities to find him. So as the train went faster and faster I became angrily convinced that he had, in his own happy way, run foul of the law, and I was in a fine frenzy of disgust with life and fate, with visions of myself sitting all day on my dress-suit case in the station in Vienna with neither money nor German enough to procure food, or of my being heartlessly thrust off the train at the next little station for want of a ticket, with no hope of ever reaching Vienna, when in marched the Boy Explorer, head and shoulders sprinkled with rain-drops and his eyes gleaming with glee, looking as pleased as possible with himself. It was as I suspected. He had collided with the authorities. While engaged in stowing food into his pockets he had seen the train start, and with American energy had made a dash for it. But the station official resented such light-minded treatment of the Kaiser's railway carriage, and swooped upon the Boy and grabbed him by the collar, explaining violently that no man jumped with impunity upon a moving royal and imperial train. The Boy collapsed just long enough for the official to feel sure of his enforcement of the law, then he slipped like an eel thro' the detaining fingers and landed with a flying leap on the steps of the last car, leaving the official snorting and stamping with rage. By this time the train guard had become interested in upholding the law, so he locked the door in the offender's face, gesticulating violently to him to get off the train again. But the Boy smiled angelically and seated himself placidly on the steps; and when the train was going at full speed the guard suddenly opened the door and allowed him to enter. Then began the process which landed us in the police station in Vienna. The angry guard took the Boy's name and age and height and birthplace and destination and intention and occupation, and most important of all, his father's birthplace and his mother's name before she was married. Then he allowed him to rejoin his afflicted wife, which he did with an air of great pride in his achievements. Presently the train stopped at a wayside telegraph station, and apparently telegrams were sent and received between Vienna and Graz and the train. After this solemnity a dignified conductor appeared before us with the copy of the telegram which ordered him to put under arrest the rash American Herrschaft that had on the train ge-jumped in defiance of the Kaiser's orders. So the Boy told him the story of his past life and his mother's name before she was married, and promised not to escape upon arriving in Vienna.

We reached the capital city in a state of amusement and expectation, and

stood obediently by our luggage until the dignified conductor appeared and escorted us to a gate where he handed us deferentially to an enormously fat individual with some remarks about Herrschaft-arretirt-aufgesprungen-Amerikaner. The fat gentleman led us ceremoniously onward, through an interested crowd, and finally bowed us into the office of the station police chief, a courteous and impressive personage, who heard the explanation of our presence with polite surprise tinged with distress for our undignified behavior, for we were now nearly helpless with laughter. Then the Boy went thro' his past life once more, and all his remarks were duly transcribed on huge official paper. The dignified conductor now appeared, hat in hand, and made a long statement in the neatest German, looking apologetically from the chief to the boy. Here also we heard how the Herrschaft had on the train gejumped in spite of the heroic efforts of the officials to prevent it, and how, in accordance with orders from headquarters, he, the conductor, had brought the transgressor into the presence of the law. The Boy cheerfully subscribed to all the charges against him and listened respectfully to the exordium which followed, a pompous exhortation to him to pause in his career of treason, arson and crime and thereafter to obey the laws of the land, whatever they might be, for the Kaiser knows best what is good for his subjects, and jumping on moving trains is a performance fraught with danger to all concerned. The penalty exacted was the sum of six kronen (about \$1.20), and the regret of the chief was that both the Herrschaften had not transgressed, that he might take in for his government twelve kronen instead of six. We were now at liberty to pursue our course as we pleased, but during our entire stay in Vienna we felt that the Kaiser had us by the hand, that the eye of the law was upon us, and we conducted ourselves accordingly, with propriety and circumspection.

The call to country life rings louder each year, and for just what reason it is hard to say. Many conditions of modern life, especially in the cities, are conspiring, no doubt, to bring about a more sane

Lighter Branches of expenditure of energy than is witnessed in all  
 Agriculture for Women large cities to-day. What remedy for overtaxed  
 nerves and muscles more natural than a return  
 to Nature and her abundant resources! But it is not for the exhausted in  
 body and mind that the many books and periodicals devoted to nature, the  
 garden, and country life are written, though they may profit not a little by  
 them. Such publications appeal rather to the young, strong, and educated  
 to take up out-door professions which will be both healthy and profitable.

Agriculture, the most important of industries, needs no advocate for its simple continuance, as our existence depends upon it, although for its scientific development hardly the first pleas have yet been made. But to the lighter branches of agriculture, as occupations for women—college women in particular—comparatively little attention has been given. Of course, there are many women who are successful farmers, but they have taken up these industries often enough through force of circumstances or from natural fitness, without special training, and have worked out results by years of experience. Now, it appears that apiculture, dairy-farming, small fruit

growing, floriculture, and many other branches of agriculture and horticulture, are quite as natural and congenial occupations for women as teaching, librarianship, and various other in-door professions. It further appears that no whit less training will lead to success in the one than in the other. It is this phase of the subject which should especially attract college women, leading such of them as are looking for opportunities for scientific work to turn to these occupations. Outside the profession of teaching, the positions are few in which women can put into practice their college work in botany, chemistry, zoölogy, and geology, but in any one of the branches of agriculture a knowledge of the principles of all these sciences is essential for the best returns in the market of to-day.

Suppose one has elected these sciences during her college course and has a strong predilection for out-door life, is this enough? No, for she still lacks the special training such as is given in agricultural colleges to enable her to apply her chemistry, botany, and zoölogy at first hand to problems of the soil, of plant and animal life. In this country each state has made liberal provision for such instruction for men and women alike and with great freedom of choice in courses. So that with a good foundation in the sciences mentioned a short course at one of these colleges would be of greatest value to the out-door worker. Perhaps the time is not far distant when post-graduate work may be done at our own college in several branches of floriculture and landscape gardening, equipped as it is with plant houses and gardens. Facilities for such training for women in this country are in advance of those available in foreign countries and more of our women are ready to carry on scientifically and successfully some line of agriculture.

In England an interesting school of agriculture for women has been established at Studley, and is liberally supported by the Countess of Warwick, who is an enthusiastic advocate of out-door occupations for women, from the standpoint of health and self-support. Lady Warwick College, as it is called, sprang from classes opened for women in connection with Reading College and the British Dairy Institute, where the Lady Warwick Hostel was provided for women taking courses in agriculture. Encouraged by the success of this experiment, and confirmed in the belief that more women should take up agricultural pursuits for a livelihood, Lady Warwick purchased Studley Castle in Warwickshire, situated within easy reach of Warwick and only fifteen miles from Birmingham. The estate of 840 acres is finely planted and wooded, has two lakes and a small river, with a castle for residence, and outlying buildings admirably adapted to the carrying out of the pet scheme of its patron. A dean and a corps of instructors, all women, are in residence, who, with the students, form the Lady Warwick College. The courses of study are exclusively made up of the lighter branches of agriculture. At the end of the first college year, 1904, forty-five women had taken full or partial courses, and with gratifying results. There was one American woman among them, and more students from this side the Atlantic would be welcomed. The college is supported by private subscriptions to the Lady Warwick Agricultural Association, the most active and generous member of which is, of course, the Countess of Warwick. Under these conditions it will take time to acquire the mechanical equipment which our own agricul-

tural colleges already possess. The one characteristic of the Lady Warwick College is that it is not co-educational, whereas all other agricultural colleges, as far as I know, are for men and women. Men are employed as laborers and to take charge of the gardens and stock during vacations, but the classroom instruction is for women only. Interesting reports of the life and progress of the work at the college may be found in the *Women's Agricultural Times*, a quarterly journal published by the college.

Another college of horticulture in England to which women are admitted, and which is, perhaps, the best known of any, is the Horticultural College in Swanley, Kent. This college, founded in 1889, is situated in a market-garden region of England, about eighteen miles from London. It was opened for men students only, but after three years women were admitted to the courses as an experiment. This departure proved successful, and the enrollment of women increases in number each year. Nearly fifty per cent. of those who have taken courses are employed as gardeners of various grades. The highest salary received by one of these women gardeners is one hundred pounds a year beside board and lodging. It is stated that the demand for women thus trained as well as for men gardeners in England is greater than the supply.

In this country the demand for women landscape gardeners, and superintendents of estates, public gardens and parks, may not be immediate, but the opportunities are already at hand to place in the markets flowers, fruits and vegetables with profit to the grower and with comparatively small outlay of capital. For the so-called "glass farming", that is, the use of plant houses, green-houses, pits, frames, etc., women are particularly adapted, and it is in this special branch of agriculture that they will succeed best. The qualifications necessary are health, executive ability, and perseverance, combined with knowledge of the natural sciences and some special training in the application of this knowledge.

Beside the commercial results from such occupations there is an unlimited field for scientific experimentation in the direction of plant breeding, as shown by the marvelous work of Luther Burbank. This worker of wonders is a leader worthy of a larger following, although few may hope to approach him in skill, patience and achievement of results.

One of the most valuable of Washington's many educational organizations is the National Geographic Society, the object of which is to increase and diffuse geographic knowledge. This object is accomplished:

1. By encouraging worthy plans for exploration and by helping such projects where its resources permit. The society has sent one expedition to Alaska, another to Mount Peleé, Martinique, and La Loaffrière, St. Vincent, and has been associated with several Arctic and other expeditions. At present its representative has direction of the scientific work of the Ziegler Polar expedition and is second in command.
2. By publishing an illustrated monthly magazine and many large maps.
3. By an annual series of thirty addresses at the national capital, most of which are published in the society's magazine.
4. By the maintenance of a library.

The society has been organized since 1888, and has now over thirty-six hundred members, of whom nearly twelve hundred are resident in Washington. The membership fee is two dollars a year and members receive free of charge the magazines and the maps of the society and admission to all the lectures. Owing to its location in Washington the National Geographic Society has innumerable advantages over similar organizations elsewhere, as experts in all branches of government service and investigation are here and wide choice of talent is always within reach.

During the season of 1904-1905 two courses of lectures have been given by the society, one a popular course, alternating weekly with the scientific course. The speakers have been members of various departments of the government service, or men who have achieved distinction along individual lines of investigation, literary or scientific. In the popular course there have been addresses on topics relating to the war in the East—"The Japanese Side of the War", by Mr. William E. Curtis; "Japan", by Baron Kentaro Kaneko; "Russia", by Hon. Charles E. Smith; "The Philippines", by Hon. William H. Taft, and other subjects of geographical and political interest. In the scientific course the lectures have been more technical, dealing with industrial and physical developments in various countries. Both courses have been very largely attended.

An interesting as well as an important event in educational circles is the change of name of Columbian University to George Washington University by a consolidation of interests with the George Washington Memorial Association, an organization of women formed in 1897, incorporated in 1898, to carry out the wish expressed by George Washington in his will that an institution of higher learning be established in the city of Washington. In the consolidation Columbian University agreed to change its name, and the \$500,000 to be raised by the George Washington Memorial Association will be used, not, as was originally intended, for a hall to serve as headquarters for the organization, but for a building in the center of the quadrangle owned by Columbian University—Van Ness Park—which shall be the new administrative building of the university. Certain members of the executive board of the Memorial Association have been made members of the board of trustees of the university.

By this action the George Washington Memorial Association has practically succeeded in establishing a university of fourteen hundred students, having the prestige of eighty-four years' existence, and the university has gained by this arrangement the interest, influence and coöperation of the members of the Memorial Association.

In this day of specialists, success or distinction is rarely achieved in more than one field of effort. When it comes to a man still young in years, the world should stop to regard it. Not only as

Notes on the Poetry of a critic and a teacher has Mr. Woodberry  
George Edward Woodberry made a name for himself, but in the rarer  
sphere of poetry. Those who were fortunate  
enough to hear his lectures last term could not fail to recognize his distinction

as critic and teacher. The reverence of his attitude toward the great spirits who were his theme, the justness of his estimate of their work and place, the beauty of his language, the force of his apt phrasing—all these showed that true appreciation which is the result not only of training, but of a tuned soul. So one takes up the modest volume of the "Poems" with keen interest.

Here one finds the world-old motifs treated in time-honored fashion but with a freshness of phrase, the expression of genuine feeling, which lifts all of the poetry above the commonplace and which makes some of it great. Not by words of calm and sensuous beauty alone does Mr. Woodberry gain his effect, but by an atmosphere of delicate suggestion such as one sees in pastels by a master hand. Many of the lines are unwontedly musical, with the music not only of rhythm but of cadence and quantity. One noticeable quality is the large number of simple Anglo-Saxon derivatives used.

The division entitled "My Country" contains poems of humanity, dealing with patriotism, liberty, service; that called "Wild Eden" verses more intimate in subject; while of the remainder some are formal odes and kindred poems, one is a wonderful lament, "The North Shore Watch", and the last a poem of dramatic force, "Agathon". I quote with permission from an unpublished essay by one who studied under Mr. Woodberry and has been inspired and helped by him.

"Anyone familiar with Professor Woodberry's work will realize that his conception of the art of poetry is quite different from the popular estimate; that it is more in accord with Shelley's dictum that 'poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world'; and that he has put into his work not only the philosophy of a deep thinker, but the complete expression of his keenly sensitive spiritual life. To such poetry one must turn not for transient amusement but for lasting inspiration.

The idealists of literature trace their genealogy back to Plato, and the greatest modern expositor of the idealistic tradition—in poetry at least—is Shelley, to many of whose ideas the Emersonian transcendentalism, through its ancestry, is nearly akin. From these three then Professor Woodberry derives the groundwork of his idealism; on them he builds, out of his own marked personality and distinctive Americanism, the superstructure of his poetry. The Platonism is most evident in "Agathon"; the Shelleyan ideas of the "Instinct of Beauty", the "Millennium", etc., will be pointed out later; and the Emersonian conceptions are most clearly seen in "Nay, Soul".

A French critic has said, apropos of Shelley, that the keynote of nineteenth century poetry is the aspiration toward an unattainable, unknowable ideal, which hovers ever just above us but ever eludes the most passionate devotion to its quest. . . . The striving for this abstraction is the leading idea in Shelley's personal poetry, and is predominant in the American under consideration. . . . Before calling attention to specific references let us attempt to define more exactly. . . . To all of us, according to Ruskin, there comes in early youth, generally through the medium of nature, an apprehension of the ideal beauty which gleams around us in the spring of life, and then usually vanishes because our eyes become

" . . . dense and dim  
And have not power to see things as they are."

Some whose "hearts are more divinely touched feel a compelling impulse to "follow the gleam" and continue to pursue the quest through diminishing but inextinguishable hope to the end.<sup>1</sup>

The first flash of the vision seems to have come during his childhood in the early spring—

"Just as the loud robin tosses  
His notes from the tree-tops high,  
As the violets come in the mosses  
When south winds wake and sigh"—

and to have been his constant companion until he went to college (North Shore Watch, VIII-IX), then . . . came the "Forebodings", and later the passing of the vision, which is wrought into the pessimism of "False Dawn", where the ideal itself seems mere illusion. Soon he came to realize that Beauty and Love abide (North Shore Watch, XLIII-XLIV), that the passing of the vision is due to our spiritual blindness—then the quest of the ideal, with the records of transitory moments in which he seemed to attain the goal. This phase is most extensively treated in "Wild Eden"; where, as in the "Sensitive Plant" the ideal becomes incarnate in the form of a maiden, with this difference: Shelley gives minute details in the allegory of his own soul, i. e., the "Sensitive Plant", and of the universe, i. e., the garden, but gives only hazy outlines to the "Lady", whereas Professor Woodberry has not only incarnated the vision, but has clothed her in all the attributes of humanity and has even given detailed descriptions of her. So concrete is the imagery that it would be difficult to see the allegorical significance had not he himself given the clue in the first poem—

"That the laurel so deep, so deep,  
That every lovely thing appears  
A spirit clad in maidenhood."<sup>2</sup>

In this series we find passionate descriptions of the moments of spiritual insight, as in the "Rose-Born", and laments on the loss of the vision.

He speaks sometimes of his poems as roses, as in the "Rose-Eden";<sup>3</sup> or as the flower of life ("Flower before the Leaf", etc.); and sometimes as a child born of the union of the soul with the ideal. The poet's love can only be realized visibly; can only endure in that which it creates. Without the act of creation the poetic emotion passes, leaving no record of its existence: no one is immortalized by its objective expression. This last idea is worked out in "Love's Birthright", the tone of which is due to the normal feeling that the external presentation falls below the apparent perfection and vividness of the subjective mood that seeks expression.

To the true artist success lies only in adequate expression, but this he never feels he has attained, and hence his life seems to him a failure, only half-life—

"If this were life thou shouldst not hear me crying."

1 "For who the laurel madness hath  
Shall hold the vision-haunted path."—Woodberry.

Compare also p. 65, etc. (edition of 1908).

2 See also pp. 70, 86, 129 and 253,—"*O thou one face . . .*"

3 See also pp. 83, 84, etc.

This theme of failure recurs constantly; at first ("Be God's the Hope") in resignation to the idea that he could not stamp his idealism on the world, and later, in sheer despondency ("O, Stands Beneath the Laurel").<sup>1</sup>

We must next note Professor Woodberry's belief in the necessity ("Love at the Door")<sup>2</sup> and immanence<sup>3</sup> ("My Soul")<sup>4</sup> of the ideal elements in life; democracy and American patriotism, as seen in the sonnet to Leo XIII, "My Country", the Emerson and Exeter odes, etc.; and his later, optimistic Shelleyan prophecies of human perfectibility and of a millenium, scattered here and there through his work.

"Agathon", Professor Woodberry's most important and philosophic poem, is concerned with "the passage of the soul through the love of the beauty that is seen to the love of beauty that is unseen." It is a passionate appeal for the spiritual side of life and seems to contain a portrait of its author in some phases of his character as poet.

These notes are inadequate as criticism or explanation, but if they have merely suggested some lines for personal study of Mr. Woodberry's poetry they will have attained their object.

ELISABETH LOVE MC GREW '01.

The message from Japan in the October MONTHLY had something of the "to-be-continued" character, and the work of which it told has gone far enough to make it worth reporting again.

The vote of the Japan alumnæ was taken as planned, and Helen Keller's "Story of My Life" proved to be their choice for translation into Japanese as the first of a series to be launched under their auspices. This book of Helen Keller's hardly comes under the head of fiction, from which it was at first our intention to choose. But it has more novelty than most novels, and for its production out here there will never be a time more favorable than the present, while its author is still one of the world's great discoveries and has the attraction of her youth and her eminence—both being qualities which count in Japan as elsewhere.

The work of translating has been put in the hands of a man of previous experience in this line, and the first draught is now completed. When this has been revised and criticised (and revised again, if necessary) the translator will see it through the press. It is well worth while to have an interested person to read the proof of Chinese characters and their Japanese inter-mixtures, for accuracy is gained only at the price of eternal vigilance, and printers do not always give that. Thus, we are glad to report a hopeful outlook for our book.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DE FOREST '01.

Kobe College, Kobe, Japan, Feb. 27, 1905.

The above article refers to an appeal made by Miss De Forest in the October MONTHLY for a small fund from Smith alumnæ to start a series of translations of good English stories into Japanese, as there is distinct need of good fiction for the young people of Japan. There has already been received seventeen dollars from the alumnæ, and it is hoped that there will be more contributions from all those who are interested in the progress of this work.

1 See also pp. 49, 76, 97, 99, 114.

2 See also pp. 79, 255, etc.

3 See, for example, pp. 23, 237, 277.

4 Compare "North-Shore Watch", XVI-XX.



The Washington Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae has held its monthly meetings this winter as usual. The subjects have been as follows:

October: Settlement Work in Washington.

November: Public Education Association. Address by Mrs. J. M. Gitterman, President of the Public Education Association.

Report of annual convention of A. C. A., by Mrs. Swarmsted, President and Delegate of the Washington Branch.

December: Beneficial Bacteria and Their Relation to the Soil, by Professor George T. Moore of the Department of Agriculture.

Experience of Turkish Life, by Mrs. Norton, wife of the United States Consul at Harpoot.

January: Mrs. Galick's School for Girls in Spain, by Dr. E. E. Hale and Miss Short.

February: Newspaper Observations, by Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien.

March: Experiences in Foreign Hospitals, by Dr. Rosalie Slaughter.

The Vassar Alumnae Association held its meeting this year in January in Washington, and though many members were inconvenienced by the extreme severity of the weather at that time, the meeting was successful and the social functions enjoyable. The Smith Club of Washington had planned a tea in honor of the Vassar women, but the plan had to be given up on account of the number of social engagements already arranged for. The Vassar Association has decided to appropriate from its treasury five hundred dollars a year for five years for a fellowship for Vassar alumnae. The terms of the fellowship will be determined by the Association, and the fund administered by it.

The Western Massachusetts Alumnae Association will have an entertainment in the Alumnae Gymnasium on the afternoon and evening of April 29, called the "Lines of Nations", for the benefit of the Students' Aid Fund. The booths will be English and Colonial, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Swedish and Norwegian. At each booth some of the dishes which are characteristic of the different nations will be served.

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for the senior dramatics should send their names to the business manager, Alice M. Holden, Hubbard House, stating whether they prefer to go on Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night. An alumna is allowed to buy a seat only once, and only on her own name, but she may buy "rush" tickets as often as she cares to. No seats are sold to alumnae until the three days of dramatics, nor will seats be kept for alumnae after five o'clock of the day of the performance.

Owing to the absence from college of Mrs. Rossiter, all applications by the alumnae for rooms in the college houses during commencement week, stating in which house their senior year was spent, should be sent to Mrs. Berry, Tyler House, Northampton.

All communications for the business manager should be addressed to Mary Chapin, Hubbard House.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows :

'08.	Elizabeth Irwin,	.	.	.	March	8-18
'99.	Hope Beatrice Hayes,	.	.	.	"	9
'08.	Elizabeth Westwood,	.	.	.		12-14
'04.	A. May Wright,	.	.	.	"	18-27
'08.	Bessie Norton Brockway,	.	.	.	"	15-16
'08.	Elizabeth S. Sampson,	.	.	.		15-27
'08.	Harriet S. Clark,	.	.	.	"	15-17
'08.	Louise Freeman,	.	.	.	"	15-17
'08.	Pauline Freeman,	.	.	.	"	15-17
'01.	Ethel Lane Smith,	.	.	.	"	15-18
'04.	Ruby E. Hendrick,	.	.	.	"	15-20
'04.	Evelyn Trull,	.	.	.	"	15-20
'04.	Nellie Judith Prince,	.	.	.	"	18
'88.	Mabel Wheeler Bailey,	.	.	.	"	23
'88.	Henrietta Harris,	.	.	.	"	23
'02.	Maude Ellis Mellen,	.	.	.	"	25

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Marguerite Dixon, Dickinson House.

- '95. Theodora E. Loomis has announced her engagement to Mr. Patrick Augustus Ray of New York City. Mr. Ray graduated from Rutgers College with the class of '91.
- '08. Alice Bertha Bowman has announced her engagement to Mr. Ira Tapper Hawk, who is studying in the Yale Divinity School.

## DEATH

- '98. Mrs. John C. Campbell (Grace H. Buckingham '98) died at her home in Demorest, Georgia, on March 20. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have been for the past ten years engaged in work among the Southern Mountain Whites. For the last three years they have been in Demorest, Georgia, where Mr. Campbell is president of Piedmont College.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

On Wednesday, March 8, Professor Woodberry delivered a lecture on Milton. He spoke first of the position that Milton holds among English poets—a position of absolute loneliness. This

Lectures by Professor Woodberry characteristic is due partly to the fact that he did not belong to any group of geniuses, partly to his blindness, but mainly to his own nature, which even in his youth showed as its strongest characteristics an aloofness from men, coupled with a great love of nature.

Milton stood, as did Shakespeare, the embodiment of a climax in the literary life of the world. Allegory had been the characteristic form of expression in the middle ages, and as Shakespeare stood at the climax of the humanizing tendency in the drama, so Milton completed the humanizing of the religious narrative poem. As this change in the narrative came sixty years later than that in the drama, Milton was, in a sense, the last product of the Elizabethan age. Milton stood too, with Spencer and Shakespeare, as the third great representative of the Renaissance in England.

The true center of Milton's genius was "Paradise Lost", and in it he included his whole power and took all that was useful from past literature. Under the main theme, "the moral relation of man to God", Mr. Woodberry spoke of three subjects, in each of which Milton's conceptions are more or less out of tune with the modern spirit.

The first of these is the Christian adaptation of the Titan myth. In his treatment of this myth Milton shows his faith in the almost divine leading of beauty, for he makes Satan's loss of beauty synonymous with his moral degradation. Here, too, Milton makes the angels, the younger race, fall and subjects them to eternal punishment. In this denial of progress the modern spirit is distinctly violated.

The second theme is the "Bower of Bliss", a favorite method in the epic of introducing by episode lyric and human touches. Yet Milton's treatment of the episode is different from that of the normal epic; there the hero breaks out into action, but here Milton's hero is overcome. Thus again the modern spirit, influenced by chivalry, is unwilling to see woman portrayed as the root of all evil.

In his treatment of the third theme, the story of the Creation, Milton again showed his classic prepossessions, and again modern sympathy does not follow him, either in his conception of the earth as the center of the universe, or of all its history as the result of the fall of Adam.

So, although Milton had no rival in power and in grace and although this poem is an overwhelming act of intellect and sublime imagination in dealing with the infinite and the eternal, yet, since the modern spirit is imbued with the idea of development—tolerating no closed gates of hopeless being—"Paradise Lost" embodies ideas no longer part of the imaginative life of the race.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE '06.

On Saturday, March 11, Professor Woodberry delivered the sixth lecture in his course, the subject being Wordsworth.

It is the end of the enlargement of the race-mind to free the individual soul, and the act of poetry is "the outgoing of the soul into the world about it". Our experience with nature offers the most universal and elementary example of this outgoing of the soul. Wordsworth makes poetry seem more exclusively a thing of the present life, his matter being nature in the external world, character in the internal world.

Into the "Prelude" Wordsworth "tried to empty his entire mind". The plan of this poem is the soul's development. To Wordsworth "nature seemed the nourisher, almost the creator, of the soul". The first stage of this development may be found in the "Prelude" where he tells of the boy skating; the second, in "Tintern Abbey" where he tells of youth with the mere perception of beauty; and the third, in his contact with God through nature. All these represent his soul as going out from him into a larger sphere.

Wordsworth conceived of nature as forming his dalesmen and shepherds, then he carried his thought beyond this point and saw nature forming the soul of woman, in "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower". In his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" he conceived the operation of nature on man.

We have now lost the sense of dependence on nature, so that the soul is thrown back upon its own higher power, "For the least conscious, nature is the blanket of God around men; for the most spiritual, it is the ante-room of heaven", and Wordsworth found it the latter. But it was not the whole of life to him. The second great root of his poetry is moral character, such as he has delineated in the "Happy Warrior" and "The Portrait of a Woman". He was interested in the humble life of the poor, whom he thought near to nature. In reality his own life was "nearer than that of any of his generation". Following Burns, he was the second great democratic poet. His personal expression of what nature meant to him sums up the experience of the race in its attitude toward nature. Wordsworth found it a discipline for the emotions and for the moral sense. As Keats is a poet to be young with, so Wordsworth is a poet to grow old with. "The power of nature has begun to steal upon the boy and thereafter it only grows." The discipline of nature for the soul, as Wordsworth represents it, is a poetic act. "All life consists of going out of ourselves into some larger world, in literature into this race-mind", whether it be an idealized past or a world of present reality, and imagination is the guide.

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

On March 22, Professor Woodberry delivered the last of his lectures on "Literature and Life", the subject being Shelley. Professor Woodberry spoke of him as the most perfect example of the poet who represents in his genius the world's store of education and of art. He sounded the key-note of the lecture by quoting Wordsworth's famous lines:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home."

Literature is the means by which the ordinary man is aided in the discovery of the latent possibilities left him by past ages and the poet is the interpreter to man of his own best nature. But the poets are only a little beyond us, and it is by easy stages of growth that we reach an appreciation of the greatest geniuses, by the aid of the lesser. By assimilating the best of the past through its literature, the ordinary man is enabled to keep abreast of his age, and the poet is enabled by the same process of assimilation to make use of the achievements of his predecessors—of the race-store.

Shelley is a clear example of this assimilating process by which a poet represents the sum of human experience. He is too often thought of as more or less effeminate, an idea that is probably due to the dreamy character of his poetry and to the preponderance in all his work of imagery over idea. Matthew Arnold characterized him as "an ineffectual angel, beating his wings in the void". But Professor Woodberry pointed out that on the contrary Shelley represented a passion for accomplishment. As a child he was active and though imaginative, showed little poetic tendency. In fact, he delighted in what might be termed a dime-novel type of literature. Later, he became interested in various specific measures of reform. His mind had dipped in ideas; he had convictions, not opinions merely, and he was the embodiment of English manhood.

Among his early works, coming somewhat later than "Queen Mab", in which he proved the great economy of verse in the expression of ideas, Shelley applied his new power to his most cherished object, reform, in the "Revolt of Islam". Still later, in the "Prometheus Unbound", he seems to have realized that specific reforms could be accomplished through the medium of poetry by an appeal to general principles of right. He had passed through all phases, from the position of the particular reformer to the idealistic poet and he expressed the sum of human experience.

Shelley's growth was complete as well as rapid and he showed a double personality, in the public "self" which produced "Queen Mab", "Prometheus Unbound" and "Revolt of Islam", and in the more personal self revealed in the odes and fragments by which he is most endeared to man.

He was above all the expression of the idea of love. He found God in his own heart, as Wordsworth did in nature. Yet that Shelley was the poet of nature as well as of manhood and of his own heart is shown in the "Ode to the West Wind" which combines all three elements.

In closing Professor Woodbury said that as the flag and the cross are charged with race-emotion, so certain race-ideas find their nuclei in the world's great men; in Shelley we find the race-revelation. And this race-

store is not a thing of the past, it lives in the results of the lives of great men. "They raise us up the paths of being and we lay hold on eternity and enter into our inheritance of past glory."

CHARLOTTE DODGE '06.

Miss Borden, associate librarian, is conducting an informal class, meeting once a week, for the study of the utilization of library facilities, that is, reference books, bibliographies and the history of books  
Faculty Notes and libraries.

Miss Wood attended a meeting of the Mathematical Society at New York, February 25.

Professor Tyler has received an invitation to be present at an International Congress of Archaeology to be held at Athens, Greece, at the request of King George, during the Easter recess. Miss Boyd will represent Professor Tyler and Smith College at this meeting.

On February 22 Miss Jordan attended the meeting of the National Commission of English representing the Western Central, the Middle States and Maryland, the Southern, and the New England Association of Schools and Colleges. The object of this conference was to revise the lists of books required in English for college entrance.

At a meeting of the Religious Education Association at Boston in February, Professor Wood was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Sunday School Department. The committee will investigate and report on Sunday School problems from the point of view of educational ideals and arrange for the department meeting at the annual convention of the Association.

On January 31 Professor Hazen addressed a meeting of the Boston Association of Smith College alumnae at the home of Mrs. Robert A. Woods.

On March 4, Miss Jordan addressed a meeting of the Smith College alumnae of Syracuse and vicinity at the home of Mrs. Donald Dey, on "The College and the Kindergarten."

President Seelye and Professor Stoddard were among the speakers at the tenth annual luncheon of the Smith College Club of New York City at the Hotel Manhattan, April 8.

Professor Dennis on February 27 addressed the open meeting of the Monday Night club of Northampton, subject, "St. Louis Democratic Convention"; on March 2, the annual meeting of the Liberal Layman's League of the Connecticut Valley, subject, "Extra-Legal Features of the American Constitution"; on March 4, the open meeting of the Fourteenth Night club, subject, "The St. Louis Democratic Convention"; March 13, the Men's club of Florence, subject, "How Presidents are Nominated." On March 21, Professor Dennis gave the opening address of the Northampton Y. M. C. A. lecture course, subject, "What the Political Party has to Do."

In Boston, on March 8, Miss Jordan addressed the annual meeting of the McCall Mission, subject, "The McCall Mission as a Form of Worship." On March 10 Miss Jordan was one of the judges at an exhibition of prize-speaking and debating at the Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls.

On March 18 Mr. Eckelmann spoke before the Western Massachusetts

group of the New England Modern Language Association at the Holyoke High School. His subject was, "The German Script: its Status in Germany and its Value in American Schools," in which he maintained that from the psycho-physical standpoint of education, the Latin script tends to corrupt German sound concepts, the German script to fix them.

On February 18 Miss Hanscom spoke before the Women's Club of Athol on "The Influence of the Civil War on American Literature"; and on March 28 before the Women's Club of Chicopee Falls, on "Women's Contribution to English Fiction."

Professor Wood on March 20 lectured at Hartford, Connecticut, on "The Modern Problems of the Books of Acts"; on March 30 and April 6 at Windsor, Connecticut, on "Hebrew Prophecy"; on April 5 at Athol, on "The Charm of the New Testament Letters."

On April 9 Miss Bernardy spoke in Italian to the Italians of the North End, Boston, on "Problems of Immigration and Colonization."

Miss Scott had an article on Montaigne as a Traveller, in *The Dial*, of Chicago, February 1. It is entitled "Our Intimate Friend, Michael de Montaigne", and is a review of Mr. N. G. Water's, "The Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy in 1580 and 1581."

*The Nation*, New York, February 2, and the *Evening Post*, New York, February 3, published a letter from Miss Scott recording the recent find in this country of *La Vita di Carlo Magno*, a very early Italian imprint in England. *La Vita di Carlo Magno* was printed in London in 1581, by John Wolfe, and was long supposed to be the first Italian publication from an English press. The coming to light of this rare book is of some historical interest because when the exemplar was sent to the British Museum for accurate identification, it was found to be the unique copy presented to the Earl of Leicester by the author and illuminator, Petruccio Ubaldini.

*The Yale Review* for February contains a favorable review of Mr. Robinson's "A History of two Reciprocity Treaties, with a chapter on the Treaty-making Power of the House of Representatives." The Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Press, New Haven, 1903, pp. 220.

*The Botanical Gazette* for February contains descriptions of new apparatus invented by Professor Ganong for the study of plant physiology, including instruments for recording continuously the amount of water given off by plants and for determining exactly the amount of food substance found in leaves.

*The Marzocco* of Florence, Italy, for February 19, has an article by Miss Bernardy entitled "Letterature Emigrante", and *The Regno* of Florence, Italy for February 27, another entitled "Italia Fraintesa."

*The American Journal of Theology* for April contains an article by Professor Wood entitled "New Light on some familiar New Testament Problems", which reviews some of the recent work done in Germany in the field of the history of religion.

*The Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods*, for March 16 contains an article by Professor Pierce entitled "Inferred Conscious States and the Equality Axiom."

OLIVE RUMSEY.

On Wednesday, March 8, the Chapin House gave a dramatization of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice". The scenery and especially the costumes were admirably suited to the presentation of

The Chapin House Play such a play and were very effective. From the corkscrew curls of Mistress Bennett to the flowered bandbox of Miss Elizabeth, everything was in keeping. All the parts were well taken and the excellence of the minor characters was especially noticeable. One good part which stood out prominently from the rest was that of Mr. Collins. The possibilities of such a part were fully realized and the result was interesting and amusing. Mary Hastings made a beautiful Elizabeth Bennett; her manner was vivacious and pleasing. Marie Murkland succeeded very well in identifying herself with the part of Mr. Bennett and gave a convincing interpretation. The ambitious Mrs. Bennett was acted splendidly by Myra Mitchell. Helen Fellows made a handsome and pleasing Mr. Darcy, Margaret Maxon a charming Kitty. The rôle of Jane was well acted by Amy Bent, whose womanliness in the last act was very winning. As for Esther Searle as Lady Catherine de Bourgh, she was always dignified and made a good deal of her few opportunities. The other parts were also well done, those deserving especial notice being Miss Bingley and Charlotte Lucas. The cast as a whole was remarkable for its uniform excellence. The committees in charge are to be congratulated on the smoothness with which the play was given. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Darcy,.....		Helen Fellows
Mr. Bennett,.....		Marie Murkland
Mr. Bingley, .....		Olive Tolman
Mr. Collins, .....		Lucia Johnson
Mr. Hurst,.....		Vardrine McBee
Sir William Lucas,.....		Marjorie Allen
Col. Fitzwilliam,.....		Edith Moore
Mistress Bennett,.....		Myra Mitchell
Jane.....	} Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, {	.....Amy Bent
Elizabeth.....		.....Mary Hastings
Kitty,.....		.. Margaret Maxon
Miss Bingley,.....		Alice Loud
Mistress Hurst,...		Lucy Hall
Charlotte Lucas,.....		Marcia Johnson
Lady Catherine de Bourgh,.....		Esther Searle

"Les Pattes de Mouche," a comedy in three acts, by Victorien Sardou, which was presented by the French Club on Wednesday evening, March 22, in the Students' Building, was in every respect a com-

The French Play plete success. Not only was the play itself well adapted to a college audience, in that it was full of action and clever situations, but the representation was far from being amateurish, as many such performances are apt to be. All the parts were well taken; besides being unusually fortunate in the possession of a brilliant hero and a fascinating heroine, the cast contained minor characters who helped greatly to make the representation perfectly finished. Moreover there was nothing



more to be desired in the scenery, which was very elaborate and harmonious.

Helen Fillebrown, as Prosper Block, surpassed her previous reputation in acting. She overcame with ease the difficulties of her rôle and at all times was the central figure on the stage, holding the attention with remarkable personal magnetism. Her gesture and expression were so thoroughly in harmony with her lines, that even those who had but little knowledge of French were able to understand their general significance. Eleanor Dickson, as Suzanne, was altogether charming. She took the part of the vivacious French girl as if she were born to it and she fascinated everyone, not only by the grace and variety of her acting, but by her pleasing accent. Ethel Curry, as Columba, and Emma Tyler as Paul, Columba's refractory young charge who insisted on falling in love, furnished the audience with a great deal of amusing side-play. Paul's amorous glances at Marthe, and Columba's reproving looks were very effective. Louise Ryals, in the rôle of Thirion, played the absent-minded tutor to perfection. Katherine de la Vergne as Vanhove, and Ruth Hayden as Madame Vanhove, had parts less attractive and striking, but which were nevertheless well taken. Altogether the play was very pleasing, thoroughly French in its representation, and all who contributed to its success may be proud of their share in it. The cast follows:

Prosper Block,.....	Helen Fillebrown
Vanhove,.....	Katherine de la Vergne
Thirion,.....	Louise Ryals
Paul, Pupille de Thirion,.....	Emma Tyler
Baptiste, Domestique,.....	Ruth Fletcher
Henri, Domestique,.....	Mary Wham
Suzanne,.....	Eleanor Dickson
Columba, Madame Thirion,.....	Ethel Curry
Clarisse, Madame Vanhove,.....	Ruth Hayden
Marthe,.....	Janet Mason
Solanfie, Concierge du château,.....	Marguerite Dixon
Claudine, Domestique,.....	Hortense Mayer

Everybody who feels interest in Smith College must be gratified to know that Mademoiselle Vincens has bought a large house on West Street and will next year take into her family a limited number of students who wish to secure the most favorable conditions for learning to speak French. To be able to live in a French home and to have the social and literary influences characteristic of French culture are privileges often vainly wished for by students anxious for special training in French. The college is to be congratulated on this generous substitute for the devices of conversation classes, tea-clubs and language tables so often resorted to in the straits of modern language education.

M. A. J.

On the evening of Saturday, March 11, Dr. Felix Adler delivered a lecture at the open meeting of the Alpha Society on "The Life and Death of Sir Thomas More". The lecture was marked by a

Lecture by Dr. Adler simple and delightfully vivid style. It came as a pleasant variety after the involved and occasionally eclectic methods pursued by many of our lecturers.

After the introduction by Miss Capen, Dr. Adler began his address with a statistical account of the principal events in the life of Sir Thomas More. While yet a "beardless boy", we saw him baffling King Henry VII, and it was while studying law that he adopted the principle from which he never swerved, and which finally led to his death, "never to defend a cause unless just".

It is not, however, as a lawyer, nor even as Lord Chancellor to Henry VIII, that he is best known, but as an author and as a man. "Utopia", his principal work, which means "Nowhere", was the expression of the vision of justice and peace which lived in his soul. It was far in advance of its time and in many particulars has not yet been realized by the civilization of to-day. Dr. Adler brought to witness the "barbarous electric chair" which violates More's idea that the end of punishment is the salvation of man.

Dr. Adler spoke of the home life of More as one of entrancing loveliness and described with particular vividness the beautiful relations between More and his favorite daughter Margaret.

The picture of his guiltless death for opposing the marriage of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn hushed the audience into preparation for the lecture's interpretation of this life of flawless integrity. More's life and death give the strongest possible proof of the Eternal Goodness. He loved the world, but lived in it unspotted and unembittered. His life was like the mellow wine of a crystal goblet which when drained away revealed the lustrous pearl of great price, a noble spirit.

On Wednesday evening, March 15, the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave their annual concert. As usual there were many guests from out of town and these together with the college girls proved an enthusiastic audience. In accordance with the usual custom, the Glee Club opened the concert by singing "Fair Smith". This was followed by a March by Baxter, which the Mandolin Club played especially well. Among the best numbers of the program was a Slumber Song, sung by Miss Thornton and composed by Miss Peers, who in this showed that she possessed not only those qualities of personal magnetism which make her such a successful leader of the Glee Club, but remarkable musical talent as well. On the whole it was the lighter selections that seemed to appeal most strongly to the audience. The medley of various college songs played by the Banjo Club met with unbounded approval and varying applause was accorded to the different selections from the hearty greeting which the Sons of Eli gave to "Down the Field" to the enthusiastic clapping of the solitary Dartmouth man at the strains of his college song. The second topical song is worthy of mention, for the music was good, the words clever and well adapted to it and Miss Gruber's singing excellent. It would perhaps be merely in accordance with the tendency of

human nature to think the last thing the best, if we pronounced this concert better than its predecessors. At all events it was very good and the work of all the clubs had a certain finish which did great credit to their leader's training.

The annual sophomore-freshman basket-ball game was played on Saturday, March 18. After a stormy and even perilous passage through a compact crowd of clamorous and excited classmen, a first

**The Basket-Ball Game** view of the interior of the gymnasium represented a double satisfaction—that of a difficult undertaking successfully accomplished and of æsthetic instinct pleasingly gratified. The sophomores are to be congratulated on the flower effect of their decorations. The work-a-day appearance of the stall-bars was completely hidden under lengths of green crêpe paper, over which were arranged sun-bursts of twisted yellow with a great chrysanthemum for the center. On the freshman side purple and red alternated to form a background for the class seals.

The spaces for the mascots and sub-teams of both sides were very effective. On that of the sophomore the theme of the sun-burst was carried out with the Hare and the Griffin at either side and the class numerals below and above; on the running track yellow chrysanthemums marked the sides of the alcove with the seal of '07 in the center. The opposite space was draped with purple and red with the Lion and Unicorn in the center and the class numerals below. From the beams of the roof were hung numberless red and purple flags, bearing the class animals, while on the sophomore side were sun-bursts of green and yellow.

At two o'clock those who enjoyed the privilege of reserved seats began to enter, and by half-past two the balcony seemed already full. Then came the general rush and the balcony now fairly swarmed with excited figures.

To visitors it must have been an interesting and amusing sight, the hundreds of different faces, the enthusiastic songs which welcomed the faculty wearing purple or green. Storms of applause greeted the entrance of the teams and the mascots. We do not wonder when we remember the jaunty bearing of the mounted knight of '08, who rode to war a purple unicorn, or the gay little terror-mascot of '07, whose coat of green was fringed with gold and from whose collar floated yellow streamers held by the members of the sub-team, his keepers.

The first half of the game showed remarkable quickness and skill on the part of the freshmen, while the sophomores scarcely did themselves justice, as the score stood 14-16 in favor of the latter. In the second half the sophomore team played up to its mark and beyond it, gaining steadily until at the end of the game the score stood 19-43. But the play was well balanced in spite of the discrepancy in the score. Nineteen-eight showed spirit and promise which frightened the sophomores not a little and caused the juniors to look with pride and satisfaction on their team.

But best of all was the sane and generous spirit of the day and we have good reason to be proud that we have left behind all tendency towards ill-feeling between the classes. The little chariot of '08 drew alike the leaders of freshmen and sophomores, until uniting in one grand triumphal procession, they

gallantly bore the leaders of all the classes, while beam and rafter trembled at the thunder of applause.

The fouls and the detailed score were as follows :

	1907.		1908.	
	First half. Fouls.	Second half. Fouls.	First half. Fouls.	Second half. Fouls.
Running,	1	0	1	1
Knocking out of hand,	0	0	1	1
Bounding,	0	0	0	1
Holding,	2	1	0	0
Line,	2	2	3	5
Close guarding,	3	1	0	1
Pushing,	0	0	0	1
Points from goals from floor,	16	24	12	4
Points from free throws,	0	3	2	1
	16	27	14	5

Total, 48 to 19 in favor of 1907.

On Saturday, March 25, the annual gymnastic drill took place in the gymnasium. It marked the close of a year's work under the direction of Miss Perrin and her assistants, and was witnessed by an

The Gymnastic Drill appreciative audience. The college certainly owes great thanks to Miss Perrin for having left her work in Boston to take the classes at Smith and all who have worked under her feel especially grateful for the interest she has shown in every department of athletics. The drill this year followed the usual program of floor-work and marching, concluded by apparatus work by the three upper classes. The first event was the floor-work of the freshman class, which was done with great precision and in very good form. The æsthetic gymnastics which followed were, as usual, much applauded. The floor-work of the three upper classes came next, and the work of over a hundred girls on the floor at once was very effective. After this came the class marching, the freshmen under Sue Rogers, the sophomores under Jeannette Welch, and the juniors and seniors together under Edna Capen. All the marching was well done and testified to the good work of the leaders. The marching of the juniors and seniors was the lightest and perhaps the best executed. The freshmen showed good control and Sue Rogers proved her presence of mind in a difficult situation, when the marching was interrupted because of the applause of the audience. It might be mentioned here that while approbation is always grateful, it would be better if on such occasions the audience would restrain itself till the end of the performance, as the applause may be rather disconcerting. Work on the various pieces of apparatus followed, the aim in all cases being perfection in form rather than competition. The work of Marie Donohoe, Edna Capen and Emma Loomis is deserving of special mention. After the drill was over, those who had taken part joined in singing to Miss Perrin and her assistants.

EVENTS.	1905.	1906.	1907.
Climbing ropes (one for speed),	Donohoe		Catherwood Tucker O'Brien
Climbing ropes (two for form),	Kitchel	Smythe Denison Cooper Beers	Catherwood
Travelling across ropes,		Putnam Faulkner McBee Beers	
Vertical window ladder,	Perry Kitchel		Roberts Tuthill
Horizontal window ladder,	Wing Abbott Evans	Smythe Loomis	Maxcy Roberts
Horse,	Perry	McBee Cooper	Baker Welch Maxcy
Saddle Horse,	Kitchel Abbott	Loomis Wilson	Curtis Strobhar Baker
Double Booms,	Donohoe	Wilson	Sanborn McDougall
Box I, Box II,	Abbott Evans	Wham Mann	Park Jackson O'Brien Strobhar
Somersault,	Donohoe Evans Capen	Beers Reed Wilson Cooper	McDougall Maxcy
Swing Jump,	Donohoe Capen	Beers Loomis	Kimball O'Brien
Running Broad Jump,	Capen Holden Donohoe	McBee	
Balance-Weigh,	Capen	Wilson Mann	Curtis Sanborn

On Tuesday evening, March 7, an open meeting of the Oriental Society was held in Chemistry Hall. Professor Theodore F. Wright, American director of the Palestine Exploration Fund, delivered an illustrated lecture on "The Hidden Treasures of Palestine". After the lecture a reception was held in the Students' Building.

At the vesper service on Sunday, March 12, Miss Kelley spoke of the Settlement Work which she directs in Kensington, Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, March 16, Professor Tyler of Amherst College delivered a lecture on "The Survival of the Fittest" before an open meeting of the Biological Society in Chemistry Hall.

On Friday afternoon, March 24, Professor Sleeper gave a lecture in Music Hall on "The Composition of the Orchestra", preceding the regular weekly concert given by the faculty of the Music Department.

BASKET BALL TEAMS

1907

<i>Regular Team</i>	<i>Substitute Team</i>
Homes, Jeannette Welch	Mary Francis Hardy
Ruth Cowing	Helen Very Curtis
Marion Hunt Legate	Marguerite Woodruff
Centers, Lulu Morley Sanborn (Capt.)	Julia Lyman Park
Rebecca Vedder McDougall	Ruth Olyphant
Sophie Emeline Wilds	Margaret Duryee Coe (Capt.)
Guards, Eva Baker	Louise Jeannette Bulkley
Alice May Kistler	Stella Weston Tuthill
Hazel Hartwell Catherwood	Bessie Moorhead
Coaches—Marian Elizabeth Rumsey, Marie Lois Donohoe, Julie Edna Capen 1905.	

1908

<i>Regular Team</i>	<i>Substitute Team</i>
Homes, Alta Smith	Madge Atkinson Topping
Mary Susana Rogers	Florence Adelaide Haws (Capt.)
Lucile Parker (Capt.)	Orlena Adeline Zabriskie
Centers, Florence Louise Prince	Katharine Dauchy
Elsie Shaw Riker.	Mildred Springer
Elizabeth Parker	Mary Schermerhorne King
Guards, Clara Edna Meier	Myrtle Eve Smith
Helen Alford Abbott	Amy Leslie Sawtelle
Mabel Emma Wiggins	Margaret Adelia Mills
Coaches—Anna Mary Wilson, Elisabeth Roberts, Emma Rebecca Loomis 1906.	

## ***CALENDAR***

- Apr.** 13, Opening of the Spring Term.
- “ 14, Lecture by Professor Sleeper. Subject: The Analysis of the Symphony.
- “ 15, Lecture by E. J. Myer. Subject: Artistic Singing a Means of Self-Expression.
- “ 19, Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
- “ 22, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- “ 26, Annual meeting of S. C. A. C. W. at 2 o'clock.
- “ 26, Dance—Delta Sigma, White Lodge, 20 Belmont Avenue and 30 Green Street. .
- “ 29, Alpha Society.
- May** 3, Washburn-Tenney House Play.
- “ 10, Junior Promenade.
- “ 13, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

T H E  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS,	
CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB,	ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON,
RUTH MCCALL,	ELOISE GATELY BEERS,
CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE,	LUCIA BELLE JOHNSON,
FLORENCE MANN.	
TREASURER,	BUSINESS MANAGER,
BESSIE ELY AMERMAN.	MARY COMFORT CHAPIN.

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A DEFENCE OF IMMIGRATION

Ever since the founding of the nation, each year has seen an increasing number of immigrants applying for entrance at her various ports. This human wave, which at first had very modest dimensions, has grown to such an extent that it is a cause of alarm to many who are considering the future of the country. In the early part of our national existence immigration was welcomed as being the chief way in which this country with its wide-spread resources could be developed. Even now critics do not object to the enormous increase in itself. It is not the great number of foreigners alone which they feel is dangerous to our institutions, but the class and nationality from which the new-comers spring. They point to the fact that at first the immigrants came from the north of Europe and were similar in character and nationality to the men who founded the land. Now the incomers are mainly from the south of Europe, of races whose manners and customs are utterly foreign to ours, and who cannot grasp our traditions and ideals. The poverty and illiteracy of the new-comers add, in the eyes of these critics, to their general undesirability. It is feared that the mass cannot be assimilated by this nation of ours, or, if it is assimilated, that the resulting product will show degeneracy.



Not all the observers of national tendencies take this view as to the seriousness of the situation arising from the hordes of strangers coming to our gates. I hope to show that the dangers are not so great as the would-be restrictors of immigration imagine.

Let us consider in the first place the history of our own country. The native inhabitants, it must be confessed, are not our ancestors. Doubtless the Indians would have called the Pilgrim Fathers immigrants, had they known the word. If they had thought of themselves as possessors of right ways of thinking and living, their attitude toward the white men could not have been widely different from that which we have toward the strangers who emerge from the steerage of the transatlantic steamers, carrying their household goods with them. Without a doubt they felt their land was being crowded, and soon moved on to become immigrants in the lands of some other tribe in the West. As time went on, ship after ship poured its load of white immigrants into the wide stretches of the New World. The country seemed capacious. New-comers were welcomed and soon had an established position, ready to welcome later arrivals. Our land grew through Europe's overflow of population. Europe now would continue to share with us, but we cry "We have enough."

We started out as a nation with the idea that all men are endowed with equal rights in regard to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Suppose a European thinks that in America he would have a better chance of securing one or all of these things than he has where he was born. Can we consistently deny him the right to try it and see? Our boasted liberty would be a petty privilege if its enjoyment were restricted in that way. It would be to retain the attitude of so many Americans when Louisiana was applying for admission as a state. It was in 1811 and the land had belonged to the United States about eight years. Her people naturally wanted to share in the privileges of citizens. "That can never be," cried the party of opposition. "It would be a violation of the Constitution. The preamble of that document states that it was made to assure certain privileges to the people of the United States and to their posterity. These men are foreigners. They are not descended from men who were citizens when the Constitution was framed. They have no right to be citizens." This

complaint of the restrictors of national privileges in the beginning of the nineteenth century was wisely overruled. Like protests are still being heard in the twentieth century.

It is an undeniable fact that in the condition of foreigners who come to America there is an improvement over that which prevails in their native land. It is seen in the contrast that one finds between houses of foreigners who have lived here for some time and of those who have just come, or of people of the same class in Europe. It is seen in the contrast between newly-arrived immigrants and their friends who meet them at the dock. It is natural that, since they have looked forward to America as the Promised Land, they should feel its spirit in the very atmosphere, even though they cannot pick up gold in the streets as they have been led to believe.

The new spirit takes hold of all the family and shows itself in different ways. The head of the household looks for better employment and higher wages than were to be obtained in the father-land. The young people of the family strive to be like their new countrymen in appearance. The housekeeper copies the ways of the Americans and of the longer-established foreigners around her. Whatever is different from old customs appeals to her. Her inclination towards imitation is especially strong when the case in hand is an improvement upon some former institution. It is said that when Colonel Waring supervised the cleaning of the streets of New York, there was a marked improvement in the housekeeping of the poorer people. They cleaned their houses because the streets made them ashamed, and then they kept them clean because they liked them so.

It is not merely in such external matters that this spirit of emulation and progress is evident. The children of the younger generation show themselves eager to imitate Americans in their desire for education. Of the foreign-born in the United States at the time of the eleventh census, 1,293,171, or 12.9 per cent, were illiterate. Of their children who are born here, only 179,384 or 1.64 per cent. are illiterate. In this respect no slighting comparisons can be drawn between them and the children of native whites. There is no indication that if they had stayed on the other side of the ocean their condition as regards education would have been any better than that of their fathers.

There are three arguments brought forward by opponents of

unrestricted immigration. They are all in the shape of dangers to be apprehended in case the quality and quantity of the stream of immigration are not changed. The first of them has reference to the slum evil, which is a troublesome question for all students of the problems of city life. The argument is based upon the idea that through immigration the crowded parts of our cities are becoming more and more congested. It is claimed that the numbers of foreigners who come here annually add so much to the herding process in the slums that it grows increasingly dangerous. Carroll D. Wright in his "Practical Sociology" gives some statistics which go to show that this view is not true. He gives figures for New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, as being representative of cities. They are for the decade 1880-1890.

	Increase in congested wards.	Increase in whole city.
New York,.....	124,534 or 20.96%	643,794 or 53.36%
Philadelphia, .....	10,776 or 2.68%	446,527 or 52.70%
Boston,.....	2,132 or 2.17%	198,053 or 54.58%

Or, while the whole city of New York grew by 53 per cent, its slums were only 21 per cent greater than before. The same is true of the other cities with an even greater advantage on the non-slum side, and the same feature characterizes many other places for which statistics are not here given. Figures given by Mr. Wright show that slums, instead of growing more congested, are remaining stationary, or even failing to keep pace with the city as a whole. He looks upon this as an indication of a growing tendency among the people to spread over a greater area, to be in the city but not of it, of the march toward the suburbs.

Another of the reputed dangers from immigration is the increased corruption in obtaining and using suffrage, through the ignorance of the foreigners who desire it. The latter see the advantages of work which is obtained by politicians and bosses for those who are citizens and can vote aright. Ignorant of what they are really doing, or careless of results, immigrants go through the form of being naturalized, as they are instructed by the "boss", often committing perjury in the process. When once they are "citizens" they vote according to the orders of any man to whom they are under obligations, or whom they wish to please. Their method of obtaining the ballot is illegal; and their use of it is not free and untrammelled by personal

bias, as should be that of a conscientious citizen responsible for the government which he supports.

Even if all these things be true, they do not seem to me sufficient ground for the exclusion from the country of the people who are likely to fall into such evil ways. If a foreigner comes here and sees a free-born American voting the Democratic ticket because his employer is opposed to the Republican candidate, no amount of education will prevent him from following the example set him, if he thinks it a good one. Do not keep out men because they might fail in the duties of citizens. Rather train them to appreciate their duties and privileges as parts of the government and supporters of it. A course of instruction in what it means to be an American citizen would do more than any amount of restrictions for the purity of the ballot in the hands of our newly acquired countrymen. How can we expect from these former inhabitants of monarchies and empires a political integrity which we do not find in all native-born Americans? The suggested course of instruction would not come amiss to any voters, and would do things that restriction of immigration could never effect.

Perhaps the most serious objection to the free in-coming of immigrants is to be found in the existence of the foreign settlements which have grown up in all large cities. As foreigners come here they naturally settle in places where they are near people who speak their tongue and who are acquainted with their festivals and customs. It gives them a sense of "hominess" amid their strange surroundings to find things to which they have been accustomed all their lives. In this very natural gravitation is seen great peril, since among themselves they cling to their native language, and indulge in the old habits of thought and action. There is a possibility of danger to our free institutions, and yet to my mind it is lessened by two facts. One is, that after a time the overflow from these countries of southern Europe will cease to be so enormous, as the immigration from the north of Europe has decreased, because a certain equilibrium of population will be established. Then our threatening settlements will cease to grow. The other mitigating fact is that the second generation do not remain in the settlements. They learn English and grow ashamed of the foreign tongue and foreign customs. After that they are easily assimilated, and the next generation is truly American. So really it

is merely a question of years before the alarming foreign settlements disappear. Time is their greatest enemy.

A good indication of the intentions of the foreigners who come here is seen in the numbers who are naturalized. If they came here merely for money which they could enjoy in old age, this would be but a useless formality. When they are naturalized it is in the highest degree probable that they and their children will remain here, and help build and protect our nation. From the census of 1900 we find that 56.1 per cent of the foreigners who are here are naturalized, 8.2 per cent have taken out the first papers, and only 21 per cent are true aliens. To the table from which this was taken was appended the remark that the ratio of naturalized foreigners to the whole number of foreigners in the country is on the increase.

One of the best authorities on the subject of immigration is Carroll D. Wright, whose book of "Practical Sociology" has already furnished us some statistics. He says of the institution, "Certain it is that immigration has been a powerful element in the development of our resources, and in the material upbuilding of the nation. Also among the immigrants of the last eighty years and their descendants, many of the best American citizens have been found." Surely there could not be a more positive statement concerning the good which the influx of foreigners contributes to our country.

We have seen that immigration is in accordance with precedent and tradition, that it neither harms our city or national life, nor in itself corrupts the suffrage. If we believe these things it would be inconsistent, to say the least, to impose any restrictions on our prospective citizens.

SUSAN MILLER RAMBO.

### MACAULAY AND CARLYLE ON HERO-WORSHIP

Whether the opponents parry words or blows, mankind seems to take peculiar interest in a quarrel. A crowd gathers quickly for a street-fight, and the rehearsal of a private dispute is generally a palatable morsel for the reading public. Some active characters delight in taking the offensive, and are never so happy as when arguing with a worthy opponent; and even those

who are not so belligerent find a secret satisfaction in contention. This interest is generally proportionate to the prominence of the partisans. To find two famous men standing at swords' points on any important question gives each of us, I think, a pleasurable sensation. Part of it comes, perhaps, from our vanity. If these two whom we have been taught to revere cannot agree, then neither of them is infallible—they are probably as liable to make mistakes as we ourselves. Our attitude is also, I believe, the result of a primitive love of contest. Now though Macaulay and Carlyle never openly attacked each other, we can all feel in reading their essays that they are constantly giving sly thrusts, or when their hostility is less marked, at least that they differed widely on many questions. There is no point on which the contradictory attitude is more evident than on the subject of hero-worship.

A slight acquaintance with the works of Macaulay and Carlyle convinces one that these two biographers hold very different relations toward the men of whom they write. A great man, though long dead, is to Carlyle still a living soul, a personality that differs from every other personality in the world, and that can never lose its identity by the heedless lapse of years; so he loves Burns as truly and deeply as he loves any man of his own time. A thorough understanding of his hero's writings and life, a familiarity with the workings of his mind, is never enough for Carlyle. He must continually search beyond all this and find the man himself. No one can read his description of the pictured Dante without feeling that this foreigner is to Carlyle not the great poet of medieval Italy, dead for centuries, but a living man whose grief and loneliness has moved his soul to its depths. In his essay on Burns and in several other biographical essays there is a fervent love, giving to his words a force which no scholarly skill, no intellectual reasoning, could gain.

Carlyle's feeling for the great men of the past is more than love: it has in it the element of reverence. He himself, in "The Hero as Deity", describes his attitude as "a divine relation", and frankly proclaims himself a hero-worshiper. He is not ashamed to acknowledge that these men were greater than himself, nor to offer openly his tribute to their memories. Sincere in all things, Carlyle has no wish to hide this sentiment.

Do you find any such enthusiasm in Macaulay? By no

means. He is ever striving to guard himself and others against hero-worship. Speaking of his interest in Addison he says, "We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous." There seems not to be much danger that Macaulay will contract this disease which he fears so much. He studies men not to discern their spiritual temper—that inner self which alone can awaken friendship—but for their intellectual characteristics. Books are to him the mirrors of minds, not of souls, and he searches them to find only the processes of thought that produced them. As in the essay on Dryden, he always studies the characteristics of the age, to calculate nicely its effect on the mental development of the individual in question; and having drawn his conclusion from this inspection, he forcefully sets down his opinion of the man as poet, statesman, or man of letters. Consequently he seldom, if ever, attains to kinship with the man himself, and never is guilty of hero-worship. Macaulay admires the book, recognizes its peculiar beauties, but knows relatively little of its author.

He is, in truth, familiar with the man's life. Indeed, so much stress does he lay upon his actions and the part he took in public affairs, that Macaulay's biographies are usually only histories. Even his essay on Milton, in which he does show some affection for the man himself, is principally a discussion of the Puritan party and the Civil War. He is ever interpreting the times through the man. That is the main issue in his mind, and no personality is strong enough to hold his attention centered on itself; he must always return to general history. With Carlyle it is far otherwise; he wrote of the man, not of the times. In his essay, "The Hero as Poet", we feel that we have met Shakespeare, not the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

This dissimilarity in aim of these two biographers seems to have come from a corresponding difference in their estimates of the relative importance of man and of his surroundings. Macaulay has plainly told us in his essay on Dryden that "it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age." All through his works he emphasizes the moulding power of circumstances, rather than the intrinsic genius of the man. Since Macaulay is possessed by this feeling that if Homer had not lived another would have written the Iliad, that without

Raphael we should still have the Sistine Madonna, he is not greatly fascinated by the man who has produced the poem or the picture. His theory has something of fatalism in it—given such a time and such an atmosphere, certain things must be produced.

Now though Carlyle believes, as we all must do, that circumstances influence a man's thought and character, yet to him the human soul is supreme. "We are," he says in "The Hero as Deity", "the miracle of miracles." "It was the unseen and spiritual in them (i. e. the great men of the past) which determined the outward and the actual." So he wrote not history, but biography. This is inevitable from a man who believes that "the history of what man has accomplished is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here."

From these different conceptions of the past, Macaulay and Carlyle, turning toward the future, have very different outlooks. To Macaulay's eyes the prospect for great literature is discouraging. The great past gone, the past that produced Socrates and Plato and Shakespeare, we must no longer expect such great works as they gave us. The world can have no more real poetry, because the age of poetry is past. "Never," he says in his essay on Dryden, "will Italy produce another Inferno, nor England another Hamlet."

Carlyle, however, from his vantage-ground, gains an optimism that no assaults can shake. Since it is the man who is great, no change of circumstances, no aging of the world, no loss of picturesque words, can deprive the future of noble deeds and words. Ever at the critical moment there will arise a leader, a spokesman, not because the time demands him ("Time has called loudly for its great men and there has been no answer"), but because the Omnipotent Power will send into the world a soul great enough for the occasion.

Macaulay and Carlyle differ not only in their fundamental idea of what a hero is, and in their attitude toward hero-worship, but also in their opinion of hero-worshippers. To Macaulay, they are the ignorant and superstitious of the earth. From such a blind devotion as possesses them he prays to be protected. This conventional Englishman fears nothing so much as being ridiculous; and hero-worship savors to him of absurdity, because he believes that these idols which men revere are but the work of their own fond imaginations. "The feel-



ings of pleasure and admiration," he says, "to which the contemplation of great events gives birth, make an object where they do not find one." The only cheerful aspect of the case for him is the probability that as men look more wisely and sanely at the past, the habit of setting a man upon a pedestal will disappear.

This idea so comforting to Macaulay, Carlyle is far from sharing. Believing that there have been and will be great men worthy of homage, he believes also that hero-worship is the sincere expression of love and reverence. Since he himself has entertained the sentiment, he has no cause to imagine that it is a mere superficial whim. And from that deeper optimism which gives him faith in the endurance of good, he feels sure that this capacity for hero-worship, one of the noblest characteristics of man, will remain.

Perhaps the truest measure of the attitude of these two men toward hero-worship is the feeling that they awaken in us for the men whose lives they have written. They cannot give us what they do not themselves possess, and yet as masters of their art they gain at least to some degree the effect that they desire. So when we leave one of Macaulay's essays on a great man with an interest in the man's books, with a clearer understanding of his time, and with a slight understanding of his character, we may feel that this is the effect which Macaulay wishes to produce. He is eager to awaken in his audience enlightened curiosity, not love. His appeal is to our minds, but rarely to our hearts.

On the other hand, we feel that Carlyle not only loves and admires Burns, but would have us do the same. It seems as if Carlyle, conscious of an insight that few possess, wishes to show to the world the very soul of this ploughman-poet; that so, seeing how much greater is the man than his work, men might come to that love and admiration which to Carlyle is one mark of a great soul, and which he calls, not in contempt but in honor, hero-worship.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

## A DAY IN JUNE

Rise, my Love! The morn's first sunbeam  
Parts the mist with quivering ray,  
Warming tardy bees that night-long  
In the cold wet clover lay.

On the lawn light lie the cobwebs,  
Yet unmarred by bright sun's raid;  
'Neath our feet the dewdrops scatter  
From each grass-leaf's jeweled blade.

Come across the wide sweet meadow,  
All aglow with purple bloom,  
Where the swaying long-stemmed violets  
Gently strive for standing-room.

Wild and clear, the wood-thrush calls us!  
In the forest banish care,  
While we breathe in woodland vigor  
From the incense of the air.

JESSIE VALLENTINE.

## GOOD NIGHT

Dear one, good night.  
Once more I hold your picture to the light  
And search each quiet feature for some trace  
Of answering emotion in your face;  
But changeless still your eyes gaze back at me.  
Good night; may the dark hours pass tranquilly  
With you, where'er you are. I kneel beside  
The window, gazing where the heavens wide  
Reveal their infinite majesty of stars;  
Perhaps you too are gazing past the bars  
That time has forged, and dreaming to the night  
Of faces only seen by memory's light.  
At least I know that this same heaven's blue  
Somewhere throughout the world bends over you.

JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY.

## THE PURSUIT OF AN IDEAL

Although lines of social distinction were not so sharply drawn in Meadowbrook as they are in many old Massachusetts towns, the Packards, strictly speaking, had never been "recognized" by the élite of the community in which they lived. That is to say, Mrs. Packard was not on bowing acquaintance—much less on terms of intimacy which would permit calling—with Mrs. Grosvenor Whitaker, fifth descendant of the first Meadowbrook settler; or with Mrs. Sylvester Woburn, whose husband owned the felt works; or with Miss Cornelia Adams, the president of the Woman's Club. Mr. Packard knew the Whitakers and Woburns and Adamses only as customers who had no need to economize in their monthly payments for "tea, coffee, groceries, staple and fancy products", which he offered for sale at the "Boston Branch" store. Mrs. Packard thought of them as individuals whose sphere of life and interests was infinitely removed from her own; whose names she read frequently in the Meadowbrook column of the county paper, but whom she seldom even saw from one year's end to another.

For that matter, Mrs. Packard saw few people. She was a shy, silent, little woman with thin, plainly combed brown hair, and big dark eyes which habitually wore a half-worried, half-startled expression. When neighbor or milk-man or butcher came to the door, she always greeted them through a crack just wide enough to show the frightened, dark eyes and a maroon print wrapper; and the moment their errand was done, she fled back to her cook-stove in terror lest in her absence the biscuits should have burned. The kitchen was her province. The other parts of the house owned her presence only when once a week she came equipped with broom, duster and carpet-sweeper. She never went out of doors. Her husband took the orders for the day when he went to the store in the morning, and at night he brought home the newspaper and the mail. She had never formed the habit of "running in" to the neighbors. She did not go to church. Altogether, she had no reason for going out.

There was, however, one exception to Mrs. Packard's monoto-

nous rule of life. Semi-annually, once in the fall, once in the spring, she would discard the maroon wrapper for a black henrietta, put on her one bonnet with its magenta rose and jet butterfly, take her shiny black hand-bag, and pinning inside the bosom of her gown an envelope containing a roll of bills, she would go to the city to shop for Florence.

Florence was a tall, thin, restless child with eyes very much too big and black for her little, sharp, colorless face. She had a fatal proclivity for outgrowing her clothes, which, in the natural order of things, would have seemed to necessitate more than two outfits per annum. However that may have been in the opinion of other people, Mrs. Packard bought Florence a summer and a winter wardrobe of ready-made garments, and lengthened the skirts and sleeves as long as the cloth held out. Usually the hems were exhausted after the first month's wear and washing, then, until the next acquisition, the child was obliged to manage her superfluity of arms and legs as gracefully as she might.

In spite of the conditions which proved a detriment to her parents' standing in Meadowbrook society, and in spite of the short dresses, Florence was by no means a social outcast. At school, the long, slim legs won her many a race, and her restlessness led her to invent novel and exciting games. Then, too, it was an eager crowd which surrounded her at recess time, all clamoring at once:

"Won't you get us something? a banana? a cookie, Florence? no, some candy! Won't you get us something good to eat?"

And it was a happy little girl who dashed off down the street, panted into the store on the corner and begged "Father" or "Charlie", the clerk, to let her have a "treat", "just this once", "a big, long peppermint stick and frosted cookies and just two or three oranges". In the school-yard (she always got back fully five minutes before the bell rang, thanks to those nimble legs) they sat in a circle on the ground, the enviable chosen ones, the little Whitakers and Woburns together with the Joneses and Donovans, while Florence dealt out the good things. On these occasions there was no one so popular as she.

At dancing-school, however, her favor waned. There the long legs were rather out of their element. Their owner felt awkward and conscious. She was always constrained in the

presence of the "big" boys, with whom she was obliged to dance because she was so much taller than those of her own age. Moreover, there was more or less friendly scheming among fond mothers, who wished their darlings paired off according to picturesqueness and family connections. Florence was by no means slow in learning the steps, but she bobbed and skipped and bounced about like an India-rubber ball. To acquire a graceful glide was at once her ambition and despair.

Florence's childhood was in no way remarkable, except, perhaps, in that she had more than her share of childish diseases and "growing pains". She was never rugged, always excitable, never content to stay in one place for many minutes. There were times, however, when she would devote hours to making doll's clothes. Those nervous little fingers of hers were skilled with the needle and no doll ever boasted a more complete or tasteful wardrobe than the "Lady Sylvia". Sometimes she took Sylvia and her trunkful of clothes to Dorothy Woburn's. Dorothy, who couldn't sew to save her life, tried to learn from Florence. But after her pupil had drawn and gathered and puckered everything until her teacher was ready to fly, Florence gave up the task in despair. It was not long after this that she was introduced by Elizabeth Whitaker to a certain wonderful book. She had never known many fairy tales, but her eager imagination needed few suggestions from Elizabeth to lend itself with enthusiasm to the charm of the "Poppy Book". That was only the beginning. She read "The Wonder Clock", and "Rainbows for Children", and "The Enchanted Forest", and countless more. When the supply was exhausted she began on "real stories", Miss Alcott's and Mrs. Burnett's. She did not run races any more at recess-time, or go to Dorothy Woburn's to play dolls. She and Elizabeth wandered arm in arm around the school-yard, or sat in the Whitakers' summer-house in the afternoon, telling each other what they had read and acting out the stories together.

Florence was fourteen when Mr. Packard bought out a thriving grocer business in Pawtucket and sold the Meadowbrook store. It was an event of some importance in her eyes. Her father was going to a larger place where he would make more money. He would be away all the week, and sometimes she should go on the cars, a real journey to a real city, to see him. Florence had entered the high school that fall and was begin-

ning at that most impressionable age to have all sorts of premonitions and longings. Though as yet they took no definite shape, she was none the less conscious of them. Among other things she realized that there was a barrier between her and Elizabeth. They met less and less frequently to exchange confidences. Dorothy Woburn ignored her almost entirely. She did not care to "chum around" with Laura Jones or Norah Donovan, although they were nice enough girls and disposed to be friendly. As it happened, since she was left much to her own devices, she took to her studies with an earnestness which surprised her teacher.

The school was small and there was but one teacher. He was a young man just out of college, of family connections equal to Mrs. Whitaker's own, who, by adversity of fortune, had been obliged to take the first means of earning a livelihood, and, like the majority of young men of his training and education, had chosen the teacher's profession. Mr. Van Couver was thoroughly an aristocrat. He was also a firm believer in the law of heredity, and the case of Florence Packard at first puzzled, then interested him.

"Where does she get her individuality?" he asked himself.

His curiosity became so strong that he even went so far as to put his pride and sensitiveness in his pocket, and to call on Mrs. Packard. His ring was not answered, even after repeated trials. No one ever came to the *front door* of the Packards' house. At last, despairing but resolute, he walked around to the side steps. A startled little woman in maroon calico peered at him from around the door, which she held timidly ajar. He introduced himself rather awkwardly. The terror grew in the woman's face.

"Jest step 'round to the front," she begged breathlessly. "I'll speak to Florrie," and shut the door.

Mr. Van Couver began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. He walked back to the front of the house. There Florence welcomed him, looking surprised and timidly pleased. She showed him into the parlor and he sat down on the figured plush sofa, above which, on the wall, hung a glass case of wax flowers.

"I hope that I am not inconveniencing your mother," he began, after an awkward pause.

"My mother?" said Florence with a puzzled look. Then, the tone of astonishment deepening, "Oh, you came to see *mother*! I'll tell her," and she left the room.

It was some time before Mrs. Packard appeared in the black henrietta. She was preceded by Florence, who introduced her mother rather shyly to Mr. Van Couver. He did not stay long, and after studying the room, the mother, the daughter, he found himself none the wiser. The mystery remained.

Meanwhile Florence studied hard. She was not intellectual in the sense that Elizabeth Whitaker was intellectual. She was not, indeed, quicker than the average. She was merely intensely, eagerly, singularly interested. There was no subject from Roman history to Latin roots into which she did not inquire with an enthusiasm that was positively refreshing. She did outside reading and lingered after school hours to ask the teacher questions about his travels. She poured over the photographs of foreign places which he brought for her to see.

During that summer when she was half-way through her high school course, Florence's father came home from Pawtucket and was ill for weeks with the jaundice. He was a tall, gaunt Yankee, loud-voiced, far from elegant in his choice of language, and, when under the influence of the irritating disease, decidedly ill-tempered. The frightened, worried expression increased in Mrs. Packard's face, and Florence gave up reading to wait upon her father.

Two things, however, she did not give up. The first was some sewing which she had undertaken for herself. Having come to the age when most girls have visions of what their personal appearance should be, she had reached the conclusion that the semi-annual shopping trips were no longer necessary or desirable. Accordingly she had resolved to look after her wardrobe herself. The daintier work she did; the heavier part she assigned to a seamstress who sometimes sewed for the Woburns. She knew that her father could afford to dress her well, and she realized that she had never had pretty or becoming things. She had reached her full growth, and childish dresses were no longer appropriate. There must be fit and style to her clothes.

The other plan was one which she laid before her father when he had recovered from his illness and was going back to the store.

"I want to go to the Pawtucket school," she told him. "I could ride back and forth on the cars every day and I could see you oftener. I want to go away to a bigger school and meet more people."

Mr. Packard pulled his scraggy whiskers and eyed her narrowly.

"I s'pose," he said, "you wouldn't mind bringin' up a week's supplies now an' then to your mother, or doin' a spell o' book-keepin' in my office when business was drove?"

"No, I wouldn't mind," she answered steadily.

"If you could help out Jim once in a while," said her father, "it might be a real savin'—at least cover your railroad fare. Wa-al, I guess we kin manage it."

So in the fall of her junior year, Florence went to Pawtucket to high school. There her antecedents were not so definitely known as they had been in Meadowbrook. She had developed into rather a fine-looking girl. Her eyes seemed no longer too big or too black; they were now her best feature. Her dark hair was tied back becomingly. Her clothes were not only neat, dainty, but showed traces of genuine ingenuity and taste. She bore herself well, was careful of her English, and studied the manners of the more refined girls whom she met. There was no mistake about her discrimination. She knew good breeding when she saw it. It always reminded her of Elizabeth Whitaker.

Elizabeth and Dorothy had gone away from Meadowbrook to a boarding-school. Florence used to imagine what it would be like to go to boarding-school. She looked around among the Pawtucket girls and tried to decide which ones were most like the girls with whom Elizabeth and Dorothy associated. And these girls she deliberately tried to know.

Now and then there would be a lecture, concert, or reception in connection with the school. To these she went, escorted by some admiring youth who had surrendered to the quite-unconsciously captivating glance of those big, dark eyes. These events afforded special opportunity for studying her friends. She never failed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, but always, through it all, was conscious of watching the deportment of those around her. Again, she gave most earnest attention to the program. She felt herself able to criticize readings and lectures. About music she knew less, but kept her ears open for the comments of others.

The girls whom she sought liked her and in time invited her to their homes, where she met people of the stamp with which she most desired to identify herself. The hours which she



spent in the stuffy little office, sitting on a high stool before Jim's desk, adding long columns of figures, she felt were not particularly improving. It was not merely that the work was irksome, but from the store came the odor of soap and vegetables and kerosene. There was a nasal shouting of clerks and rattling of order-wagons. Now and then an inquisitive customer, catching a glimpse of her through the window over the desk, would stop to stare at the new accountant. Or, glancing up from her books, she would see her father, standing gaunt, ill-dressed, pipe in hand, jerk a thumb in her direction, and winking at the customer say, "My darter," invariably adding with a loud laugh, "Fine, black eyes, if they do say she takes after her pa!"

All this mortified Florence, even more than to carry groceries on the train in a King Arthur flour-sack, which was stamped with the large, colored trade-mark of the brand. She was glad that she never happened to meet any of her school friends on these trying occasions. She felt that, however much they might respect her, the flour-sack would not speak in her favor. Whether her ideal was true or false here, she did not stop to consider.

It was during the summer after her junior year that several of the Pawtucket girls began to write of their intentions of going away in the fall to a "finishing school". Florence's long-cherished ideal returned with redoubled force. Why should not she, too, go away to such a school? She was well aware that her father had the means to send her. If she were to graduate from high school he would no doubt declare that enough, and expect her to take charge of the book-keeping in the store, thus relieving him altogether of the expense of having Jim Clayton. The idea was revolting. She could not, would not consider it.

"I must make him let me go away," she told herself. "If I could only once get among cultured people, live with them, grow to be like them, and study things that I really want to know—music and pictures and history and literature! If I could be like Mrs. Whitaker or Miss De Forest, the art teacher at Pawtucket!"

Mr. Packard seldom came home in these days, unless a return of the jaundice attack made it inevitable, and at such a time it was necessary to deal with him most diplomatically. Florence

did not wait for this. She went to Pawtucket and told her father her wishes. At first he seemed merely amused; then noting her seriousness, he, too, became grave.

"So you ain't satisfied with the schule here?" he asked.

"No, I don't want to stop so soon."

"You're old enough to stop."

"Not many girls stop at eighteen, nowadays, father."

"Gals hev fool notions nowadays," growled Mr. Packard, kicking a cracker-box. Florence waited.

"What do you want to keep on fur?" he asked presently.

"Ain't you larnt abaout all there be to larn?"

"I haven't had time for everything, father."

"For the fancy steps, eh?" he said roughly, but not unkindly.

She glanced up at him quickly, a half-tremulous laugh on her lips.

"Don't you want your daughter very wise and accomplished?" she asked.

He guffawed and laid a heavy hand on her shoulder. "All right," he said. "Go ahead, only don't go in too steep, that's all."

"I may write for the catalogues?" cried Florence. "You really mean that you consent?"

"Yaas. Write fur your books an' send 'em to me. Or, ruther, sence I ain't exactly up in this ladies' seminary business, write me about 'em with the figgers set opposite an' I'll see what I'm up to affordin'. Darters dew come high now 'n' then, but I guess they're wuth it!"

Florence spent a blissful two months preparing to go away in the fall. She designed and superintended the making of her new clothes, and spent hours in planning how she would furnish her room. She had visions of a luxurious couch heaped with downy cushions, of a Harvard banner—one of the Pawtucket youths had promised her one—and a tea-table. She saw herself, clad in a flowing pink house-gown, dispensing tea and cakes to a roomful of girls, all pretty and gay and well dressed, and all with such nice manners. She wouldn't feel shy among them; she would forget herself in their merry comradeship, for well-bred people had a faculty for making correct conversation and deportment quite simple and natural for others. To be sure, when the eventful day arrived and she found herself on the

train, and realized that in a few hours she would be face to face with all these long-anticipated possibilities, a sense of alarm took possession of her. She was daring so much! She was forcing herself upon a world in which she did not belong. She would be so different from everybody else. Perhaps, after all, those other girls would not like her. And Miss Newton, the principal, would she not be very critical?

Florence's fears, however, from the hour of her arrival at Monmouth Hall, were forgotten in the absorbing interests of her new life. It was much as she had expected—the large, old-fashioned houses plainly furnished but rich in books and pictures; the hours for study and quiet; the hours for recreation and social pleasure; the personal interest of the teachers; the liberal choice of studies; the proverbial boarding-school rules and regulations. Miss Newton, though awe-inspiring, was kindly. The girls, the majority of whom came from homes of luxury and refinement, were perfectly normal young people, lazy or diligent, distant or friendly, selfish or thoughtful, as their dispositions prompted. They bore the marks of what Florence had come to label mentally "culture", but they also manifested all the usual inconsistencies of American girls of the day. They seldom committed grammatical errors, to be sure, but they used a great deal of slang. They talked much of "good form", but took evident delight in the unconventional manners of certain Western girls among them. They lay awake into the midnight hours, half a dozen of them packed together in a small, single room, and discussed Ibsen and religion. They were always having new clothes sent from home. They smuggled in candy whenever opportunity offered. They compared notes on heart-affairs; they had "crushes" on each other. Occasionally they even deliberately broke a rule for the sake of the thrilling experience of being all but expelled.

But through it all, one could not fail to be impressed by the fact that they were all of them very nice girls, the sort of which Mrs. Whitakers and Mrs. Woburns are made, and the sort that Elizabeth and Dorothy would have chosen for friends. They were young and not altogether sensible; but they possessed the rudiments of unquestionable good taste, and when they chose to exercise it their faculty of discrimination was really excellent.

Florence elected her studies with an ideal in mind. As she had told her father, she "had not had time for everything",

and now she gave herself up to music, French, history of art and English literature. She always formed one of the party which went with a chaperone to theatre or opera or picture exhibits or concerts. She subscribed to the Shakespeare and Dante lectures. She acted on committees for social affairs; she never missed a tea or a dance; she talked eagerly with everyone, but more than that, she listened well. She began to form all sorts of little dainty habits; to study certain color effects in dress, and in the furnishing of rooms; to think about things which up to this time she had either not noticed at all, or else had put down as unimportant details.

By the second year, when she had become an "old girl", she was undeniably popular. There was always something refreshing about her enthusiasm. Her taste in dress and her tall figure won for her the appellation of a "stunning girl", and those big, dark eyes, while they made, indeed, her only beauty, were in themselves enough to render her thin face remarkably attractive.

In vacation, Florence was invited to visit her Monmouth Hall friends. Her allowance was generous and these opportunities for knowing more of the life she had chosen to adopt were not to be lightly valued. She went about gladly, even gratefully. The girls found her appreciative, interested, always ready for any experience. She met people with a singular eagerness, "did" strange cities with enthusiasm. In short, wherever she went, she thoroughly enjoyed herself.

So it happened that Florence saw little of Meadowbrook during her three years at school. At the end of that time she found the outlook decidedly dismal. To dismantle her room upon which she had spent so much time and thought, improving and adding to its little refinements and luxuries year by year; to say good-bye to her teachers and the girls; to realize that this was indeed the end of her school life, that the responsibilities of womanhood awaited her; that whenever she read or studied henceforth it must be alone, without guidance or companionship; all was full of pain and regret.

She had entreated her mother to come to Monmouth Hall for Commencement, but Mrs. Packard could not gather the courage for such an undertaking. After writing several urgent letters and receiving as many apologetic, piteous, little replies begging that "Florrie" would not press the matter further, for she did

not know "how to leave" when there was "so much to do", Florence gave up the attempt. When all was finally over, the packing-boxes sent; when Florence had said the last reluctant farewells and was on the train bound for Meadowbrook, she thought over everything,—what her past life had been, what her future life held, the place she was leaving forever, and the place whither she was going which she called "home". She thought of the Whitakers and Woburns. She had changed a great deal. Might she possibly renew her childhood intimacy with Elizabeth and Dorothy?

She thought of the house where she had lived from the age of five to the time when she went away to school. Her father had bought it from a man who in building for his own family had gone too heavily into debt and had been obliged to sell before he could move into it. It was on a new street lined with a few young maples propped up against poles. There was a "lawn" on one side with an apple-tree in the middle. The house itself was not large. Its designer had evidently taken his choice between spaciousness and ornamentation. As a result, there was a redundancy of gingerbread work and a liberal smattering of stained-glass windows. The rooms were small, and crowded with the ungainly furnishings of twenty-five years before. Nothing was antique enough to be artistic, or modern enough to be unobtrusive. Every article was of the half-way-between period when black walnut side-boards, marble-topped tables, fringed chairs, and chromos predominated.

At the home station Florence was met by a little woman in black. She stood on the platform at a cautious distance from the train and peered up anxiously at the passengers who alighted. When Florence saw her she was reminded of other considerations than social distinctions and ugly furniture. She put her arms around the little figure and said, "Mother dear!" in a tone that brought tears into the wistful eyes. Then she turned to go toward town, but her mother laid a hand, timidly protesting, on her arm.

"Not that way, Florrie," she said. "We ain't livin' on Spring Street now. Your father had a chance to sell and we moved about two weeks ago. I didn't think it wuth while to write about it, you was comin' home so soon."

She had turned and was starting down the dingy little street running parallel with the railroad track. Florence followed

dumbly. There was no sidewalk, only a half-worn path along the road which was ankle-deep with fine sand and coal-dust. They passed a livery-stable. Beyond stood two houses exactly alike, which had once been white, but were now streaked with soot and smoke from the cars. They were houses that Mr. Packard had built several years before of the cheapest possible materials, as homes for felt-work hands. Each contained an upper and lower tenement. Florence lifted her fawn-colored etamine skirt and picked her way through the black dust after her mother, her head high, her cheeks crimson. At the second of the two houses Mrs. Packard stopped. She took a key from behind a blind and unlocked the side door. Then she led the way up a flight of narrow back-stairs, through a kitchen, into a dining-room, and opened a door of a small chamber. Florence walked in and began mechanically to remove her hat and gloves.

For many nights, after she was in bed, Florence pondered over the problem. At first she thought that she could not endure it, that she must persuade her father to take a house in another part of the town. There was one for sale on Chestnut street, a pretty cottage in a pleasant neighborhood. And then it occurred to her that if she succeeded in prevailing upon him to make such a change, everybody in Meadowbrook would say that she had come to look down upon her parents, to consider herself their superior. It was they who had given her the opportunities which had meant so much. She was resolved in no way to give evidence of her disappointment. People should not know that she did not entirely honor and admire her parents' mode of living. But if they stayed in this objectionable house, at least she could do something to make it more endurable. She thought of the letters from Monmouth Hall girls and others whom she had met on her vacation visits, begging permission to come and see her in Meadowbrook. How could she receive them? Ah, but she *would*, quite as though there were nothing to be said. She would make no excuses, offer no explanations. She would invite them to come. And yet, she trembled at the idea of subjecting those whose friendship she most valued to so extreme a test.

But there must be at least one room in which she could receive them, and perhaps manage to forget her uncongenial surroundings. With this determination she asked her father's permission to refurnish the parlor. At first he grumbled as

usual, but finally gave the money. Then Florence designed and executed her scheme. She had the walls covered with a warm red paper as nearly as possible like that in Miss Newton's library at Monmouth Hall. The old carpet with its gray background and big red roses would do, she thought; they were using large-flowered carpets again. The figured plush sofa and chairs also looked very well with the plain paper. The marble-topped stand, however, was replaced by a mahogany table, highly polished. She also bought a book-case to match and filled it with all the literature that the house afforded, not including the books which she kept in her own room. These volumes she collected and arranged in imposing array. Behind the glass door one could read the titles in gilt letters on the blue, red and green cloth bindings, "Gems from a Hundred Poets", "Boys of '61", "From Log Cabin to White House", "The World's History of Useful Knowledge", "Our War With Spain", "Lives of the Presidents".

Having risen above the lace-curtain period in the evolution of artistic taste, Florence hung the windows with a deep cream net. These draperies were not looped back. They hung straight from their rods, softening if not excluding the opposite view, which offered a rather interesting study in architectural monuments. First came the end of the railway station, then a cowshed, next a coal-barn open on the side toward the street, beyond that a tread-mill.

The house boasted no furnace, and as the parlor was quite cut off from the other rooms, in cold weather a stove was indispensable. Florence longed to replace the tall, shiny, iron heater, surmounted by a nickel-plated warrior in full armor, by a small open stove. At this, however, Mr. Packard drew the line.

"It's a good stove," he said, "and new last year. We don't need it in none o' the other rooms, and I ain't a-goin' to put in nothin' different."

Florence was obliged to submit. She draped the mantel-piece over the offensive object with red silk, and put the black and gilt clock on it. Then she turned her attention to the finishing touches. She bought half a dozen pictures inconspicuously framed in dark wood, copies of the works of well-known artists, "A Reading from Homer", "Medea", "The Baby Stuart", and two Madonnas. To complete the whole and to give the necessary, classical touch, she invested in a really fine reproduc-

tion, nearly three feet high, of the Venus de Milo, which was given a station of honor on top of the book-case.

When the work was finished, Florence felt in a measure happier. It wasn't by any means perfect. The stove was an eye-sore, and in such intimate association with its Ethiopian blackness, the Venus struck her at times as somewhat ridiculous. In this room she lived a succession of silent tragedies, quite unsuspected by anyone. She invited her friends to visit her, welcomed them frankly and naturally, and talked over her boarding-school days and former intimacies. But always, in spite of her outward calm, she was watching for the least shade of condescension or disdain in their manner toward her. Watching and dreading these experiences, cost her pain, but they also gave her a sense of joy and triumph which she had never before known. She was learning the deeper meaning of the ideal which she had made her own, the spirit of the true gentlewoman.

It was one evening soon after the parlor was finished that Elizabeth Whitaker and Dorothy Woburn called. In the soft light of the lamp with its rosy shade, the stove receded dimly into the shadows of the farther corner; the scene from the window was excluded by the outer darkness, and Florence in a graceful cream-colored gown, her dark eyes shining with welcome and pleasure, made a very pleasant impression upon her old school-mates. They knew some of the girls whom Florence had known at Monmouth Hall, and between old and new friends, there was plenty to draw the three together. Not long afterward, Florence was invited to join Elizabeth and Dorothy and some of the other Meadowbrook young people in some amateur theatricals. That was only the beginning. Invitations to card-parties, Welsh-rarebit parties, drives and tennis tournaments followed. More personal intimacy also developed. Florence and Elizabeth renewed their childish relations, save that this time it was not "The Poppy Book" and "Little Women" which they read and discussed, but Stevenson and Kipling.

The winter after Florence's return, Dorothy Woburn gave a birthday ball. It was the one event talked of for weeks in Meadowbrook and the neighboring towns. Florence Packard was invited. She spent much time and thought upon her costume. It must be becoming, individual, and in perfect taste.

\* \* \* \* \*



Dorothy Woburn stood by her mother receiving. There had already been several dances and nearly everyone had arrived. Presently at one of the door-ways a group of young people, all chatting and laughing, made way to admit a young man, evidently a late-comer, who crossed to the corner where Dorothy and Mrs. Woburn stood. Several people turned to look after him. He was about twenty-seven years of age, slender, immaculately dressed, with a sensitive, thoughtful face, and the general air of a man of refinement and studious habits. Upon seeing him, Dorothy's face lighted. She gave him her little white-gloved hand eagerly.

"I am so glad!" she was saying. "I was afraid professors might consider themselves above such frivolities."

"You thought I might not come?" he asked reproachfully.

"Your collegiate duties must be very pressing," she replied demurely.

He laughed and appealed to Mrs. Woburn, who was looking the picture of smiling, maternal satisfaction.

"Miss Dorothy has not changed," he said. "She still knows how to avoid the questions she prefers not to answer."

"It seems so natural to hear you say 'Miss Dorothy,'" the girl replied, "I almost expect you to ask me to name the Rameses in order or conjugate a Latin verb. Oh! this is a waltz! Don't you *love* to waltz, Mr. Van Couver, even if you are a dignified professor!"

He bowed, murmuring, "May I have the pleasure?" and they floated off together. Half-way down the room she felt that his attention was riveted on some one behind her.

"Who is that young lady with Mr. Whitaker?" he asked.

Dorothy, turning in the dance, saw a couple entering—Dick Whitaker, blonde and elegant, escorting a dark girl in a yellow gown. There was no denying the fact that she was striking. The simple lines of the pale, shimmering dress were particularly well adapted to the tall, lithe figure. She held herself erect. Her dark eyes shone. There was at once a buoyancy and a dignity about her. Dorothy looked up at her partner.

"Of course you remember her! It's Miss Packard—Florence Packard. She used to sit in the back seat behind Elizabeth Whitaker, and knew the classical dictionary by heart."

At the close of the dance they found themselves standing near Florence and her escort.

"Will you introduce me?" asked Mr. Van Couver, and the next moment was bowing before the dark eyes and repeating Miss Packard's name. Then in some way an exchange of partners was effected, and he found himself gliding off with his old pupil. It was only natural that Florence should ask questions and that he should answer them, so that, as far as he was concerned, by the end of the number they had managed pretty well to fill up the gap of five years. He was eager to ask questions on his side, but something restrained him. She did not offer to talk of herself. Later in the evening he sought her for another dance, but her program was full.

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "The other was so nice!" and Mr. Van Couver wondered why that ordinary little speech kept ringing in his ears even when the music was loudest. Once he sat out a dance with Elizabeth Whitaker, and Florence passed. Elizabeth turned to him with enthusiasm.

"You remember Florence Packard?" she said. "Well, you know, she went away to school and improved such a lot, and now she's living at home, and we shouldn't know how to get along without her! She reads so many books and has just the best ideas about everything. She's a great friend of mine, and Dick—well, I'm really beginning to get suspicious of Dick, though he never has been really serious about anyone yet."

There were other events, in due course of time, to bring Mr. Van Couver to Meadowbrook. He was constantly meeting Florence Packard and showing a preference for her society, of which before long she became conscious. After the first shock of incredulity and pleasure, the thought flashed through her mind that he was seeing her under false conditions, at an advantage which was unfair to him. In such surroundings as these, she was always at her best. Had he forgotten that day, nearly seven years before, when he had sat on the figured plush sofa and talked with evident constraint to her and to her mother?

In answer to these promptings of conscience, she granted with misgiving and even with dread his request to call. When he came she received him in the red parlor, whose imperfections had never before seemed to her so glaring. But she forgot the room in his talk of books and college. And he forgot whatever might have impressed him unpleasantly, in the ready sympathy of those dark eyes. He led her on to talk of herself, her reading, her ideals. When he felt that the red parlor was confining,

he took her out of doors, and there, in the freedom of the open air, her true self shone like a flower in the sunshine.

Mr. Van Couver was not slow in perceiving that what Florence Packard wanted lay within his power to give her; also that there would be unlimited joy in the giving. She, as the months went by, grew to realize that the hours which she spent with him were the happiest she had ever known. At such times she felt that, curiously enough, all her wishes were being granted.

There was but one natural conclusion to such thoughts as these, although it was not definitely put into words until nearly six months after the occasion of Dorothy's birthday ball. When, after one perfect moment of confession and promise, Florence had fled to her own room and felt every nerve tingling with exultation and joy, loverlike, she attributed all that she was to him.

"He was the first to help me see," she cried to herself, "and now he has made me realize my ideal."

MARION SAVAGE.

## SKETCHES

### A SONG

"Te-weet! Te-weet!"  
Softly, strangely, subtly sweet,  
The rich full notes are flung at my feet  
In a passion of rapture,—  
As if to capture  
My heart and my soul, as I pass on the street.

### A LULLABY

Dost thou hear, little one, the bees in the clover?  
The breeze as it passes the willow-tree over?  
The trickling of water outside in the fountain?  
The rustle of pine-trees high up on the mountain?  
Lullaby, lullaby,  
Now the sounds slowly die—  
Into Dreamland thou'rt stealing,  
Little one, lullaby.

Now hushed is the hum of the bees in the clover;  
The breeze has passed by, for its short life is over;  
The water has ceased its bright song in the fountain;  
The pine-trees are silent and calm on the mountain.  
Lullaby, lullaby,  
Not a sound—not a sigh—  
All nature is silent  
For thee—lullaby.

HELEN CHAPIN MOODEY.

Miss Mary slowly and caressingly counted over the small pile  
of silver in her lap, by the failing light of the bleak bay-window.  
The house was large and brown,  
The Hat or the Horse sombre outside as well as in, with a  
dismal evergreen in the front yard,  
and a superfluity of curtainless windows. The neighbors won-

dered why Howe's place was never lit up. Mrs. Stebbins, whose front porch commanded a view of many of the bare windows, supposed "old man Howe'd rather sit in the dark than let his poor wife burn a little oil."

It was growing dark now even in the west bay-window, and little Miss Nellie was fairly groping about as she set the supper table, accompanying the clatter of the dishes by an occasional remark in her nasal treble. Opposite Miss Mary the slight, white-haired mother was quietly knitting in the semi-darkness, and looking down the street for the home-coming of her husband, even as she had watched every day for over forty years. Miss Mary still lovingly fingered the coins in her lap.

"Well, Mary," quavered the mild tones of her sister, "how much does it come to?"

"Five dollars and twenty-five cents," Miss Howe replied with an actual flush of pleasure. She was middle-aged and plain, and there were streaks of gray in her straight black hair. The years had slipped imperceptibly away in a quietly accepted round of dusting and dish-washing. Neighbors conjectured that she must be on the shady side of forty. But even the long tyranny of a stingy, arbitrary father and an eccentric, unsympathetic brother had been insufficient to efface all the little longings and desires of the normal woman's heart, and it was but natural that some of these yearnings should have been wasted upon unattainable good clothes. Mrs. Stebbins always declared that Mr. Howe himself bought goods by the piece for his wife and daughters to "make up", and that they accordingly, and without objection, made it up—as perhaps Mrs. Stebbins did the story.

However, Miss Mary had arrived by a process of comparison at the conclusion that she had worn her winter hat just three years too long, that it had been but a poor apology for a hat in the first place, and that, for once in her life, she would have a hat "ready trimmed", if she had to pay as much as five dollars for it. She had boldly announced this resolution to her mother and sister, who, as possessors of more modern hats, generously endorsed her project.

"I wouldn't dream of usin' my music money for myself," Miss Howe apologized, "only it does seem as if every bow and piece o' jet on that old black felt gets on my mind so I can't sense what the minister's sayin' for wonderin' if Mrs. Norton is starin' me in the back of the head."

The little Bigby girl, who was being "started" in piano lessons by Miss Mary, was vaguely conscious of something unusually purposeful in her teacher's instruction on the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons following this declaration. The seventy-five cents a week that the music lessons brought, formerly devoted intact to flower-seeds for the little box-bordered garden, henceforth suffered division, and Miss Mary watched with delight the slowly increasing pile of hat-money. Now the sum, an enticingly prodigal amount to pay for a hat, was more than completed. So Miss Mary, with rose colored dreams in the fading daylight, was planning a visit to the milliner's, contemplating an ostrich-plume, and possibly a rhinestone buckle, like the much-admired acquisition of the minister's wife.

"Your brother's coming," remarked Mrs. Howe, resignedly, as a man ran across the street, vaulted the low fence, and in a falsetto voice greeted the cat with an extravagance of cordiality never wasted on the family. With deliberation he removed his coat for the better frolic with Betty in the cool of the evening, and the greater comfort at the family supper-table.

"Edward," whined Miss Nellie, "you'd better come in to supper now. It's all on the table, and here comes Pa."

Pa was a tall man with a slight stoop and a long rusty gray beard.

"Old man Howe," said Neighbor Stebbins, who said many things, "wouldn't shave off his beard any more'n he'd cut down that unsightly evergreen in the front yard, for if he got rid o' both of 'em he'd have to wear a necktie and paint his old sun-blistered house."

"There ain't nobody knows," her boarder would reply, "what his poor wife has to put up with, with him so close-fisted, and Ed pernickety like he is about his victuals. Why, Nellie told me that her brother was never satisfied with the butter but once in her recollection. I guess likely that time bothered his mother more than his everlastin' complainin' that she's more used to."

At the Howe tea-table the men of the house refreshed themselves in silence, while Miss Mary and Miss Nellie discussed the quality of the season's raspberries. Raspberries were to Miss Nellie what music lessons were to Miss Mary—the source of pin-money, which, however, could have meant nothing more extravagant than hairpins.

"Father," remarked the younger man, after a deep draught of iced tea, "what on earth do you keep old Tom out there for, taking up room in the barn? He's no good to anybody."

"Why—what—you wouldn't sell him, would you?" asked Miss Mary.

"Huh—sell him! I guess he's about ready for the bone-yard," said her father gruffly. "He's half blind, and he gets lamer every day. Tell Jones to put him out of the way and see what he can get for the carcass."

"I hate to see old Tom go," ventured Mrs. Howe.

"You might sell him—alive," said little Miss Nellie, tentatively.

Her brother laughed scornfully.

"Who'd want an old nag like that?" he said. "Shoot him and be done with it."

The women said no more. There was nothing more to say. They set to work "clearing off" the table. After the dishes were washed, they joined Mr. Howe and Edward, as usual, on the small side-porch, where the men were silently smoking, their chairs tipped back against the railing.

"Mary," said her mother, dragging a wicker chair out to the porch, "you better go down to Miss Frost's to-morrow morning. There's a hat opening."

"I dunno's I'll go, after all," said Miss Mary in a tone of constraint.

"Why not?" said her sister. "You're not thinkin' of travelin' clear to Robbinsville for it, are you?"

"No—but—we'll see." Miss Mary was plainly embarrassed. She dreaded lest her father might enter into the discussion. He was apt to be unduly interested in their little shopping tours. She arose and walked away around the corner of the house.

A little later Mr. Howe, going to the barn to "have a look at the old nag", found his elder daughter abstractedly offering wisps of hay to the worn-out horse and stroking his spare black mane. At her father's step, Miss Mary turned abruptly.

"Pa," she said, "I believe I'll keep old Tom. Do you suppose you'll have to shoot him?"

"You keep him? What good is he? He's only eating his head off here. He'll bring something dead. I'll have him shot to-morrow."

Miss Mary nervously pulled to pieces the straw she had been thrusting toward the unappreciative horse. Then she began again, in spite of the note of finality in her father's voice.

"Pa, I've got five dollars I believe I'd like to spend. I dunno how much a dead horse is worth, but I thought may be you'd let me have him alive for that."

Mr. Howe looked at her with some curiosity, but he was not startled out of his ordinary habit of mind.

"Well, if you want him that bad I suppose you can have him. It beats me what you want him for, though. He takes up good room in the barn, too."

"I'll leave the money in the desk drawer for you," said his daughter, and walked hastily up the little roadway to the kitchen door. She sank wearily on the top step of the back porch to think how to tell her mother and sister. They would want to know why she wasn't going to the opening.

"Poor old Tom," she thought. "He may live some time if I walk him up and down the yard every day. After he's taken us out so many Sunday afternoons, I'd rather have him die of old age than see him shot."

The other phase of the matter was not pleasant to contemplate, and Miss Mary sighed regretfully at the thought of another season for the old black hat.

"But if I hadn't done it," she told herself, with conviction, groping her way through the dark house to the side porch, "I'd never have taken a bit of comfort in a new hat—not if it was stylisher'n Mrs. Norton's herself—for I'd always have felt just as if I was wearin' old Tom's tombstone on my head."

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE.

THE DAWN SONG

Riotous red and gold, flame that is hot and is cold,  
Over the edge of the hills it rose,  
Sweeping a path thro' the gray.  
The story is told that in years now old,  
Before the days when our life-blood froze,  
Thus came the dawn of the day.

Standing high on the hill, the world so fair and so still,  
Purple mist lying far below  
Clothing a silver stream,  
Watching, he drank his fill of a joy that we never will,  
A fullness of heart that we none of us know,  
A joy we can only dream.



Seeing the wonder there, breathing the magic air.  
 Quick ran his blood at the sight,  
 This man of the ages gone ;  
 And he lifted his voice and sang, till the hills and the valleys rang,—  
 He sang a hymn to the wondrous light,  
 He sang the song of the dawn.

So often our bread is stale, our lips and our cheeks are pale,  
 For we live the life of the brain,  
 And sad and mean is our part !  
 Could we but go in the morn to the heights where joy is born,—  
 Go out and our gods regain,  
 With the song of the dawn in our heart !

MARIETTA ADELAIDE HYDE.

It was bad enough to have a snub nose—but red hair too! That was the height of misery! So thought Reddy Ann as she eyed with disfavor those portions of her reflection in the wiggly mirror. It was a real mean mirror; it made your nose twice as big, and your head had a sharp point on it which ran in all directions as you moved. Reddy Ann sighed. Just as red and even redder than yesterday. But the school bell rang and Reddy Ann pulled her tam o'shanter down over her ears, thrust her short arms into the still shorter sleeves of her jacket and trotted along to the white schoolhouse at the bottom of the hill.

"Hullo! Reddy Ann," shouted the leading spirit of the demon contingent, "hustle in with you, or you'll melt the snow." This remark was given emphasis by an icy snowball, which Reddy from long practice managed to dodge. She flew into the cloak room. "Horrid things! couldn't they leave me alone one minute?"

To add to her unpleasant frame of mind, the teacher, after opening exercises introduced the school inspector to her unwilling charges. He had an inconvenient fondness for asking questions. The demon contingent looked subdued, slouched uneasily at their desks, scraped their heels nervously on the floor, while the angels with quivering pigtaails, although trying hard to appear brave, looked decidedly frightened.

"Children," said the inspector with a vague smile that might have meant anything, "to-day the examination will take the form of a spelling match. You all like spelling matches, don't you?"

The school nodded a judicious assent.

"Well, you'll like this one, for there's going to be a prize—a fine gold medal to the boy or girl who wins. The boys against the girls, and I shall choose captains. Tom Whitcombe"—the chief demon arose—"and—and"—he looked in Reddy Ann's direction—"that little red-haired girl over there—I can't remember her name."

"Reddy Ann!" cried Tom, looking a little maliciously at the girl. An angry glance from Reddy Ann shot first at Tom and then at the inspector.

"What's the matter, Reddy Ann? Don't you want to be captain?"

Reddy Ann's face grew as red as her hair; swelling she burst forth, "My name isn't Reddy Ann! It's Annie Parsons!"

The inspector smiled. "Well, Annie Parsons, you shall lead the spelling match."

Tom Whitcombe giggled. Reddy Ann's eyes blazed.

The spelling match began—easy words at first—real easy ones; Reddy Ann could spell them all; but bye and bye they became harder, so that people missed and had to sit down. Finally only the two captains were left confronting each other defiantly.

"Sphinx."

Tom's face fell; the arch-fiend seeing the foreshadowing of victory in his opponent's glistening eyes, quailed, put his hands in his pockets and stood on his other foot.

"S-p-h—" said Tom, and then stopped, "S-p-h—" Reddy Ann grinned. "S-p-h-y-n-x."

"Wrong!"

"Tom sank to his seat, with Reddy Ann's voice ringing out, loud and clear, "S-p-h-i-n-x!" She had won the spelling match. As she sat down she caught sight of her reflection in the looking glass that peered out from the half open door of the cloak room. Her smile vanished; she was still Reddy Ann. The next moment she was sobbing at her desk, her red hair buried in her arms. The inspector came to her and put his hand on her shoulder, for he had a heart in spite of his calling.

"You mustn't cry—you've won the medal."

Reddy Ann looked through her tears at the glittering object which he held before her. In answer she wailed, "They all call me Reddy Ann!"

The inspector had a moment of enlightenment. "We won't spell it that way any longer. You've won the medal, "*Ready* Ann!"

MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON.

## ATTAINMENT

A road led straight to the sunset,  
Up a hillside rugged and old,  
At the top of the height was the end of the world—  
A wonderful glory of gold—  
And the staff of one who strove was hope  
As he plodded that road toward the west,  
For beyond was the land of promise,  
Where the troubled and toil-worn rest.

With a mighty effort, he gained the hill  
He had hoped to find aglow,  
And he found it as bleak and bare and cold  
As the valley down below,  
While on and on stretched other heights  
Still farther toward the west,  
And over the distant summits shone  
The glory of his quest.

HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.

## THE SPRING HAS COME

The spring has come. How do I know?  
Because all nature tells me so.  
The birds high in the branches sing,  
For oh, there's life in everything.

The hills are covered with a mist,  
And yet by heaven and sun are kissed;  
The babbling brooks their tidings bring,  
For oh, there's life in everything.

The poppies blush in dress of red,  
The purple violet lifts her head,  
The little bluebells softly ring,  
For oh, there's life in everything.

The apple-trees with blossoms sweet  
Each bee in passing stops to greet,  
Red robin on his branch doth swing,  
For oh, there's life in everything.

Across the meadow and the lea,  
Upon each shrub and every tree  
All nature murmurs of the spring,  
For oh, there's life in everything.

All the world is emerald green,  
Nature's now the ruling queen,  
Love, mirth, and joy shall be her king,  
For oh, there's life in everything.

AMY EVELYN COLLIER.

Mrs. Grier was dressing her son, James Oswald. It was an operation in which she took an aesthetic pleasure, for James Oswald was, to her eyes, just at that cherubic age when he looked his best in short stockings and slippers and a Russian blouse suit—Mrs. Grier would have died rather than call it a Buster Brown. But although usually a meek, unoriginal little fellow, securely tied to the maternal apron string, James Oswald had really reached that time of life when the boyish soul first resents gushing references to “soft brown eyes” and “long yellow curls,” and when one little tooth gives its first sickening wiggle.

To-day the hour which Mrs. Grier always required for the curling and dressing process seemed particularly irksome to James Oswald, for deep down in his heart was a plot,—a plot which had been growing for some time, and to-day would give him a chance to carry it out,—his mother was to be gone all the morning and he would be left with Norah. James Oswald felt that this was very unusual. Always before he had been proudly paraded down the street, more or less obscured by his mother's voluminous skirts as she insisted on keeping hold of his hand. It was bad enough to have curls and wear girl clothes, but to have some one tugging at his hand when boys smaller than he walked proudly off alone—oh, it was galling! Squirm as he would he could not get his hand away; he did not know how to get rid of those clothes; but after making careful inquiries of Norah, he knew that after hair was cut it took a long time to grow again. He was going to cut off his curls! The bare thought of it made his heart beat so that he was afraid his mother would hear it. It seemed to him that she spent twice as long on each curl as she had ever done before; she tied his necktie three times before she was satisfied with it; and her calmly reiterated “James Oswald, stand still!” made him desperate. How he hated that name! He knew how to get rid of the curls and he was going to do it; but oh, if only he could get

away from that name he might be like other boys. Perhaps then he could play with that boy next door who wore really truly trousers and hadn't any curls, and who made that fascinating cough with the big hiccough at one end of it. James Oswald did wish he could make that cough; he had tried in private once, but mother heard him and took him right down to the doctor, who gave him some nasty medicine. But to-day was to be his opportunity, and an unholy joy filled his heart as he watched Mrs. Grier step into her carriage and drive away, calling back directions to James Oswald and Norah. Norah also had desgns of her own and rejoiced as the carriage disappeared from sight; so, extracting a promise from James Oswald not to leave the yard, she proceeded to forget all about him.

For a moment James Oswald shivered with anticipation, then he crept cautiously into the house and upstairs to his play-room. With beating heart and many pauses to listen, he drew out from among his playthings a formidable pair of shears. He was so afraid of them! If only he could get some one to help him! Clutching the shears in both hands he raised them and slashed at the big curl on top of his head, the one that was always coming out and hanging before his eyes. That first cut wasn't successful,—only some little pieces of hair fell off; so James Oswald tried again. He was becoming interested now, his eyes were bright, and his tongue and chin followed the gyrations of the shears.

The big curl came off at last and fell, a shining spiral, on the rug. James Oswald set his heel on it and twisted around several times. It was such a relief to his feelings! But the curls at his ears were scarcely less annoying, and he attacked them viciously, his courage increasing with every snip that he made. These curls had a troublesome way of twisting about the shears, but at last they, too, came off—in sections. James Oswald rested from his arduous labors and felt around his head to find out if he had them all off. No, there was a bunch of them still hanging down his back. He tried again. Queer that he couldn't get them; his arms were aching dreadfully. He wished he could cry, but boys who didn't have curls didn't cry; the boy next door never did. Perhaps that boy would cut them for him, and there was that cough, too! He dropped the shears, slid down stairs, and ran into the yard. There was the boy playing just the other side of the fence. James Oswald approached him cautiously.

"Hullo," he said.

"Hullo," answered the boy. A pause followed, during which they studied one another solemnly.

"I got a new top," said James Oswald. A pause, then "Come on over and play in my yard," he added.

"All right," said the boy, and he crept through the fence.

"What's your name?"

"Jack. What's yours?"

James Oswald glanced furtively around. "Call me Jim," he said, hurriedly.

"All right," answered Jack. "Say, what's the matter with your head? It looks just like our fur rug after the dog chewed it."

James Oswald considered. "I'll tell you if you'll tell me how to do that cough," he said. "I've tried and tried and I can't make it."

"D-done," gasped Jack, in the first strangling spasms of the cough that came unexpectedly. James Oswald watched him, deeply interested. Never had he heard anything quite equal to that cough.

When James Oswald told his story Jack rose nobly to the occasion.

"I'll cut 'em for you," he said. "Get your scissors."

They went up-stairs to the play-room, Jack wielded the shears, and the last bunch of curls fell to the floor. He was plainly interested. "I'm going to be a barber when I grow up," he said. "Let me do your hair the way the barber does mine."

James Oswald confidently submitted. "When I grow up," he began, "I'm going to be wicked, and swear, and fight, and murder people, and set fire to things, and drink, and smoke, and—and—"

"What for?" asked Jack, much impressed.

"'Cause," answered James Oswald, "all the Bills and Jims that mother tells me of do such things, and they have lots better times than the Jameses and Samuels. Besides, they don't have to mind."

Jack nodded comprehendingly, and dropping the shears and comb, walked around James Oswald to study the somewhat variegated results of his work. "Now when you get that petticoat off you'll look better," he remarked.

"Cut it," commanded James Oswald.

"What'll your mother say?"

"Cut it!"

"Say, you're awful brave, ain't you? My mother'd give me an awful licking for this." Jack was making irregular, up-and-down slashes around the petticoat.

"What's a licking?" demanded James Oswald over his shoulder.

"Oh, it's when your mother takes a hair-brush to you," explained Jack. "It hurts," he murmured reminiscently, touching himself in various exposed places.

"I guess I ain't never been licked," observed James Oswald.

"Oh, you will be sure enough when your mother sees you now," answered Jack cheerfully. "Come on out of doors and play. There's a dandy puddle in your back yard."

Given two small boys, a mud-puddle, an absolute disregard for dirt, and no interfering older people, and you have a combination that for pure happiness cannot be surpassed. So Jack and James Oswald spent a blissful morning. About noon, however, James Oswald, forgetting his newly acquired dignities, his heart overflowing with thankfulness to him who had made all this possible, and remembering many lessons of the past, stretched out both arms to Jack and said sweetly:

"Oh, I love you so I'd just like to kiss you!"

"Oh, I say!" scoffed Jack. "Of all the sissy boys I ever saw you're the worst!"

"I ain't a sissy boy!" retorted James Oswald, almost crying.

"Sissy! Sissy! Sissy!" taunted Jack.

Then did James Oswald call forth his latent manhood, and doubling up a tiny fist, he struck the astonished Jack fairly on the nose. Of course no normal boy could stand that without striking back, and Jack proceeded to demonstrate his normal qualities in a thorough-going fashion, just as the wheels of a carriage sounded on the drive. Like a startled rabbit he scuttled home, leaving James Oswald to pick himself up and prepare for the wrath to come.

Mrs. Grier, followed by Mr. Grier, ascended the steps, seated herself on the veranda, and called for James Oswald.

At that moment James Oswald, with tears of anguish on his face but exulting in the fact that he was at last like other boys, and moreover that he had been in a really truly fight, stalked around the corner of the house with as manly a tread as his abbreviated legs would allow. The pugnacious expression of

his chubby face was somewhat spoiled by an enlarged and rapidly blackening cheek, a long scratch, and a drop of blood on his lip.

Mr. Grier was the first to recover from the stunning effects of this apparition, and he disappeared in that refuge of all men in time of trouble—the newspaper. Mrs. Grier, after opening and shutting her mouth like the shell of a hungry oyster, sank back in her chair with a “Waugh!” of anguish that made James Oswald’s knees knock together in terror.

“Oh,” she gasped, “Mr. Grier! Hair! Oh, James Os——! I shall die! I shall die! Who ever dared—Oh, Mr. Grier, ask—! How can you sit there, Mr. Grier! Ask him! I don’t dare!” and she covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

Mr. Grier lowered his paper and disclosed a red and twitching countenance. James Oswald blessed the lucky chance that thus took the matter out of his mother’s hands.

“What’s the meaning of all this, James?” asked Mr. Grier.

“I’m tired of being a girl-boy!” answered James Oswald stoutly.

“Well, I don’t blame you. What have you been doing, fighting?”

“Yes.”

“Yes—what!” asked Mrs. Grier, faintly reasserting herself.

“Yes, by gosh!” answered James Oswald firmly, raising to his father a damaged countenance on which a smile of comradeship struggled to overcome the swollen cheek. “I’ve been playing with Jack,” he added, “and he taught me how to cough. It’s dandy when you can do it that way.”

This galvanized Mrs. Grier into action and she and James Oswald disappeared within the house.

Late that afternoon Jack saw James Oswald at an upper window.

“Say, Jim,” he called, “you ain’t mad, are you?”

James Oswald shook his head.

“Then come on out and play.”

“I can’t,” answered James Oswald. “Mother says you’ve got the whooping-cough and I might get it.”

“Oh, you’ll get it,” answered Jack wisely. “You was playing with me the whole morning. Then we’ll play some more.”

“Well,” conceded James Oswald doubtfully, “if mother says I can”; for at last James Oswald knew what it meant to be licked.

LINDA HALL.



## EDITORIAL

Most of us have not before enjoyed the privilege of hearing an address by Henry James. Many of us have long since arrived at the conclusion that we are not as well-read on James as our neighbors seem to be. Within the sacred precincts of so intelligent a community we fear to whisper that some of us, despite his world-wide fame, have never seen the inner pages of a book by James, except perhaps in some rare cases when the superscription read "Psychology". But brothers in the world of fame are as distinctly brothers as in this more work-a-day world of ours, and the philosophic glow of the one is not to be confused with the literary sparkle of the other, so the suspicion remains. But these little literary shortcomings must not be taken too seriously. We have known reputable blue-stockings who visibly shriveled at the mention of some of the well-known Ought-to-be-reads. Most of us can follow the beaten track of literature with a running commentary of criticism; but strike an untried road which leads we know not whither and our volubility ceases. We remember so clearly the beginning and end of *Paradise Lost* but the middle cantos freeze us with a literary chill. We are not on quoting terms with Epictetus, nor does the mention of Montaigne invoke a sympathetic luminosity in our inner vision, although we find his name so religiously catalogued under "Books that have influenced me", or "Authors on my book-shelf". We recall a literary cataclysm which led to the shelves where Montaigne rests. Metaphorically dust circled and spread at our intrusion, and we are forced to believe that his influence over many has been as slight as over us.

But this was to be a talk on James. In the first place, is he among the authors on your bookshelf?

Some critics find his works a little too-too, and resent his invitation to "Scrute the inscrutable." In fact the verb to scrute, is of difficult conjugation even to intelligences of no mean order. And yet we are not content with saying that his results

are fiat-brilliancy. We have an exasperated feeling that it *is* there, but that with brutish balkiness it refuses to be extracted. We all know that the gentle art of persuasion can overcome even the most obdurate of beasts and that the whip is the end of the story. Altogether we are involved in a dilemma; and life is so desperately short. Wise and ancient sages tell us it is not long enough to know the hundreth part of what is to be known, though we read day and night; and here before us, bunker-like rise James and Pater. Cheek by jowl they stand. If we skirt round them we are hailed by a discerning conscience which tells us of a hole in our literary stocking. If on the other hand we laboriously play over them, is it only the level links we reach at last—or do we gain sufficient strength to warrant the exertion? That is the question. However ephemeral these premises they all lead to an undeniably valid conclusion. How nice it would have been to have heard James on James instead of James on Balzac! How many intellectual kinks might have been straightened. In the words of Omar, "He knows about it all—He knows, He knows." How many keys to knowledge he might have given us. Not the coveted key of Phi Beta Kappa, perhaps, but such a one as we might all have enjoyed.

Be this as it may, it is an undeniable fact that Henry James infuses into his books an unmistakable atmosphere; not the salt freshness of the sea nor the ozone of great heights, but the weird stillness of a woodland hollow, untroubled by the winds that blow above. A stillness amid which the fall of an acorn or the causeless stir of leaves takes on a grotesque and exaggerated significance, somewhat ghostly in view of the surrounding gloom. At times we might almost say his atmosphere is that of a forcing-house—heavy, fraught with purpose, breathless—which causes circumstance to bud and blossom with a show of nature. But the circumstances of reality are like the flowers of the out-of-doors. The violet blooms in its own good time; the wild anemone springs up among the dead leaves of winter, sometimes early, often late, but always in harmony with the long march of time.

We dream of nature as it is and man as he longs to be, and to our less gifted eyes the reality of James is not ours, and his characters not those we know or dream.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

"Would you tell a credulous girl a harmless but impossible story?" This is one of those soul-searching questions that have lately been thrust upon the Junior class, and incidentally upon the whole college, by our friend the Western Psychologist, who is collecting evidence on "College Honor".

Some of us, who are conscientious, feel that we *ought* not to tell impossible stories, however harmless, for we have heard of "causal connections" and "inevitable results", but who can resist the credulous girl with her interested expression and her guileless blue eyes—(they are always blue if she is really credulous). It is a temptation that each of us knows, and yet in the "College Honor" questions, it ranks next in importance to such awful crimes as "exaggerating the truth to make a good story", or "omitting to pay one's car-fare."

Seriously considered, however, is not the credulous girl benefited by her experience? College, we are often told, is the preparation for Life. Think of the credulous girl cast upon the World still guileless! Better that she should go through the humiliating experience of trying to cook her Sunday breakfast on the radiator—prompted by her sophomore friends.

There is another aspect of the question on which there can be little doubt of the value of this evil practice. We all need ease of expression. The Faculty recognize the fact in their insistence on English A and Argument Papers, and even those of us who take English 13 need more practice than we have time for—in spring term. This is our opportunity for training in good description, forceful narrative, and that indispensable quality of a story—the convincing power, for the training afforded in the process of telling an impossible story is barely to be estimated. Anyone who will think for a moment of the excellent literary form of that familiar tale of the "Dewey House Pillars" will realize that the telling of impossible stories is an exercise which

is a benefit to the credulous girl herself, and an opportunity which should not be lightly thrown away by those of us who have "literary aspirations". It may shock the moralist, but this is our answer to the Western Psychologist.

The college world appreciates Spring, as is shown by the April exchanges. Some of the prose and nearly all of the verse is dedicated to Her. So while we are all enjoying the season out-of-doors, we turn for variety from this avalanche of more obvious spring sentiment, to some worthy exceptions that have appeared among their more seasonable companions.

#### A SEA DIRGE

Bury me deep in the sands of the sea shore,  
Let the green waters beat over my grave,  
Let the palmettos that bend o'er the sand dunes  
Lull me with sea-songs  
And tales of the wave!

Let the light whirl-winds that blow on the beaches  
Caressingly soften my spirit to sleep!  
Let the great gulls and the sand pipers calling,  
The throb of the surf in its rising and falling,  
End my long watching,  
The vigil I keep!

Let the tall ship that floats out of the harbor  
Brighten the shore with its far-shining light,  
Sing me a song as it sails with the west wind,  
Toll its deep bells  
And pause in its flight!

—*Williams Lit.*

#### A LITTLE PATH

Out of the woods and through a field,  
Then along by a stream where the grasses play,  
There's a little path goes wandering on  
Winds over the top of a hill and away.

It's only a grassy trail, that leads  
Towards the distant land of the setting sun;  
And he who will walk it must go alone,  
For there's room on the path for only one.

And sometimes the way is straight and clear,  
 And sometimes in misty shadows lost ;  
 But he who will seek is sure to find  
 That it's always there, when the vale is crossed.

And often I've followed that little path,  
 And climbed every hill-top, one by one,  
 But there's always another crest to gain  
 Till you reach the land of the setting sun.

—*Yale Lit.*

#### A NE'ER-DO-WHEEL

A ragged and tagged ne'er-do-weel,  
 Useless and lazy and down at the heel,  
 The warm blue sky and a tattered coat  
 Are enough for a careless *sans-culotte*.

Sing, oh kettle over the fire,  
 For I have all of my heart's desire,  
 The soft tall grass for idle dreams,  
 Whilst merry, merry, the kettle steams.

Strange towns lie hid in the valley's mist ;  
 Their low hum calls, and I cannot resist.  
 And the long, white road lies ever beyond  
 To make me a wandering vagabond.

Sing, oh robin upon the bough ;  
 I'm as happy as you are, now.  
 You and I and the brooklet sing to the sun  
 That the vagabond's life is the jolliest one.

—*Yale Courant.*

#### THE WANDERER

Oh Wind, art thou a wanderer on earth,  
 Looking for peace amid the dying years?  
 When others find a little time of mirth,  
 A little space of laughter and of tears,  
 Dost thou still hear within thy weary ears  
 The echo of some dim-remembered woe,  
 The sound of battle very long ago?

Blow where the lily whispers to the rose,  
 Where water flags are dreaming in the sun,  
 Blow where the breath of the magnolia grows  
 Odorous and heavy when the day is done.  
 Then when the summer moonlight has begun  
 To woo a silver laughter from the deep,  
 Perchance thou shalt forget—and fall asleep.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

## THE RETREAT

The after-glow shines through the tinted cloud  
And Day's in full retreat. Lo! silent Night  
Pursues in grandeur, climbing heaven with proud  
And glitt'ring stars in troops, their helmets bright:  
Some seen through purple haze, some high  
In the cold blue sky.

—*Amherst Literary Monthly.*

## THE VALLEY OF DREAMS

Far from the world is the valley of dreams,  
Lying asleep in the sun;  
Slumbering seaward the bright river gleams,  
All its swift striving is done.  
Up on the hills where the cloud-shadows creep,  
Dim, hazy mountains are there drowsing deep,  
Lying asleep in the sun.

Down in the garden asleep in the sun,  
Nods an old man o'er his dreams:  
Dreaming of fights that were lost and were won,  
Dreaming of heavenly streams.  
Peace dwelleth there at the close of the day,  
Peace dwelleth there at the end of the way,  
Peace in the valley of dreams.

—*Yale Courant.*

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The announcement in October that a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society had been founded at Smith caused interest, although surprise could hardly be aroused by an event so long anticipated and so freely discussed. For several years there have been recurrent waves of interest in the society, so that in a way there has been a general education on the subject. The history of Phi Beta Kappa is such that even to the minds of those most vaguely informed of its purpose its name offers somewhat definite suggestions of scholarship; and those who know of it at all are likely to recognize in it a standard. A standard of what or how determined or why maintained are questions of detail, by ignorance of which the popular estimate of the society is not affected.

The society was founded December 5, 1776, at the College of William and Mary in Virginia, where after prolonged interruptions caused by two wars the mother chapter still exists. The society, seemingly suggested by the philosophical clubs of European students, was both social and literary. Among its early members was a young Harvard man who on his return to the North established chapters at Yale and Harvard in 1780 or 1781. Six years later the Dartmouth chapter was instituted. By some fortunate combination of circumstances—whether strong personal force or the unanalyzed tendency of the time—this one among all intercollegiate societies remained unique in its aims. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of its historians, says, "For nearly half a century it was the only society in America that could pretend to be devoted to literature and philosophy." New chapters were added slowly, as conservatism has always characterized the society. In 1881, at the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Harvard chapter, there were but twenty-two colleges to send delegates to consider plans for a closer union of the different parts of the society. The result of the deliberations then begun was the federation of the United Chapters of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, under the direction of the National Council, holding triennial meetings. Since 1881, thirty-nine new chapters have been instituted, making the total number at present sixty-one.

There is great diversity of usage, as would be natural among so large a number of institutions; but there are certain general matters on which uniformity is expected. To quote from the "Hand-Book" of 1900: "Good moral character and high scholarship are the recognized foundation qualities for membership-eligibility." "The basis of election is the college system of marks."

At the last triennial meeting a charter was granted for the formation of a chapter at Smith, of which the official title is the Zeta Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in the State of Massachusetts.

In the election of undergraduates, particular attention has been paid to

the recognized conservatism of the society. The official record has been carefully studied, and the entire college course of the candidates has been scrutinized. The result of the election from the class of 1905 was announced after morning prayers April 29 by Prof. Tyler, president of the chapter. The names, in alphabetical order, are: Charlotte Goldsmith Chase, Martha Elliott Clay, Elizabeth Hale Creevey, Marion Benney Frank, Marietta Adelaide Hyde, Ruth Baird Johnson, Lucy Kurtz, Bertha Dalrymple Mansfield, Elizabeth Morrison Moulton, Susan Miller Rambo, Ellen Terese Richardson, Susie Belle Starr, Emma Bickford Tyler, Katherine Hamilton Wagenhals, Alice Moore Wheeler. The undergraduates will be admitted to the society at the formal inauguration of the chapter, when there will be an open meeting addressed by some prominent members of the United Chapters. The date is not determined, as this goes to press, but will be during the month of May.

ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM,  
Secretary of the Chapter.

#### IF I WERE A TUG

If I were a tug  
I'd bustle all day  
Through the waves and the spray,  
And oh, what impertinent things I'd say  
To every bourgeois ferry-boat.  
"My! If you ain't the clumsiest thing afloat!"  
I'd whistle just as I got in the way,  
If I were a tug.

If I were a tug  
I'd have nothin' to do  
With them sailin' schooners,  
I'd say to 'em "Shoo!  
You're out o' date on that line of beam,  
And your wash hung out. What you want's steam,  
Them poetry notions won't go through,"  
If I were a tug.

If I were a tug  
I'd wait and see  
The best-lookin' liner  
That said "Dear me!  
Will you call a tug?"  
"You ain't nothin' to lug,  
Why, you're light as a tender.  
That your fee!  
You're a lady I don't think!  
You be dagoned! I'm through  
With the likes of you,"  
If I were a tug.

CANDACE THURBER '04.



## VERSES

On the road the patter of warm spring rain,  
 And the hedges are pink with flowering thorn,  
 And the world is buoyant and young again—  
 It was wrinkled and old but yester morn.

The youth within me stirs like the trees—  
 White birch nymphs that bend and sway,  
 Who would pray with pines that can laugh with these,  
 Light of heart, light of limb when the world is gay?

Up from the river the fish-wives come,  
 Brown and bare-footed, they splash along,  
 Gray nets on their red-shawled shoulders hung;  
 There's a song on their lips, they are young and strong.

By their side the plump fisher-children run,  
 They are only half out, like the new spring leaves,  
 The curled pink leaf-buds that wait the sun—  
 There is nothing within them that fears or grieves.

The promise of life is mine, is mine,  
 And the shriven heart none may foul or stain—  
 Come out, then weary and winter heart,  
 And be cleansed with me in the warm spring rain.

CANDACE THURBER.

## THE SILENCE OF LONG NIGHTS

The silence of long nights alone with thee  
 Has robbed my soul of speech; I am become  
 As one in joyous mood made sudden dumb  
 To all expression of love's ecstasy.  
 Things unforgotten of thy ministry  
 Surge over me like sweeping waves, wherefrom  
 I learn of life the way, and end, and sum,  
 The paradise of thine eternity.  
 I know that I do love thee, that my life  
 Is thine, has been forever, that apart  
 From thee I live not, . . . even now my heart  
 Close presses thine, and suffocating strife  
 Of love and speech arise, to crowd my breath  
 And bid my voice battle for thee—with death.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB '02.

## THE WIND AMONG THE LILACS

The wind among the lilacs lingers all day long,  
Whispering to the flowers soothing sighs of song,—  
I listen, and within my heart far memories throng.

To me the wandering wind has blown a scented dream  
Of one long vanished,—I do hear a voice like gleam  
Of sudden stars, serene above a wooded stream.

I know not if the gentle wind loves yon faint flowers  
Woven of purple mist, of cloud and sunlit hours,—  
Kissed by the dawn's dim dews, and bathed in sunset showers ;

And yet they do await their coming lord each morn  
With fuller beauty, with delicious shyness, born  
Of longing for the lover who nightly leaves them lorn.

Lo ! this my dreaming ! Howe'er false, full many a thought  
Of love and life my heart has harbored, fragrance-fraught,—  
Echo of spell the wind among the lilacs wrought.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB '02.

In an article on "The Housing of City Masses", published in the International Quarterly for January, 1905, is found this statement: "The greatest evil in New York's tenement situation  
**Sea Breeze—A Fresh Air Home** has been over-crowding upon space.  
No city in the world can compare with it in this respect. There are individual blocks in New York city to-day of a size 800x200 feet which contain from twenty-five hundred to four thousand souls each, or a larger population than many country towns. What, think you, must be the result of herding people together in such a way? Nowhere in the world has there been such overcrowding as this. The nearest approach to it is in Bombay, and there it is not nearly as bad." In other words, New York city would house the entire population of Northampton, which, according to the census of 1900, numbers 18,648, in five city blocks. This fact presents the problem of New York city life—not the only problem, but one which is interwoven with many others—a problem municipal, political, sociological and, indeed, universal in its bearing. Too small a quantity of light and air, many odds against cleanliness, ample chance for disease, much downward pulling in the scale of morality, and a vast deal of human misery and degradation—these are some of the results when too many people are herded together in too small a space. Passing over the various activities directed toward the solving of this end and its kindred problems within the city itself—the tenement house reforms, the work of the Board of Health, of public charities, private philanthropies and city hospitals, the establishment of play-grounds, small parks and public baths, etc.—we turn to what might be called the sunshiny side of reform—the work of giving to these dwellers in tenements a summer outing for rest and recreation in a Fresh Air Home.

As to the relation of these outings to the work of relief and reform within the city, here is a quotation from the last annual report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, in whose Fresh Air Home in Sea Breeze, West Coney Island, there were entertained last summer for ten days each, 3,578 convalescent mothers, babies and children, and where day excursions were given to 18,300: "The necessity for fresh air work is measured, not by summer temperature, but by winter's hardships, over-crowding, overwork, and under-nutrition. . . . The principal purpose of Sea Breeze is not only to give them and their children one week or two of fresh air and nourishment, but to enlist their coöperation in all efforts to bring to their tenement homes fresh air, ample living room, adequate bathing facilities, higher standards of personal cleanliness and frugality."

This is the *raison d'être* of Sea Breeze. But within the gates all problems of reform and relief are made to sink where they belong, into the foundations of the plans, and all efforts are directed toward giving to the tired and sick women and children, who are its guests, a happy and restful time. The house has never become an "institution", and its occupants have never been "inmates". Built in three large, well-designed houses on three sides of a square on the beach, the ocean itself being the fourth side, it is a most attractive place in which to be re-created by a summer vacation.

Every effort is made to relieve the mothers of the care of their numerous children, and this process proves in turn a fine object lesson to the mothers. Writes the graduate nurse whose time was devoted to the care of the babies last summer: "There were women at Sea Breeze, mothers of five or six children, who did not know how to feed or bathe one properly. I hope, I think, they know how now." There is a separate dining-room for the children over five years of age—presided over by a kindergartener, and two maids who are her assistants—whose purpose at Sea Breeze is to help the children have "a good time". There is also a separate dormitory for these children. Occasionally, there are cases in which even these separate quarters fail to relieve some mother—as on a day last summer when an Italian woman walked into the mothers' dining-room with five children swarming around her, no one of whom was eligible for a place among the children over five years old. However, there were compensations even for her, for the babies' nurse prepares the bottles for all the babies, and at night there is always a nurse at hand to discover and relieve various afflictions of all kinds.

Bathing in the surf, secure in the sight of the bathing-masters who keep the waves in order; walking, enjoying bonfires on the beach, dancing and jigging and otherwise enjoying the evenings; plenty of good things to eat, plenty of air, plenty of space, plenty of sunlight and sea breezes—these are some of the joys of Sea Breeze. Surely, "Them wuz the best times ever wuz."

And Ardelia in Arcady? What of her?

In her place behold a browned and sea-breezed son of the tenements, who, in a flying leap from the "scups" (country children call them swings), lands at your feet in the sand, and, without waiting to regain his equilibrium, eagerly gasps, "Say, teacher" ("teacher" is the highest term of respect known to a child of the tenements), "do we get 'nother week?"

MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK '04.

## THE CHOOSERS OF THE SLAIN

Their armor flashes in the north,  
 Flame-riven glows the northern sky  
 Where the Valkyrias ride forth  
 To see how fighting men can die.  
 The choosers of the slain come nigh,  
 Walhalla light on helm and spear,  
 And gleaming hair strikes and flares high,—  
 The day of battle draweth near.

The coast line ceases in the dark  
 Save where the northern lightnings play  
 Or sentry fires the headlands mark,  
 The foemen wait there for the day.  
 The sea flings up a shroud of gray  
 Where through our quivering bowsprit prods;  
 To-night we drink the cold salt spray  
 Who drink, to-morrow, with the gods.

Swiftly the surf-lashed headland won,  
 Through the gray dawn we scale the height,  
 We close, we draw, and on and on  
 We cleave our way, the swords flash bright,  
 The heav'n's thunder with delight!  
 Loud from the battle clang I call,—  
 "Ye I have slain to-day, to-night  
 Feast ye with me in Odin's Hall!"

Spurs a Valkyrie through the fight,  
 Her spearhead catches as I fall,  
 Her spear gleams with Walhalla light,—  
 To-day I feast in Odin's Hall!

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT '04.

The annual meeting of the Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples and for Promoting Scientific Research by Women, was held April 28 and 29. By the joint invitation of Radcliffe College and the Woman's Education Association of Boston this meeting was held at Cambridge. The meeting of the executive committee was held on Friday afternoon, the meeting of the Association on Saturday morning. On Friday evening a large reception was given to the Association in Radcliffe's beautiful dormitory, Bertram Hall. On Saturday Mrs. Farlow gave a luncheon to the members of the Association and to the members of the Board of Examiners who were able to be present. Most interesting reports from the present and former holders of the table were read. No definite appointment to the table

for the year 1905-1906 was made, as it is hoped, by some adjustment of the months of occupancy, the Table may be awarded to two of the applicants.

The greatest interest of the meeting was the announcement of the award of the \$1000 research prize. The conditions under which the prize is offered have been previously stated in the MONTHLY, and it will be remembered that the first time it was awarded, in April 1903, it was given to Dr. Florence Sabin, Smith '93. Seven essays in competition for the prize had been submitted to the Board of Examiners. These essays were all on biological investigations. By the decision of the examiners the prize was awarded to the writer of the essay, "A Study of the Germ Cells of *Aphis Rosae* and *Aphis Oenotherae*." The writer of this paper is Dr. N. M. Stevens, a graduate of Leland Stanford Jr. University of the class of 1899. Since graduation Dr. Stevens has pursued her biological investigations at the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory and at the Bermuda Zoölogical Station. It is also of special interest to know that Dr. Stevens was for one year the scholar of the Association at the station in Naples. At present Dr. Stevens holds a position on the Bryn Mawr Faculty.

During the meeting on Saturday morning, a telegram was received from Chicago University stating that the University would join the Association and would be represented by Dean Marion Talbot. This increases the list of colleges and universities in the Association to twelve, while there are also three associations represented and five private subscribers. The representatives who were present at this annual meeting were Miss Florence Cushing for the Association of Collegiate Alumnae; Dean Annie C. Emery for the Women's College in Brown University; President M. Carey Thomas for Bryn Mawr; Mrs. Ellen H. Richards for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; President Mary E. Woolley for Mount Holyoke; Dean Agnes Irwin for Radcliffe; Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke for Smith; President Caroline Hazard for Wellesley; Miss Mary E. Garrett for the Woman's Advisory Committee of the Johns Hopkins Medical School; Mrs. William G. Farlow for the Committee on Science of the Woman's Education Association of Boston; and Miss Helen Collamore, Miss Sarah E. Doyle and Mrs. J. Ames Sheldon. The other colleges and universities belonging to the Association, whose representatives were unable to be present at this meeting, are Barnard College, University of Pennsylvania, Vassar College, Western Reserve University, and the Woman's College of Baltimore.

The officers elected for the year 1905-06 are Miss Mary E. Woolley, President; Miss Ada Wing Mead, Secretary; Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke, Treasurer. By the invitation of President Thomas the next annual meeting will be held at Bryn Mawr in April, 1906.

ELIZABETH L. CLARKE.

We are requested to explain that the issue of the alumnae register has been delayed because of death in the family of two members of the committee. The material is now in the hands of the printer, and it is hoped the register will be soon ready for circulation.

All alumnæ who apply for a senior dramatics ticket must definitely notify Alice M. Holden, Hubbard House, before June 1, if she does not intend to claim the ticket reserved for her. No seats will be sold to alumnæ until the three days of dramatics, June 15, 16 and 17, when there will be office hours at 29 Hubbard House, from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 5. No seats will be kept after 5 o'clock of the day of the performance; all seats then unclaimed will be sold to alumnæ for whom no provision has been made.

Owing to the absence of Mrs. Rossiter, all applications made by the alumnæ for rooms in the college houses during commencement week should be sent to Mrs. Berry, Tyler House, Northampton, and should state in which house their senior year was spent.

All communications for the business manager should be addressed to Mary Comfort Chapin, Hubbard House.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'94.	Alice Atwood Coit,	.	.	.	.	April 15-17
'01.	Clara E. Schaufler,	.	.	.	.	" 17-20
'90.	Anna I. Jenkins,	.	.	.	.	" 18
'04.	Gertrude E. Douglas,	.	.	.	.	" 20-23
'04.	Gertrude J. Comey,	.	.	.	.	" 22-24
'04.	Margaret Mason,	.	.	.	.	" 22-24
'95.	Alice Wheeler Hawley,	.	.	.	.	" 25
'02.	Ethel K. Betts,	.	.	.	.	" 29
'04.	Josephine Esther Sanderson,	.	.	.	.	" 29

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Marguerite Dixon, Dickinson House.

'80. The class of 1880 will celebrate their twenty-fifth reunion in Commencement week. All of the nine members of this class will attend the reunion and will be entertained by Miss Capen of Prospect Street.

'97. Grace Ethelwyn Brown was married, March 21, 1905, to the Rev. Clyde Washburne Broomell.

'00. Sarah Watson Sanderson has been spending the winter and early spring in Italy and France.

Anna B. Levi has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas W. Wilson, Lehigh '04, who is general manager of the International Railway Company of Buffalo.

'01. Claire Pearl Foster has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank J. Rake of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

## BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. Louis P. Slade (Charlotte Boone), a son, Benjamin, born April 11, 1905.
- '98. Mrs. Arthur V. Woodworth (Margaret Kennard), a son, Kennard, born April 5, 1905.
- '99. Mrs. Frank P. Bascom (Lucy R. Tufts), a son, Carlton Hawkins, born April 19, 1905.
- '04. Mrs. Wilbur Abbott Welch (Bertha Carleton), a son, Oliver, born April 26, 1905.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

### TRIOLET

The calendar says, "It's the first day of May,"  
But the weather says, "It's December."  
The snowflakes speak in the same chilly way,  
Yet the calendar says, "It's the first day of May":  
The right month is hard to remember.  
The calendar says, "It's the first day of May,"  
But the weather says, "It's December."  
MARION CODDING CARR '07.

### THE POINT OF VIEW

When she got home her mother said :  
"It's nice to have you here,  
The house is very quiet when  
You're up at Smith, my dear."

When she went off her mother said :  
"Although we miss you here,  
The house is much more quiet when  
You're up at Smith, my dear."

ELOISE G. BEERS '06.

On Thursday morning, April 13, that is to say, the first day of the spring term, the students, after registering, returned to Assembly Hall, where a few words were addressed to them by Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Carnegie and George W. Cable respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie had come to Northampton in order to be present at the dedication of the new building given by them to the Home Culture Clubs, of which Mr. Cable is the president. As the dedication exercises took place on the evening of April 12, but few of the students were able to attend them, yet all were anxious to show their appreciation of the gift to the Home Culture Clubs, in which the college is deeply interested. In view of this fact, and also because of the high esteem in which he holds Mr. Carnegie, President Seelye invited the latter, his wife, and Mr. Cable to speak to the college on Thursday morning. The invitation was kindly accepted, and the speeches, though brief, were witty and thoroughly enjoyed by the students. Everyone was pleased when Mr. Carnegie declared that his views on the



higher education of women exactly agreed with those of President Seelye, and no one will soon forget the charming manner and sweet voice of Mrs. Carnegie as she encouraged the college to continue the good work of helping the Home Culture Clubs. Mr. Cable spoke last, introducing into his speech an amusing anecdote. As President Seelye gave his arm to Mrs. Carnegie and started down the aisle followed by Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Cable, the whole college rose and joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne", which, though not so clear in meaning as the sign above McCallum's door, "Welcome, Scotland's Honored Son, Welcome, thrice welcome again", was nevertheless intended as a gentle compliment to the Scotchman.

On Saturday night, April 15, Mr. E. J. Meyer, of New York City, delivered a lecture in Music Hall on "Artistic Singing as a Means of Self-Expression." Mr. Meyer declared the object of vocal

Lecture by E. J. Meyer training to be the "removal of all that hinders the response of the body to the spirit." He disapproved strongly of the local effort schools, where students are taught among other things to consciously regulate the diaphragm; for breathing, he maintained, should be quite as unconscious in singing as in walking. Mr. Meyer insisted upon emotional feeling in good singing, and, indeed, said in closing that emotion's natural avenue is through the voice; for in song "soul echoes to soul the life it has of God." The lecture was of especial interest to the students of the singing department as the method there taught is the same as that which Mr. Meyer so warmly upheld.

On April 19, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave their second annual concert in the Academy of Music, making the eighth in the series of concerts given by the college this year. Those preceding

The Symphony Concert the Symphony concert were the opening Faculty concert, the concert by the Kneisel Quartet, the Guilmant recital, the concert by Mr. David Bispham, the concert by Mme. Blauvelt, the Persian Garden, and the concert by Mr. Ernest Schelling. The orchestra was assisted by two soloists, the vocalist, Mme. Blauvelt, and the pianist, Mme Szumowska. The program was as follows:

Goldmark,.... Overture, "In Italy", Op. 49. First time in Northampton  
Haydn,.....Aria, "With Verdure Clad", from "The Creation"  
Frederick Chopin,... Concerto in E minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 11

Allegro maestoso.

Romance: Larghetto.

Rondo: Vivace.

Rossini,... Aria, "Una Voce", from "The Barber of Seville"

Beethoven,.....Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Allegro. Trio.

IV. Allegro.

The first number was interesting on account of its peculiarly modern effects in the rendering of certain very difficult passages for the stringed instruments. It was this that made the overture seem a little rough perhaps. Mme. Blauvelt's singing was cold as usual for most of the time, though she warmed up considerably in the bright "Una Voce". Mme. Szumowska played brilliantly but with sameness; she was unusual, as a Leschetizky adherent, in her extremely high wrist position. The climax number on the program was of course the Fifth Symphony, and several people who had heard it given in Springfield a short time before, felt that it was rendered even better in Northampton. This was perhaps surprising in view of the fact that Mr. Gericke was unable to be present on account of illness and that Mr. Hess conducted the orchestra. Mr. Hess conducted with more visible emotion and interest in the effects, and certainly nothing was lost musically on account of his leading. His marked habit of hissing to soften down certain passages was an annoyance to those just above in the boxes, but was not audible to the house at large.

In preparation for the concert a study of symphonic form in general and of the Fifth Symphony in particular, was carried on in several of the theory courses, the symphony was analyzed and played by the students individually, and about forty copies of the full score were sold. In addition to this, two lectures to the public were given by Mr. Sleeper; the first, on March 24, traced the development of the symphonic orchestra, showing particularly how the Boston Symphony is at present constituted and suggesting how to understand the symphony. The second lecture, on April 14, took up the study of the symphony as a form of art, and gave a detailed analysis of it. The leading motifs were written on the board and played as preliminary studies to the whole composition which was played in conclusion by Mr. Sleeper. This lecture was attended by about 400 people. Certainly the educational value of the concert, coming as it did when the students were so well prepared to appreciate it, points to a time when our college will turn out as well to a Schelling as to a Bispham, and as well to a symphony concert without soloists, as to one with two. The concert was better supported this year than last, but is not yet on a paying basis. It is a matter of regret that a new Assembly Hall will not soon be built, in order that the price of the tickets, as under the control of the college, might be lower, and that we might not suffer the disadvantages the stage offers to musical effects.

ELLEN TERESE RICHARDSON '06.

The weekly concerts given every Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock by the faculty of the music department to the public, have been, so far, well attended by both the townspeople and the students and will probably continue to be until the college year is finished. The faculty are to be warmly thanked, not only for the excellence of their programs, but for their kindness in giving these concerts free of charge. It is to be hoped that they will consider it worth their while to continue the series next year.

The dance given by Delta Sigma, White Lodge, 20 Belmont avenue and 80 Green street, took place on Saturday evening, March 26, in the Students' Building.

It is true the day was not an ideal one so far as the weather was concerned, for it became cold and cloudy about church time and remained so until evening. A momentary burst of sunshine in the early morn-

**Easter Sunday** ing was a sufficient excuse for wearing new thin clothes, and in point of gaiety the sidewalks of Fifth avenue could not have presented a brighter appearance on Easter Sunday than those of our own modest town of Northampton. The services in the different churches were well attended by the students and found particularly beautiful. College Vespers were simple and dignified as usual and suggestive of all that Easter means to us. The choir, dressed uniformly in white and assisted by the chorus who sat opposite them in the gallery, gave a special program. Miss Schadee, the soprano at the Edwards church, sang a solo, President Seelye spoke briefly on the subject of Easter and its significance to mankind, and Professor Sleeper closed the exercises by playing Mendelssohn's Halleluiah Chorus.

It is true that a few complaints have been heard because the college, contrary to custom, was in session Easter week, but the general feeling seems to be one of satisfaction and approval that the winter term was shortened and the spring term—the nicest term of all—made longer.

The nearer a person lives to a celebrated spot the less likely he is to see it. He knows it is easy to get there and he fully intends at some time or other to go and view it, but just because any time will

**The Hillyer Art Gallery** do, no time ever does do. For instance, they say the inhabitants of Hartford only visit the State House when they have guests who wish to see the town. It is just the same here at college. When we go to New York we usually visit the Metropolitan Museum and perhaps spend a whole morning at the exhibition of American artists, though we ought to be shopping and doing innumerable other things instead of indulging our artistic appetite. And yet half of us never take the trouble to go a step or two out of the way and become acquainted with the inside of the Hillyer Art Gallery. We do not seem to realize what an opportunity we are missing; and although President Seelye has several times called our attention to the fact that the collection within is a valuable one, it is a rare thing to see in the Art Gallery a student who has come for the sole purpose of seeing the pictures and the casts.

Smith has in the Hillyer Art Gallery, the largest collection of casts and paintings by representative American artists, of any college in the country. Last December there was an important exhibition held for the purpose of getting a comparative view of French and American art, and it is a matter of pride to those interested in the Art Gallery, as well as a fact we should all know, that seventeen of the American artists represented there, are represented here. Among these are Inness, Tryon, George Fuller, Thayer, Dewing, Ryder, Twachtman and others.

Some time in May there will be a special day for the students to become acquainted with the treasures of the Art Gallery, and it will be well worth the while of everyone to make a point of visiting it, for those who do not, will, after they are graduated, probably be in the position of the alumna who

said she did wish that she had seen more of the Hillyer Art Gallery when she was in college, for she never realized until after graduation what a great thing it was to have it here, and what a wide reputation it has outside of Northampton.

KATHERINE H. WAGENHALS '05.

An interesting meeting of the alumnae trustees, the alumnae Faculty, and the Senior class took place Thursday evening, April 27, in the Students' Building. Miss Cushing first introduced Miss

**The Senior Reception** Caverno, who explained ("in large type") "the  
**by the Alumnae Faculty** duty and privileges" of belonging to the Alumnae Association of Smith College; then Mrs. Caroline

M. H. Mills and Miss Cheever spoke on the Students' Aid Society, and the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, respectively. When they had finished, Lucy Macdonald, as president of the graduating class, took charge of the program, which consisted of reports from various students on matters of general interest, ranging from the much-needed infirmary to the lack of energetic "sweep ladies" in College Hall. As the courses of study here are a grave matter of anxiety to the trustees, Katherine Wagenhals presented this subject, explaining the neglect of the sciences as owing to a girl's natural love for History and English, and dislike for afternoon laboratory hours. College Dramatics were defended by Mary Hastings, who emphasized the fact that none could be wisely eliminated, except the bi-weekly plays given in the house parlors, which are often a waste of time. But more important plays given in the Students' building do an inestimable work in making the house a unit. The French and German plays have their place as an educational factor, and those given at the meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies develop will and originality in the students, and add much to the charm of the evening's program. Clara Clark answered an unfavorable criticism of Senior Dramatics that had been made by certain members of the Faculty. A question very prominent at present in our horizon—that of off-campus houses—was discussed by Ruth Johnson and Clara Davidson, one as standing for and one against them. Both, however, agreed on the two main points; namely, that these houses should be a senior privilege, thus preventing premature cliques, and that legislation against off-campus houses on the part of the trustees or the Faculty would seem inexpedient while room on the campus is still inadequate for the accommodation of all the students. As this concluded the more weighty questions of the meeting, Lucile Shoemaker gathered up "the tag ends and bobtails", picturing pathetically the sadness of our Sunday dinners now that the guests in a campus house are only six, and pleading feelingly for a cloak room in Seelye and a reading room in College Hall. She declared our Green Street pavement to be a menace to health and happiness; and wondered if our well-equipped recreation park, our restful infirmary, and our life-saving fire-escapes, (so eloquently brought before the alumnae a year ago by the class of 1904) must forever be a hazy dream. After this Mrs. Justina J. R. Hill and Mrs. Helen Rand Thayer kindly gave us a few words of warning and welcome, and the business meeting adjourned, to be followed by an informal reception.

LOUISE KINGSLEY '05.

It was just about a year ago that the possibility of having a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Smith College became a subject of gossip for the students. The possibility was however so

**Phi Beta Kappa Elections** very much more of a possibility than a probability at the time, that the subject was discussed only when more interesting material was lacking. In fact even up to the beginning of Spring term there was a decided preference for a warm tale of adventure, such as the Dewey House Romance, or for much-abused basket-ball, to the Phi Beta Kappa Society as a bit for conversation. But after the so-called Easter holidays were over and college was in session once again, Phi Beta Kappa suddenly became a topic of great interest to everybody. It was known of course by this time that the chapter was to be an actuality and a certain number of the senior class would be elected members.

Rumors now began to spread from house to house concerning the number to be chosen; wild tales were told of just how large it would be, of whom it would be likely to consist, of how, when and where it would be announced; and everybody listened and everybody talked, but nobody believed, until at length one story came steadily and rapidly from all sides at once. This last insisted that the elections would be read in College Hall after the morning services, some day before the first of May, which came on a Monday. Accordingly, towards the end of the last week in April the chairs in College Hall were conspicuously full during chapel. Freshmen who are accustomed to procure "rubber places" in the gallery by arriving five minutes or so before the first bell rings, were obliged to take back seats when they entered at the usual hour, and the great gap between the senior and junior classes, caused, not by animosity of feeling but because of the exceedingly small size of the former, was wonderfully narrow. However when Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings had come and gone and nothing in the least exciting had happened, the more incredulous began to smile and whisper "local color," and some few even stayed at home on Saturday. Oh, well were they repaid for their cynicism!

On Saturday morning, April 29, Dean Tyler, according to custom, led the morning exercises. As usual the psalm was chanted, the passage from the Bible read, the hymn sung and the prayer spoken; and then, as the heads were raised, all eyes turned expectantly towards the platform. Would he press the button for the signal as usual, or—a hush fell over the whole house; he held a paper in his hand. It is not necessary to repeat here the words spoken by the Dean on that long-to-be-remembered morning of the college year. While he was speaking, the excitement throughout the house was intense, and when he paused before announcing the fifteen members of the senior class who had been elected into the Phi Beta Kappa Society, an agitated murmur ran through the college. The names were read in alphabetical order and after each one there was a burst of applause, particularly hearty in the case of those who have distinguished themselves in other ways during their college career.

When the reading of the names was finished, every one exercised sufficient self-control in order to walk out of chapel to the triumphant march of the organ, but in the hall the confusion was even greater and the enthusiasm of

a higher degree than on the eventful mornings when the first five Sophomores are taken into the Alpha or Phi Kappa Psi Societies. It was not until some time after the new gong had sounded, in fact, that thoughts were again turned towards the ordinary affairs of life and the crowd began to scatter in the direction of the various recitation rooms.

It was with a feeling of not unalloyed pleasure that the undergraduate sought the south door of the Alumnæ Gymnasium on Saturday afternoon,

April 29. So often during her college career are claims

Inns of Nations made upon her slender allowance, she has come to look with a doubtful eye upon all entertainments where admission is asked, grasping her pocket-book firmly the while. What, after all, if the "Inns of Nations", in spite of its charming announcements, should prove nothing more nor less than a kind of church fair in disguise, in which, as we have found, it is sometimes "more blessed to give than to receive"! Or one of those transactions where the pleasure seems to lie on the other person's side and we are unhappily aware that while we buy we are also being sold!

She had hardly paid her fifteen cents and reached the threshold of the scene of action, however, before she realized that here, at least, was no church fair under an assumed name, nor anything at all like unto it, for that matter.

The "Inns of Nations" was in fact unique. It was like nothing but itself, though it was a great deal more like a successful Midway than a church fair. There was a spirit of freshness, of originality about it, which took possession of all who entered its door, so that she or he (!) forgot her or his own world outside and lived just for the moment—a life on the perceptual plane no doubt, but very enjoyable nevertheless.

Down at one end was the Colonial Inn, before which the ever hungry undergraduate eagerly scanned the bill of fare—baked beans, brown bread, pressed meat, doughnuts, pickles, and chemical coffee. The last, truth to tell, savored a little of the laboratory, but those who stopped to drink forgave it that. Next door was the German Inn, where anyone who lingered to look received so hearty and pressing an invitation from its jovial landlady that she must needs sit down and have at least one stein of beer,—root beer, or birch beer, it is true, but in spite of the root and the birch of it, such was the atmosphere of the Inn she could almost talk German! Over on one side was the counter where frankfurters were being prepared for the evening meal; and the menu boasted such delicacy as potato salad, so dear to the undergraduate's heart that she thereupon resolved to return to Germany for her first course at supper later on. Alas! when evening came she found a similar resolution seemed to have been taken by several more people than the café could accommodate.

Just above Germany was, as it geographically should be, the Inn of Norway and Sweden. Under the thatched roof were spread long tables covered with real Norwegian linen. On the walls shone highly polished pieces of brass and pewter wear: over in one corner was a fine old spinning-wheel standing ready for the hand of the spinner. You could stop near by and purchase souvenir postal cards to send home as relics of your trip. Then if you were as bold as the undergraduate, you could peek behind the screen and get a

glimpse of fresh lobsters and anchovies waiting to be served when the time should come.

Going out on the street again and mingling with the now formidable crowd, the undergraduate was struck by its almost cosmopolitan air; there were so many strange faces, so many queer costumes, and most remarkable of all, so many men! She gasped a little and looked instinctively to the rafters for support. Yes, it was really her "gym" after all.

At the further end of the street, raised slightly above the others, was the Café de Paris. On the platform in front stood the usual row of palms, each in its own tub, and overhead was the gaily striped awning. There is really no need to describe it, for if you have not been in Paris, you have at least seen pictures of many such tiny little cafés with their round tables, gay flowers, pretty waitresses and bouquets of many colors on the proprietor's high desk. Leaving behind the Café de Paris, the undergraduate made her way to a dainty little Japanese Inn, where Japanese maids with their hair twisted into queer shapes urged upon her paper flowers and blue and white vases. It was a quaint little inn, such as one sees on paper fans or in Japanese prints. Truth to tell, it was sufficiently Anglicised to sell molasses and other home-made candies, but what on the whole could have been more natural? It was merely another instance of Eastern conservatism giving way before the demand of an incoming Western civilization. From Japan one came with startling suddenness upon the long, low, laurel-covered, laticed café of Italy. Red geraniums bloomed in the square windows, the middle one of which held a canary-bird swinging in a gold cage and supposedly making music ever and anon. Inside the café stood cozy little tables just big enough for two, on which were picturesque wine bottles covered with straw. Ices and grape-juice were supplied by waitresses who looked as if they had never strayed far from beneath the deep blue skies of Italy.

About half after three o'clock a crowd began to gather between the two rows of lockers in the basement of the gymnasium, where the stunts were to take place. Coming from the alien paths of the upper regions, the undergraduate hailed the stunts as a strictly college affair, for they were run by the Council, and the talent was home supplied. The feature of the afternoon, if one stunt could be called the feature of the afternoon, was probably "Nance O'Neil". One member of the audience was heard to remark, indeed, that she had never realized how truly strenuous Nance O'Neil's acting was, until she had seen Helen Abbott's caricature of it, and should the truth be told, it is to be doubted if even Nance O'Neil could have improved upon the shrieks which resounded from the basement of the gymnasium that afternoon. Sakuntala as given by "30 Green" left the audience speechless, overcome by the pathos of the last scene, where a boy aged four and about five feet ten inches high, asked his mother in the touching accents of childhood, "Muvver, who ist dot man?" These were not all the stunts by half; there were many recitations, for instance, which testified to the excellence of the elocution department; there were songs and dances and other things besides.

After the stunts were over there was a sudden rush for supper. The Inns were thronged and traffic was rendered impossible. Some began with Italy

and ice and then squeezed up to salad past baked beans, some went vice versa ; it was not a question of eccentricity of taste but of necessity. Many steered for France and arrived there long after a sign "standing room only" would have looked ridiculous. But by the favor of a French waitress salad and rolls were handed out by the back door for the convenience of those unable to enter. About this time the Hungarians—or was it only Warren's band from Florence—began to play. All evening long the undergraduate danced, strolled, bartered at the Inns and refreshed herself with ginger ale and kindred drinks. It was only with the arrival of John and the suggestion of "lights out" that she found herself again on the campus and realized that after all she was a member of an institution where Monday was not yet a holiday.

After subtracting the expenditures from the total amount of money made during the afternoon and evening at the Inns of Nations there remained about \$500 for the Students' Aid Society.

FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON 1906.

"Esmeralda" has always been popular in amateur dramatics for it has delightful possibilities, both in humor and character portrayal, as the Washburn and Tenney cast showed us on

The Washburn-Tenney House Play Wednesday evening, May 8. Our sympathies went out toward the meek and gentle Mr. Rogers, in his domestic troubles ; his "high-spirited" wife is to be congratulated on the way in which she made us tremble for her husband and daughter. It is rarely that characters such as Mrs. Rogers are not overdrawn, and we were grateful for the glimpses of a softer side which were given us briefly once or twice. Handsome Dave Hardy was well portrayed ; the Desmonds were excellent, especially Nora, who charmed us from the very first. Her voice was musical and wonderfully clear, and every gesture seemed spontaneous. Mr. Estabrook held our attention every time he appeared on the stage, and we followed with close interest the smooth course of his love affair. It was his ease and unconsciousness that made his acting so attractive. The Marquis was good, and his accent quite French. Esmeralda was charming in the first act ; her grace, her voice, her sunbonnet, all contributed to the effect. In the third act, however, we expected a transformation, and were disappointed. In opposing her mother she lacked the fire that would have convinced us of her sincerity.

The play was unusually well finished in detail, and gave the college a most enjoyable evening. The scenery committee is to be congratulated on its excellent taste. The cast was as follows :

Mr. Elbert Rogers,.....	Elsie A. Laughney
Mrs. Rogers, ...	Harriette P. Shadd
Esmeralda Rogers,.....	Lillian D. Major
Dave Hardy,.....	Florence Mann
Mr. Estabrook,.....	Sophie E. Wilds
Miss Nora Desmond,.....	Marion Felt
Miss Kate Desmond,.....	Helen B. Pratt
Mr. Jack Desmond,.....	Leola L. Sexton
"Marquis" de Montessin,.....	Clara M. Dibble
George Drew,.....	Sophie O. Harris
Sophie,.....	Louisa M. Stockwell



On the afternoon of Saturday, May 6, there was a French lecture in Chemistry Hall by M. André Champollion. M. Champollion has travelled extensively through the East, and his subject was: "La French Lecture Religion Indoue et son Influence sur la Femme." He said that the social position of woman in India as in other countries, is determined by the religion of the country. This he exemplified by the influence of Christianity upon woman's social relation in Europe. He then described at some length the different phases of Hindoo religion, its gods and its ceremonies, dwelling particularly on the caste system of India with its rigorous demands, and finally proposed the relation of all this to the women of India. In the first place, the birth of a girl is regarded as a great misfortune, and this is indicative of her whole life. It is made up of three stages of slavery: the first, absolute obedience to her parents; the second, to her husband; and the last, in her old age, to her sons. She is uneducated, isolated, held to be lower than the beasts of burden, and unless very poor she is even forbidden to occupy herself with household cares. The usual age for her marriage is seven years, and she is often widowed early in life. The widow's state is the most pitiful of all. She is held practically responsible for the death of her husband and every abuse is showered upon her. It was formerly the custom for widows to burn themselves alive upon the funeral pyres of their husbands, but this has now been legally forbidden. The widow's life is spent as servant in the house of her son, where she is the slave of everyone.

The lecture closed with lantern slides illustrating the principal points that had been made. Then followed a reception for the lecturer by the French club in Seelye Hall.

ELIZABETH CREEVEY '05.

On Saturday evening, May 6, in Assembly Hall, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Henry James under the auspices of the Students' Aid Society, on the subject, "The Lesson of Balzac". Mr. James

Lecture by Mr. James theme was as follows:

No novelist offers us so great an opportunity for consideration as Balzac. George Sand, a suggestive dealer with life, but quite impossible of analysis; Jane Austin, with her light felicity, and no more process than a brown thrush; the Brontë sisters, whose fame depends as much upon their tragic history as upon the unconscious grace of their workmanship—these are but glimmering lanterns leading through the dim sanctuary to the great statue of Balzac. The art of Balzac has been largely discredited because his work is not presentable as classic; for, while lesser writers may be dealt with by elimination, his work must be taken in the mass, and so baffles analysis. Balzac stands almost alone as an extemporizer of closeness and weight. That lyrical element which expresses life itself and which is the distinguishing mark of the poet is absent from the work of Balzac, Scott, Thackeray and Dickens; hence these are essentially novelists—exclusively lovers of the image of life.

Balzac's power over other novelists is due to the fact that he is the typical projector and creator, living and breathing in his medium. Yet his own figure is more extraordinary than any he drew. He died at the age of fifty,

worn out with work, thought and passion. Beginning as a friendless, poor, provincial, it was not until his thirtieth year that he found his feet, and his voice.

His work is a wonderful picture of the France of his time—a tropical forest of detail and specification, but with the breath of genius stirring the tree-tops. How is it possible to reconcile such diffusion with such intensity? The answer is to be found in his wealth of temperament; he could live at large because he was also living in particular connections. He was always fencing himself in against personal experience, in order to preserve it in art. Everywhere in Balzac is a combination of quantity and intensity. He does not produce vivid effects in some places by faintness in others, but always aims at clear definiteness, sometimes failing through his very solicitude, by the presentation of too many facts.

The work of the great novelists is differentiated by atmosphere—by the projected light of the author's individual temperament. So in Dickens, life seems to be always in the morning, in a large apartment with unwashed windows; in George Eliot the sun is setting, the trees are rustling; Charlotte Brontë suggests endless autumn; Jane Austen, arrested spring; Hawthorne gives us a feeling of uncannily late afternoon hours; in Thackeray we are conscious of rainy days in residential streets. The atmosphere of Balzac is different from that of any of the others; it is rich and thick, a mixture of sun and shade. He gives us a sense of intellectual luxury so great that some simplification is necessary, in order to focus him at all.

Intensity of life is recorded on every page. The figures bristle with particulars; we see their very clothes and furniture. There is a great multiplication of values. The faults of Balzac are mostly faults of execution, never failure of saturation with his idea. The author possessed his creatures, and through loving them learned to know them. Balzac loved the characters in *Les Parents Pauvres* as Thackeray did not love Becky Sharp; for the English writer wanted to expose Becky in order to make sure of the moral judgment; whereas the French writer gave his heroine all her value, willing to risk your spiritual salvation a little while.

One of the various lessons of Balzac is that there is no convincing art that is not ruinously expensive. Flourishing frugality may be good for the novelist but it is bad for the novel, for a work ceases to be artistically interesting when it is easily manufactured. Balzac aims at complete representation of his creatures. In his work we see a wonderful effusion of agents, action and medium, a large handling of conditions, and that costliest charm, good composition. He overcomes those two great difficulties of the novelist's art,—the foreshortening of the procession of facts and figures, and the management of the lapse of time. For his time effects Balzac resorted to no such cheap methods as dialogue reports of events. He employed dialogue as the flower of illustration, keeping its fragrance by rare use, and never forcing it into a constructive office—an office proper to it in the drama alone. Dialogue is essentially the fluid element in the novel; its preponderance in the elder Dumas makes that author's work a tepid tank.

Balzac is a closely figured tapestry. Balzac is fixed, immovable by reason of his weight; the straying of lesser novelists may be circulation without

motion. It is best to keep Balzac ever in sight, for every rule comes back to him. We see the great gold statue seated in the innermost recesses of the dim sanctuary. Let us then be willing to see him gilded thick; it is for the looser, lighter, poorer of us, to be gilded thin.

CHARLOTTE CHASE '05.

The following officers of the German Club were elected for the first semester of the year 1905-06, on April 25:—

President—Ruth Fletcher 1906.  
Vice-President—Marjorie Allen 1906.  
Secretary—Bertha Christiansen 1907.  
Treasurer—Agatha Gruber 1907.

On April 26, at 2 o'clock, the annual meeting of the S. C. A. C. W. was held and the following elections were made:

Advisory Committee—Helen Rand Thayer '84.  
Elizabeth J. Hurbut '95.  
Ellen P. Cook '93.  
President—Margaret Stone 1906.  
Vice-President—Marion Dodd 1906.  
Recording Secretary—Ruth Cowing 1907.  
Corresponding Secretary—Ruth Olyphant 1907.  
Treasurer—Alta Smith 1908.

## CALENDAR

- May 17, Albright House Reception.  
“ 18, Open meeting of Current Events Club. Lecture by Dr. Dennis. Subject: The Democratic Convention.  
“ 20, Alpha Society.  
“ 24, Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi Play.  
“ 27, Morris House Dance.  
“ 30, Memorial Day.  
“ 31, Junior-Senior Entertainment.  
June 3, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
“ 7, Final Examinations begin.  
“ 10, Alpha Society.  
“ 15, Examinations end.

THE  
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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FLORENCE MANN.	
TREASURER,	BUSINESS MANAGER,
BESSIE ELY AMERMAN.	MARY COMFORT CHAPIN.

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*No. 9.*

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CANADA SHOULD NOT BE ANNEXED TO THE  
UNITED STATES

Annexation is as familiar a word to American as to British statesmen — Louisiana and Florida, Texas, Northern Mexico, Alaska and Hawaii have all been annexed one after the other in various ways. The problems connected with any proposition to annex the Dominion of Canada, however, are so entirely different from those involved in previous questions of annexation, that no opportunity is afforded for legitimate comparison. While the opinion that Canada should belong to the United States has been frequently expressed in the last ten years, no one proposes to do it by other than peaceable means. Without realizing the magnitude of the perplexities involved, as for instance the serious diplomatic difficulties with England, and the disruption of the British Empire, the general conclusion is that Canada's addition to the United States would not disturb or imperil the existing system. A more careful study of the matter may lead to a different conclusion.

There are, in a general way, three important reasons why the United States and Canada should continue as separate governments. The first of these is that the character of the Canadian population is not suitable for annexation. As a whole the

Canadian people are intensely proud of their country, of their union with the British Empire, and of their loyalty to the King. They have a sincere and ardent attachment to British institutions and to King Edward. It could hardly be otherwise, for England has treated Canada with the utmost liberality, and it has often been said that if, prior to the Revolution, the thirteen American colonies had received like consideration, there would have been no Declaration of Independence. Aside from this spirit of loyalty to the mother country, the character of the French Canadians would be no help in the matter of annexation. This large, ignorant, unprogressive class cannot assimilate Canadian ideas, and there is nothing to show that they would take any more kindly to American ideas.

The second general argument against annexation is that the interests of the two countries would oppose each other. If union were established, an equality of commercial privileges would be involved. Commercially, union would abridge the prosperity of the farming classes of the United States, and would be a cruel and immediate disadvantage to all our agricultural states. The Canadians are very anxious for a better market for wheat, oats, potatoes, etc., and with their cheaper labor they could not fail to cripple the profits of American farmers on all similar products. A commercial union would not stop short of participation in our fishing and coasting trade. The services of the Canadian navy are supported chiefly for the end of opening a free fish market to the United States, and if that were accomplished, the navy would soon be out of existence. At present our coasting trade, on both the ocean and the lakes, is in a highly prosperous condition and is about all we have left of our former mercantile tonnage. The cheap provincial craft, cheaply manned and cheaply run, would undermine our people in the coasting trade, just as the Clyde steamers, and Norwegian and other foreign tramps, have nearly extinguished our foreign carrying trade.

Another collision of interests would take place on the political side. A firm belief in the superiority of Canadian institutions, laws, politics and even morals, is ingrained in the heart of the average citizen. Canada prefers Parliamentary to Congressional government. She does not approve of the fact that during the term of the president he is practically responsible to nobody, and that his election causes violent turmoil in the

country every four years. She prefers to have a premier who represents the king, and whose actions can be controlled by the people. Canadians also object to our elective judiciary and to our varying divorce laws. They are exceedingly averse to any judicial system founded upon an electoral basis. They recognize the merits of the United States Supreme Court, but they think that the respect paid to its decisions and to the Court itself, is due to the fact that the judges are carefully selected and hold their positions for life. In the lower courts, where the electoral system is used, they think that lack of respect for the bench and its decisions is obvious, and that this is due to the fact that the judge is an elected official, no longer independent, but the servant of the people or the party which elected him. The varying divorce laws Canada considers a critical evil, and the number of divorces granted a reflection upon the morality of the community.

On the part of the United States the large number of Canadian states probably to be represented in Congress would require profound consideration. All of the provinces would be likely to insist upon being represented in the Senate. To the older members of the Union this would not be acceptable. The coherence, as a political unit, of so many additional senators suddenly admitted from the north, would be inevitable, and they would soon learn their power to break down both measures and men. The future success or failure of parties might depend upon their Canadian policy.

The Catholic power in Quebec would form another disadvantage for the United States. The French-Canadians are completely under the control of the Roman Catholic Church, and the whole province of Quebec is priest-ridden. Combined with the American Roman Church it would become the powerful redresser of Roman Catholic grievances over all the United States. The wealth, power and influence of this Church is constantly increasing, and it is doubtful if anywhere else in the world this great clerical institution rules more absolutely than in Quebec. If the Republican party should rudely blight Catholic school aspirations, it would be punished at the next presidential election by the loss of the Quebec State vote. Thus our free institutions would be greatly imperiled. The Democratic party might be similarly treated at another time, and the vote of Quebec the State would become an object for high bids, thus

greatly sharpening our political warfares. With such collisions of interest as these, it is not difficult to see that the annexation of Canada to the Union would be a very serious problem.

If, in spite of difficulties, annexation should sometime be accomplished, the regard of Canadians for English nobility and tradition would not tend to increase a spirit of democracy. They have too much caste and race pride even to become truly democratic. The English civil service system has long served to provide in English colonies a refuge for the destitute younger sons of the aristocracy, and this class must be expected to perpetuate national animosities, and to remain so wedded to the British monarchy as not to be able to think of a republic without hatred. The Loyalists or Tories, who left the United States during or after the Revolution, have retained much of their old bitterness, and these with their descendants would be hostile to all republican theories or methods of government.

Many arguments in favor of annexation have been brought forward of late years which at first seem highly plausible, but upon close examination lose much of their cogency. The statement has often been made that geographically Canada would prove a great and inexhaustible benefit to the United States. This is to be doubted, for annexation would involve such a tremendous increase of area that concentration of government would be made exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Firm control over every part of a country is necessary if the government is to be lasting and stable, and without concentration this restraint cannot be exercised. The addition of this great territory would involve the United States in enormous expense for the maintenance of canals and railroads. The Dominion is the owner of several very important canals, and the Union would therefore be relieved from their future construction; but the annual cost of their maintenance would have to be assumed, and some of them are so inferior as to require replacement by larger and better works. The relation of the Dominion to its railroads is extraordinarily involved. Many of them are owned by the government, and whether they are self-supporting or an annual tax, they are surely a source of probable deficits and of great vexation in their administration. In time of war this territory would prove a difficult problem, for the distances are so great, and some areas so sparsely settled, that protection would be a serious burden. Geographically then, Canada

would not prove such an unlimited benefit as is sometimes thought.

As for the claim that the two great Anglo-Saxon races on the same continent should be united, several reasons make this inexpedient. As has already been stated, the interests of the two countries do not coincide, and constant friction would therefore ensue. Then, too, Canadians are afraid of American aggression, suspicious of American dislike to the mother-land, and opposed to the hostile fiscal legislation, which would necessarily exist under annexation, and to possible conflict with Great Britain. Every year they are becoming more and more interested in the British market, and have overwhelmingly defeated any reciprocity schemes which involved trade-discrimination against Great Britain. The large number of French-Canadians would form a third reason why union would be inadvisable. They are an emphatically hostile element in Canadian affairs, and there is no prospect that they would prove anything else under American administration. They are subject to Canada against their will, and the United States would probably be no better able to assimilate them than Canada has been. Therefore it is wiser that the two Anglo-Saxon races should remain apart.

The third great claim urged for annexation is an economic one. It has been said that Canada requires union in order to remedy her commercial restrictions. Statistics deny this statement. In the period from 1878 to 1892 the export of mineral, vegetable and animal products, and of produce from fisheries and forests, increased rapidly. In this same period also, manufactures and imports of raw material, such as wool, cotton and sugar, made rapid progress. That Canada does not need union on an economic ground is also shown by the fact that Great Britain proves to be a better market for Canadian products, especially agricultural, than the United States, since the latter is more than able to supply her own necessities in this direction.

Good evidence of the fact that Canada would be no economic benefit to the United States is shown in the Canadian market which is already over-stocked, and has no need of American goods. Canadian labor is so much cheaper that it would seriously damage American manufacturing interests if union should take place. Aside from this, there are two other serious economic disadvantages. The various Indian tribes of the



United States have long proved a source of great expense. Unfortunately the Canadian Dominion, with its sixty-four different tribes of Indians, is even more seriously burdened with this destitute race, all of whom have had, and must continue to have, assistance in their hard struggle for life—especially in the extreme northern climate. To Canada they bring a large item of expense, and to the United States they would bring a much greater one, as her system of support has been far more generous. Lastly, in case of union, the public debt of Canada, however formidable, would have to be paid or assumed by the United States. The present amount of this debt in proportion to the population is more than three times as much as that of the United States. The latter is being rapidly reduced, but that of the Dominion has steadily increased. Undoubtedly the United States could bear this heavy burden much more easily than Canada could, but the idea is far from attractive.

In addition to all these general arguments against annexation the great majority of the Canadians do not wish it. Most of the talking in favor of it has been done by a few men, such as Goldwin Smith. A. R. Carmen says that annexation would bring three serious problems to the United State; (1) the interjection of a Canadian party into American politics, (2) the open hostility of the ultra-British party, which by forcibly dragging this element into the American Union would bring grave danger, and (3) the questions of the Province of Quebec. This latter problem he considers the most serious, and he says that when Canada accepts annexation it will be a confession that Quebec the Province has driven Canadian statesmen in sheer bewilderment to national suicide. He further says that when Quebec shall offer herself for annexation, the government at Washington may set up a needle's eye through which she must pass naked stripped of every privilege of race and religion; that Congress may take every precaution possible and take it in full, but that unless the history of Romanism has been written by contraries, the care will be taken in vain. The Marquis of Lorne, J. Castell Hopkins, and Erastus Wiman all bear him out in saying that annexation is unadvisable.

Such Americans as Justin S. Morrill say, "We do not need the Canadian Dominion as a place of refuge for redundant population. We do not need it for the purpose of enrolling their young men in our army. We do not need it for the purpose of

increasing our revenue, and, if we did, the balance would be found on the other side of the account." Cities and states have previously tried to rule world empires and have failed. Let not the United States be like Athens, Macedonia, and Rome, who were so greedy for empire that they brought about their own downfall, but let the great Republic rather profit by their example.

A union with Canada must first be asked for by the Dominion or it will not be worth having. There is no reason why the United States should take the initiative, and since both countries are contented with their present conditions, and since each believes in the superiority of her own institutions, the wisest plan is for them to remain apart.

EDITH CHAPIN.

### BEYOND THE GARDEN

A low hill lies beyond my green-hedged garden ;  
A little hill, all pillared high with trees.  
Towards it the meadows stretch their shaggy grasses  
That tremble at the passing of a breeze.

Now spring has come I watch the color deepen  
Upon those trees, shorn bare by winter's snow,  
And from the garden see the glint of sunshine  
Fall on the leaves and bid the good sap flow.

Sometimes the rain falls softly, half concealing  
The ragged branches in a veil of mist.  
And sometimes, when God smiles from out his Heaven,  
The hill-top's by a morning rainbow kissed.

I stand beside my hedge each night at sunset:  
The lilacs are in bloom, and at my feet  
The late-born blossoms of a lengthening spring-time  
Pour out their fragrance, and the air is sweet.

The sun drops low ; the sky is gray and golden.  
Above me croons a mother bird at rest.  
Upon the top bough of the pink-fringed apple  
Secure is built her neatly woven nest.

And I—alone but for the fading sunset  
 And bright-eyed bird—look out upon the hill  
 And wait until the night has wrapped it gently,  
 And all the garden is subdued and still.

Then wide-winged bats leap by in narrowing circles  
 Across the line the hill makes with the sky,  
 And low I say farewell and leave the garden,  
 Brushing the dew-wet grass as I pass by.

BERTHA CHACE LOV

### THE AWAKENING OF THE WOODS

The sheltering snow, departing, left the woods  
 Silent and desolate ; wherein cold pools  
 Mirrored the flights of sullen, wind-tossed clouds.  
 From the decay of other years, young ferns  
 Grotesquely reared themselves, but dared not lift  
 Their shivering heads, distrustful of a world  
 Where sudden, gusty raindrops dashed them down.

Then, lo! the Master's loving hand, outstretched  
 In pity, touched the cheerless wood to life,—  
 To life which surged and tingled in each vein,  
 And winged itself in leaves and gossamer flowers.  
 Warm sunshine flickered through the sparkling veil  
 And nestled in the violets' inmost heart,  
 And baby blood-roots, leaf-encradled, woke  
 To wonder at the glory of the Spring.

INEZ HUNTER BABC

### A PARTNERSHIP

Mme. Lecoz, small, plump and vivacious, waved a cig  
 airily. She was seated upon the throne of her court, that  
 say at the head of the pension dinner table, chair pushed  
 and leaning forward with elbows squarely upon the table.  
 made only a bare pretense of smoking, but used the cig  
 for the purpose of emphasis and affability.

"You like Paris, monsieur?" she was asking. "Ma  
 course. Why not? See how blue the sky is and how

the sun. Everybody likes Paris at this season. To be sure, there is no more opera—ah, that was divine! You have heard *La Santibella*? No? Such a voice! But never mind, there still remains Marietta at the *Folies*, about whom the city has gone mad. The boulevards are gay each night, but for me, I like the sunshine. You must go to the Luxembourg gardens this afternoon and see the color and the beauty. You, an artist, should like that, and you will find it there.”

The cigarette flourished toward the window. This overlooked a narrow street of the Latin quarter. The low roof of the house opposite had been transformed into a garden which was bright against the dingy walls of the next building. A block away the Rue de l'Épée crossed the Boulevard St. Michel, whose noise and bustle were day and night unceasing. Beyond that were the round dome of the Panthéon and the towns of St Étienne, and the bright sun of a Paris spring bathed and transformed it all alluringly.

The young man addressed nodded assent, but his expression was apathetic. Thick blond hair and beard, high cheek bones and mild blue eyes proclaimed him a Teuton before his guttural French confirmed the suspicion. His hands were white, blue-veined and sensitive, and a frayed velvet coat and loosely knotted tie added a Bohemian touch to his appearance. Of the other loiterers about the pension table, one was a French actor, and two were Sorbonne students, all good humored and self-satisfied. They had been eying the stranger who had recently drifted into their home, with undisguised curiosity, while he had tried uncomfortably to avoid their stare. Poor Herr Lubeck! In reply to Madame's advice, he asked whether it would be possible to go afoot to the Luxembourg, but he put it, “*Est-ce que che bourrai marcher là-pas?*” And he was not blind to the eyebrows uplifted in amusement opposite him.

Mme. Lecoq hastily interposed, and her black eyes snapped. “Of course you can,” she said, “And who would care to ride in a stuffy tramway this afternoon?”

She looked indignantly at her other boarders and they returned it with deprecating amusement. Mme. Lecoq still kept fresh and pretty and buxom, for all her ten years of widowhood, and the flush of annoyance that came to her cheeks now made her none the less attractive. She pushed back her chair decidedly, and there was a general movement to leave the room.

The German stood back deferentially, and Mme. Lecoz stopped a moment too.

"I hope you will be at home here, monsieur," she said kindly. "Let me do anything I can for your comfort."

Herr Lubeck could only answer with a look of dumb gratitude.

A few minutes later he was walking toward the gardens threading his way to the quai, jostled by the crowd of shoppers and sight-seers. His thoughts were busy, and the gay throng of the boulevard passed unnoted. Lubeck had been in Paris ten years before, studying art, living from hand to mouth on a meager pittance, dreaming great dreams, and suffering privations with heroic ardor. Resources at an end, he had gone home confident of success and eager for battle, but since then, existence had been a slow downhill course. It was little matter where he had been. His undeveloped talent and impractical mind did not succeed any better in Berlin than in his home town of Mecklenburg. Now that his home had broken up, he found himself once more in the French capitol, a friendless vagabond, without hope or ambition.

He paused mechanically with a crowd which stood before a vender of moving toys, but passed on again in a moment, eyes vaguely fixed ahead on the fresh verdure of the Luxembourg gardens. His artist's attention was gradually aroused from despondent reverie. The splendid palace with its green and terraced approach, stood out in all its most picturesque beauty in the spring sunshine. The park was dotted with playing children. Beribboned nurses were stationed here and there upon benches; nearby, the unending stream of life; above all, a few low clouds. Lubeck paused and half-shut his eyes to soften the scene, and when he walked on again his step was more elastic and his bearing more alert. He passed the Sorbonne and crossed the teeming Boulevard St. Germain, and went on, stopping from time to time to look into attractive windows. The life and bouyancy of everything around began to fill the German with an old, nearly forgotten hope; and in an unformed way, mingled with the spell that Paris was casting over him, he saw a picture of the plump little kindly faced woman who was going to make a pleasant home for him there. Here perhaps, where men and women had human sympathy, and where all about were workers creating, producing, and filling each a use-

ful niche, he too could paint, and live, and win renown. His nervous fingers closed and unclosed and he looked from side to side observing everything as one newly awakened.

Opposite the Cluny Museum he crossed the street and leaned against an iron fence rail, to scrutinize its artistic possibilities. The old brown walls with their suggestion of decay, the ivy straggling over the corner turrets, translated themselves into terms of soft toned pastel to his eyes. He walked on toward the river, where it opened out and flowed blue beyond the Place St. Michel, and at last he came out upon the quai. In either direction overhanging the water stretched rows of fruit and flower booths, broken here and there by old book stalls. The Seine, narrow here beside the Ile de la Cité, was alive with fussy little passenger boats and more business-like barges, and on the other side the eye ran back and forth between the gleaming spire of the Sainte Chapelle and the strong towers and buttresses of Nôtre Dame. Thoughts of the enduring strength and stability of the city mingled with its varying life and activity. Herr Lubeck lingered there, leaning against the stone parapet.

The artist stopped in a supply shop on his homeward walk, and carefully selected a few new colors and brushes. When satisfied he drew a handful of coins from his pocket, and selected about the half of them in payment. He flushed and then turned slowly pale, but did not draw back or hesitate. What was the transaction but a perfectly sure speculation? Of that Herr Lubeck felt quite confident when he entered the Pension Lecoq for the evening meal.

In the following weeks the German became a settled feature of the pension. The other students ceased to find him even funny after a time, for he was absorbed every day in work, and though regular to meals, never joined in conversation. The few transient boarders, for the most part Americans of a cheap class, usually admired the examples of his art that adorned the parlor walls, but made no offers. The way in which these pictures had reached so showy a position was an instance of the interest which the little madame felt in him. Two weeks after his arrival Herr Lubeck went to her, pale and determined, with the news that he must leave the pension. Madame thought a moment and then said, eying him narrowly,

"I shall be sorry to have you go, but what must be, must be. Will you do me one little favor first, however? I would like to

buy one of your pictures, for the price,—well, of what you owe me. That is, you see, to simplify the bargain, you may give me the one which I shall choose, instead of any money in settlement."

"But madame, it is not worth—"

"It is. I want it so. You must oblige me. And while you are looking for a new place to board, if you really *must* go, you will stay here, n'est-ce pas?"

Herr Lubeck stayed on at the Pension Lecoz.

It was not long before he found many ways of usefulness. Mme. Lecoz was the possessor of a tightly curled French poodle, Bijou, who had long since grown cumbersome from lack of exercise. Its daily walk now became assured. On one occasion the building's deliberate water-power elevator stuck just midway between two floors, and nothing but the ingenuity of Herr Lubeck saved madame from spending the night there.

She on her side plied her boarder with small kindnesses. Often when he came home at night, a huge tin box under his arm, from a day passed in the Trocadéro Gardens or in the woods of St. Cloud, madame would inspect a half finished canvas and admire. They were faithful copies of Paris life, these pastels of Herr Lubeck, and had also a decided element of originality. Mme. Lecoz at least considered them quite wonderful, and it distressed her as the days went on to see their accumulation leaning up against the walls of his small bedroom. But the artist continued to work and to hope with a patient heart.

One night,—it was a month since he had come to Paris,—coming in from a day's outing, he met madame in the corridor. She was on her way to the making of a famously good artichoke sauce for supper, but something in the man's attitude arrested her. There was a weary droop to his shoulders, and a suggestion of the old apathy in his face.

"What have you been doing to-day, monsieur?" madame asked. "May I see? Is it the view of the river?"

"Yes," said Herr Lubeck brusquely, attempting to pass on.

"Let me see—oh, but I insist—indeed yes," and the determined little woman took the box out of his hands, and drew out a small sketch of the Seine,—a boat, a bridge, some shadowy towers, all enveloped in a thin mist, delicate and transparent.

The artist bit his lip, and his eyes gleamed under a distressed frown. "Madame, I beg of you," he said in a low voice. "De grâce. Let me go to my room."

"Ah, c'est beau!" she cried, as though she had not heard, "It is beautiful, I have seen in the salon great pictures I did not like as well. Your pictures, monsieur, I like them all, and this—" she held it out at arm's length, admiring and gesticulating, all eagerness to cheer and please. "Maybe you will let me have this? Yes?"

But Herr Lubeck burst forth passionately. "No, no, madame! I am tired of this charity, of this pretense! Oh, forgive me—but—I am not quite myself. I beg you to let me pass."

"Herr Lubeck," she said quietly, "Let us understand each other and talk things over a moment. Since I have had to keep a pension, I have known many young artists, and I cannot help interesting myself in them. You understand? You forgive the liberty. Very well. I do not understand why your pictures do not sell. Have you made the effort? Maybe I am wrong, but something tells me that with opportunity you would be successful."

He had resigned himself to the interview and stood with drooping shoulders, meeting the sympathetic eyes with tears in his own. He flung out his hands despairingly.

"You are very good to say this to me," he said, "but I am afraid you judge me too well. You ask whether I have attempted sales? Alas, I have." His eyes burned, and he ran his hand through his thick blond hair dramatically. "I have been dreaming this last month, but it is finished now. For a week I have shown my work at art stores."

"Have you been to all?" madame asked anxiously. "Have you called on prominent artists? Have you—oh it seems as though there must be a way. You surely have not tried them all."

"They tell me,"—he raised his head proudly,—"they tell me that their stock is full. I cannot gain admittance to the painters. But, I am no child to talk to you like this. I have yet patience."

Madame thought a moment, and then asked, "Why don't you paint for the next salon?"

As though in answer to a thought of his own, the artist's face lit up with a sudden intense eagerness, and then as quickly resumed its weary look. "Yes, I have thought of that," he said.

There was nothing more to say. Madame Lecoz with a sigh, tended her steps toward the making of the sauce, and Lubeck



retired to his room. He kicked over a chair that stood in his way and strode over to the window. He leaned against the casement and looked out moodily. Paint for the salon! yes, he had thought of that. There seemed to be no other opening, but if he could once get into the salon! His imagination pictured the result, a crowd grouped around his masterpiece, himself near to hear the comments and the speculations regarding this new artist, a placard beneath his signature, with "Médaille d'or" emblazoned upon it in gold letters. Large offers—patronage. The pension dinner bell, as it came clanging louder and louder along the corridor outside, dispelled the dream. He passed a hand over his brow to rid his mind entirely of it, but for the first time since his arrival in Paris, he did not obey its summons. Paint for the salon indeed! And where should he find a model ready to pose for the mere love of art? And where could he pick up for nothing a set of oils adapted to the vision which was forming in his mind? He had spent the last sou that day for a final strip of canvas. He had been obliged to walk home from the Rue de Rivoli for want of an omnibus fare. One thing he was determined upon. He would offer no more worthless pictures to Mme. Lecoz in payment of his debts. But after he had left her—where? how? The struggle was too much. The Paris which had promised so much had proved itself a sham. It lured with a false brilliance, then abandoned its victim with pitiless indifference. Herr Lubeck sank down upon a chair before his writing table, and sat as though stunned. He flung out his arms and bowed his head upon them.

In the dining-room there was a seat vacant next to Mme. Lecoz, and she glanced at it uneasily from time to time. Someone asked where the German was with polite indifference. Another commented, "Not that he is very talkative when he is here, but he is at least ornamental."

"I do not know," said Madame. Again, as in her first championship of the artist, her eyes blazed. "It may be true that Herr Lubeck is silent, but I tell you that he will be a great artist some day, for all that."

She had spoken so decidedly that several eyebrows were raised, and a short silence fell. It was at once succeeded by a renewal of general conversation. Madame did not beam upon her guests as usual. She toyed with the sherry glass, and put it down untouched several times after it had nearly reached her

lips. She laughed politely and vaguely when the others did, but before the meal was over she became so absent-minded that it affected everybody, and they finally left, one by one, without waiting for the usual after dinner chat.

As soon as the room was cleared and the hallway free, Mme. Lecoz tiptoed to Herr Lubeck's door. She could not have told what impulse drove her, nor what fear it was that made her heart beat so, as she put her ear to the panel and listened. There was a slight, indeterminable sound from within. He was there then, safe. A moment's hesitation, and she knocked. A stifled exclamation was followed by absolute silence. In sudden terror madame burst open the door, and then stood petrified upon the threshold. Herr Lubeck was standing by the window, staring at her. His face was drawn and set, one hand was pressed to his temple, and in the other was a pistol.

"Drop that!" cried Mme. Lecoz, and she stamped her foot for emphasis. Then since he did not stir, she ran and snatched it from his nerveless fingers, and sent it clattering to the pavement below. When she turned back to him again, he was standing by the table, gripping its edge to hold himself steady. She went up to him and drew his hands into hers, as if he had been a frightened child, and then she made him sit beside her on the couch until he stopped trembling.

"Poor boy, why did you try that?" she asked, and choked a little. "You knew I was your friend. No, don't try to answer me. Just let me talk. You hadn't a sou—yes, I know, but there were other things to do. I tell you that I am your friend, and there was no need."

The man could not speak. He could not understand. He only knew that it was good to feel the touch of a human hand.

"Now listen," madame continued in a more practical tone. "I have a proposition to make to you, that has been running for some time in my mind. In the first place, I will take my pay from you for as long as you want, in your pictures. No, don't protest. I have not finished. The more of your work that is hung in my public rooms, the more people will see. It isn't much, I know, but maybe—"

Lubeck gripped her hands tensely. "It's a respite and a chance," he said.

Madame hesitated in picking her words, and drew a little away from him. Then she said, "I want to give you more than

that. I hardly know how to say. But you know you have helped me in little things during the month, and it has shown me how much I need someone like that. I need some one to take an interest in things,—to mend the elevator, and—things like that. But more than that, if I only had some one to keep accounts and transact part of the business! There is a bigger apartment on the Rue Bréa that I have looked at. Do you understand? It's a sort of partnership that I propose, monsieur. Do you understand?"

"A sort of partnership?" he asked wonderingly, and with dawning comprehension. "A sort of partnership? But, no. I do not understand. It takes more than one side to make a partnership. You offer life to a—to a dying dog, let us say. It is an act of charity and goodness, madame, but what besides gratitude can the dog return?"

"You have your art," she said, "And you will paint your picture for the salon and make money on that. I am not afraid for my side of the bargain."

The salon picture! In uncontrollable excitement, Lubeck sprang to his feet, and walked across the room. Out from the open balcony, he looked up toward the shadowy towers of St. Etienne, and breathed in the fresh cool night. He shot one shuddering glance down where a bit of steel gleamed in the street, and then looked up and out again. The stillness grew overwrought while the man stood there in the open weighing his fate, and the woman sat where he had left her. It took the slow German a long time to comprehend. The darkness had fallen so gradually and the silence had been so long that Mme. Lecoz did not know that the artist had moved until suddenly she felt him on his knees at her side.

"I will consider only one kind of partnership," he said in an eloquent voice. "My art is nothing to give, and I am not much more, but maybe you can make something out of them."

Mme. Lecoz put out her hands blindly and yielded them into his keeping.

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

## SABBATH WOODS

I went to church to-day in the out-of-doors,  
Pausing half up the mountain-side to join  
The solemn service of the autumn woods.  
The pines stood straight and tall against the sky  
Like columns in a dim cathedral aisle,  
While high among their tops the breezes stirred  
Softer than silence, with a murmur low,  
Devotional as soothing organ tones.  
I joined with reverence the quiet pines  
And Sabbath stillness sank into my soul.

CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE.

## THE SONG OF MY MASTER

I lift my head at his word of command,  
I leap at the touch of his spur,  
And always he sings a song to the beat  
Of my hoofs as we travel adown the street—  
“To her, to her, to her!”

We gallop away on the hard, white road,  
To a forest of pine and fir.  
My hoofs are the music, he sings the refrain,  
Softer than voices of dropping rain—  
“To her, to her, to her!”

Within the forest, all dark and still,  
The shadows my feet may deter,  
But soft as the needles that fall on the ground  
He sings it again, and sweet is the sound—  
“To her, to her, to her!”

Out on the highroad and into the town,  
With its bustle and noise and stir;  
He has ceased to sing, but I know his heart,  
Till we reach her gate, is beating its part—  
“To her, to her, to her!”

MARIETTA ADELAIDE HYDE.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SINGULARISM

Philosophies, like religions, are dreamed, as well as thought. Those largely dreamed we call invalid, those thought, inadequate. But whatever may be our philosophy,—whether, in its preponderance of dreams over thought, it be invalid, or whether it be inadequate,—it must, unless in its hopeless inadequacy it be altogether dreamless and dogmatic, admit as true the expression of the thinker, dreamer and practical man, Shakespeare :

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

We Horatios who are not dogmatists must stamp as valid some things beyond our thought and even beyond dreams. But all these things, because they have not yet been thought, nor yet have been invalidated by our thought, must be comprehended under the one term “Mystery.”

There has been a dream throughout the ages that this Mystery is One and that it is All—embracing as well things commonly called known as things unknown. The historically sensitive Tennyson expressed this in his,

“Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.”

Yes, it is our dream that, if we knew nature, we should know both God and man. In fact, if we knew one thing, we should know all. Our Aryan ancestors saw, as did Tennyson, the flower ; they saw that it was fair ; and they dreamed that it was all—that the sense world was both God and man. But then, our medieval fathers saw, as did Tennyson, the root ; and, following Plato more closely than he could himself, they said the root was all—God, man, and nature. For them there was no flower. The mystery, the one thing needful, was the root, the thought, beneath the sensual world.

Somewhat, the root was never strengthened by this unqualified regard for it. So thought, piled up on thought, at last but sent men back again to sense, and this time with a clearer understanding. For now both root and flower were there,—the unseen and the visible,—with the mystery uniting them, and needful to both as each was to the other.

It is not strange, then, that Shakespeare, who knew so well both thought and sense that his expression of them has never yet been rivalled—it is not strange that he should express so well this mystery, too,—the mystery above and beyond even those renaissance dreams which the new sense world was awakening to haunt the thoughts of men, and claim from thought validity. And Shakespeare, who so strongly felt this mystery, did he not dream, too, that it was a uniting mystery?

“O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine—”

a sun, however,

“That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks.”

Shakespeare, the profound, who clothed his most profound in jester's garb; who was serious in jest, but never jested with the serious; who presented thoughts in dreams, and thus, by paradox and pathos, by making artistic and flexible his philosophy, made adequate his thought,—and yet, who never presented his dreams in thought, as did our medieval fathers in their astrologies and alchemies, but ever showed them as graceful, shifting environment to thought, preserving thus for dreams at least potential truth; Shakespeare, who saw potential reality and truth in dreams, in appearances, in the sense world, and gently left them to grow in their own sphere into that truth; who neither strained them into abnormalities, nor yet degraded them into mere symbols of reality;—did he not, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, put the great world mystery into form as small as the proverbial nutshell? There *Hermia* and *Helena*, in their integrity, had been

“Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition.”

For Shakespeare, man's union with the world he loves—whether that world be man or nature—is always “in partition.” The cherry, left in its own sphere, is united only by analogy with man and never swallowed up by symbolism. It remains, there-

fore, in its integrity, a cherry. Shakespeare never, in the interest of unity, permits the absorption of any infinitesimal part of the sense world by thought. For him

"There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky."

He saw the bounds of thought and sense, the strength of each to check and modify, and yet to fortify, the other. And if, with Wordsworth, he recognized

"In nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of our purest thoughts,"

yet he understood better, it seems, than Wordsworth the futility of that same "language of the sense" unless itself anchored to consistent, patient thought. Never, with his anchoring intellect, could he have wished for that swing back towards sensuous Aryanism which Wordsworth, drifting from his dual heritage of thought and sense, unmanlike for a moment, longs for:

"Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Wordsworth and other great poets differ from Shakespeare in that they require from reasoning man certain indulgences. They must have constantly the privilege of touching upon the trail of a great theory and of deserting it at will to "single out some other chase." But Shakespeare added to sense in largest measure an intellect as great. And when his tally-ho is heard:

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green,"

then all—artists, scientists and philosophers—may follow in his trail, confident that he will never

"outrun  
By violent swiftness that which " he runs at,  
"And lose by over-running."

He is no "bawler;" he "will ne'er out" at a cold scent; nor will he "utter a misleading cry" or "run counter" as did Wordsworth in his longing cry for the blurred Pagan page again.

This marked sanity of Shakespeare's, his acceptance of man's heritage of unity only "in partition,"—is reflected in his attitude towards both God and nature. His reason was not of that aerial type that runs forever and forever in the lofty, well-oiled circuit of the Ideal, sundered from the main spring of the senses. Nor was his the sense pressed down until, a skeleton, it lends itself to "second sense" or "vision," deprived, however, of the firm and sap of reason that was its very life. No, he was no idealist, no mystic. But ideals glorified his facts, and facts sustained his ideals.

And so, he did not "get on" fast enough for mystics and idealists. And even such strong men as Emerson and Ruskin have uttered "misleading cries" of disappointment that he did not draw the circle of our being more nearly to its close. Ruskin cries out concerning Shakespeare's attitude towards God :

"What is the message to us of our own poet . . . after 1500 years of Christian faith have been numbered over the graves of men? Are his words more cheerful than the heathen's? Is his hope more near, his trust more sure, his reading of fate more happy? Ah, no! We find only in the great Christian poet the consciousness of a mortal law. Is not this a mystery of life?"

And Emerson, the nature lover, disappointed at Shakespeare's nature treatment, exclaims in bitter condemnation :

"Are the agents of nature and the power to understand them worth no more than a street serenade or the breath of a cigar? One remembers again the trumpet-text in the Koran : 'The heavens and the earth and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?'"

It seemed strange to Ruskin that Shakespeare did not know the mystery, God. It seemed perverse to Emerson that he did not read the mystery, Nature. Would it not seem strange to us if he had known them better? After all, in his restraint and sanity has he not given us the key? Can we work towards a knowledge of God and nature, can we work towards unity with them, except through knowledge "in partition?"

Shakespeare recognized man's place in the partitioned unity, and the men whom he idealized and honored did not hastily identify themselves with either God or nature. They ever looked up reverently towards God, the invisible, the supreme mystery, and down attentively on nature, visible and yet mysterious. Nature mysterious they never maltreated. Nature visible they knew as Shakespeare only could make them know it.



His every sense was keen to nature's open page. And its page was open wide in Shakespeare's England. Fynes Moryson, of Lincolnshire, writing at this time his *Itinerary of Europe*, quaintly says :

"But for the poynt of pleasures, the English from the lordes to every husbandman have generally more fayre and more large Gardens and Orchardes than any other nation. . . .

Not to speak of . . . Saynts dayes which the people in keeping for Church service yet keep for recreation or walking and gaming. No nation of greater compasse alloweth such great proportions of lands for Parkes to impale Fal-lowe and Red deare. No nation followeth these pastimes and exercises on horsebacke and on Foote so frequently and paynfully in any measure of comparison. Not only gentlemen but yeomen frequently hunt the hayre, not only with grayhounds but hounds in keeping whereof for that purpose divers yeomen joyne together, for England wants not Acteons eaten up by their owne dogs."

In this atmosphere Shakespeare lived. And, though too sane and practical to be "eaten up by his own dogs," he knew this atmosphere and loved it as no Acteon could ever love it. Tradition, telling tales of him, was never able to leave out the horses and the deer. Certainly he knew most intimately the horse. And if, as he says,

"Nature teaches the beasts to know their friends,"

then he and that horse which prosperity surely gave him must have enjoyed together many a wild chase on the Cotswold Hills or on the friths and fells of his own Warwickshire.

Nor did his keen eyes fail to note upon his way the oak

"whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,"

or the dew

"Which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls."

He knew nature when

"the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill."

And he knew her, too, at night :

"Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, . . .  
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl."

Yes, he knew her in the terror and the mystery, as well as in the beauty, of her face. He knew and kept always in his mem-

ory every detail of that face. It never palled upon him. This permanency of interest—is it not prompted by true love? Bryant has sung :

“ There is no glory in star or blossom  
Till looked upon by a loving eye ;  
There is no fragrance in April breezes  
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.”

Shakespeare understood this ; for the place which, to the gentle sense of Duncan, wooed only the “ temple-haunting martlet,” became infested for Macbeth with shrieks of owls and cricket cries.

Knowing nature visible so well—knowing, too, that nature visible reflects to man as in a mirror his own moods, did he not see also the power of nature to produce these moods? This it is that many of our poets have assumed to be nature’s reality as opposed to her appearance,—a kind of ethical and psychological sustenance it produces when sown with man’s reflection. But nature real, mysterious, was it not more than this to Shakespeare? Was it not a producer, first and foremost for itself, and incidentally for man? He dignified it by leaving it in its own sphere to grow, and only incidentally to help man’s growth, as his environments and a great social factor. It existed for itself, and not that it might lead man as his priestess, nor yet be led by him, a slave, in symbolism.

Nature is not a priestess, as Wordsworth and his school of nature worshippers have made her. These poets, if their constant poise in sense and mind had been as true as that of Shakespeare, would perhaps never have been ; for it is given only to the greatest to mount, and yet to mediate—to mount and never snap or strain one of the dual cords that bind us and yet draw us on.

Nature is far less than man—for all its vastness, might and beauty. Because the cords that bind us to our God are slacker than are those of nature ; because, by reason of this slackness (which men call freedom of the will), these cords of our relationship with God become entangled and complex,—it does not follow that we are removed much farther from Him and have become more hopelessly distinct than is our simple sister, nature. Nor does it follow that, because nature is bound by apparently simple, straight and tightened cords to God, that she,

in her docility, before even the period of her novitiate, should become almost identified with God.

So long as this note does not jar, we love our nature music. Nature has offered a grand old keyboard to the touch of many poets; and, so long as they have struck chords suited to its range, deep, sweet and simple melody and truth have reached and nestled in the heart of man. But the keyboard does not range above middle C of the grand world organ. It is art to touch true and strong bass chords but it is greater art to play upon the keyboard of humanity the themes its higher range makes possible. But only the very greatest can with both hands play this wonderful world instrument—can with the left hand touch the deep bass chords of nature and send them rolling forth to deepen, strengthen and enrich the great themes played by the strong right hand upon the high scale of humanity.

Emerson has said that Shakespeare "trifled" with nature. What would he say to a giant who, endowed with two hands adequate, should use but one? What would he say to an artist who should adopt the strange device of sacrificing to a novel criss-cross position the power that lay in his two hands? What would such a giant, such an artist, be but a trifter? And yet, to one of these two methods Shakespeare must of necessity have been driven if, with his right hand, he would play on nature.

It is strange that, among our mysterious psychological processes there should survive so long a certain bundle of feelings that cry out for "all or nothing" of anything we love—for possession in fee simple. Long ago, came from one of England's lesser poets a strong response to one of these great cries of frailty:

"I could not love you, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more."

If such a response were universally accepted with regard to different species, "partitioned" in our unity, then it would be easy to see how Shakespeare could give to nature an intenser interest than ever was bestowed by one incapable of loving more than nature the higher species, man:

"A combination and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal."

The regard of the man Shakespeare for nature is given in every theme to which he set his seal. The fact that he did not strain it, that he did not strive to place it, a priestess, above the level of his higher love, only shows his love of it the more. It is a great compliment to an object of our love, a dignity conferred upon it—to love it as it is, and not as we would make it. For all created things have in them, unsubduable, their own germ of development and change, which—meeting and conflicting with any change imposed by a too ardent lover from without—may end in tragedy, deformity and ill-repute. This dignity Shakespeare conferred upon nature,—he loved her as he saw her. And, idealizing her as he did, he yet, in his great love and self-restraint, bequeathed to her the heritage that was her right—to grow, symmetrical, untrammelled by the decorative art that man, in his impatience for her growth, has power to put upon her. Unlike Brabblers, the hound he knew so well, he did not “grow too busy before he found the scent.”

Nor did he follow the other extreme and drag nature, a poor slave in symbolism, behind man's chariot wheels. He allowed her ever to retain her individuality—uniting her only “in partition,” by analogy and metaphor, with man, and never by that process of absorption known as symbolism. Nature's existence is not that it may be a picture, a mere symbol, of the truth that man must know. This is but an incident to its existence. If man poetical can read some truth for us through nature, well and good, but let him not follow man carnivorous in his propensities and swallow nature in hot zeal for morality. Let him not mistake mere incident for a reality. Let nature, as in Shakespeare, be first and foremost a simple symbol of itself, with all its future unimpaired. Cannot our real poets call a horse a horse and love it as Shakespeare loved it, giving it a horse's heritage—mysterious and infinite, for all we know, as is our own? Why call it, with Swedenborg, a mere moral symbol, a type, the creation of a moral but a non-sane man, living in sickly dependence upon this creator, man, and perishing when his morality needs no sense world to give it sustenance?

Perhaps, when we behold the mystery of unity, its beauty and its glory may be “in partition,” may depend on the integrity

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun,"

ISABELLA RACHEL

### TO THE ANGEL

I fall asleep and dream there is a garden  
And thou among the flowers, and I without the gate  
Can only nod, and sigh, and beckon thee to open,  
And thou wilt not,—and so, my love, I wait.

I dream again, and lo, earth's lovely eden  
Has passed ; in heavenly radiance gleams the eternal gate  
And still I stand without, nor tears nor constant praying  
Win angel hearts—and so, my God, I wait.

By this I know, dear one, that as thou holdest  
Within thy heart and hands mine earthly fate,  
So will the angels follow in thy foot-steps :  
Oh, speak, my love ! be kind ! I kneel, I wait.

ELLEN TERESA RICH

## SKETCHES

### A SUNSET PICTURE

Ef anybody hez the knack of handlin' bresh and paint,  
Jest tell him to come up this way and see whether it aint  
About the purtiest sort o' sight he's hed the chance to view—  
Them bare trees, leanin' 'gainst the sky with the sunset showin' through.

It's out our kitchen winder, you kin see it 'bout the best,  
And when the chores aire over and I'm hankerin' fer rest,  
Somehow its kinder o' comfortin' to know your old arm-chair  
Is a-waitin' with the sunset till you come and j'ine 'em there.

And I like to set a-dreamin' till the sea o' golden light  
Grows slowly dim and dimmer till it fades clean out o' sight,  
And the trees begin to sway and moan like they was sorrowin'  
Becanse they feared the sunlight wouldn't ever come ag'in.

Fer some folks there's nuthin' to do but go abroad and see  
The master-pieces, ez they say, is in the old country—  
But fer me this out my winder here is good enough to do—  
Jest the bare trees leanin' 'gainst the sky, with the sunset showin' through.

ETHEL FANNING YOUNG.

Harriet Bliss and Cordelia Cooley were intimates for three  
and thirty years; for three and thirty more they ignored each  
other's existence. It was not always

**A New England Feud** easy, for they lived but a little distance apart on the old Hadley street, yet it was compassed with a simple dignity that acquired all the sanctity of custom. On weekdays they passed and repassed with averted vision, and on Sundays, sat rigidly opposite each other in the little white church. When Mrs. Cooley entertained the sewing circle, Harriet Bliss did not attend, and Cordelia was as consistently absent in her turn. At other times, they worked industriously on opposite sides of the room.

The alienation dated from the day Harriet married Ephraim Bliss. Cordelia had been married long before, slim and fair in her girlish white, and it was not impossible that Harriet envied her the romance. Cordelia was ever a shade too complacent with her round pink cheeks, her small, smiling mouth and bright curls. Harriet was small and thin and dark, and her black hair crimped with difficulty. She was a master hand at managing, and her ability had always gone triumphantly ahead of Cordelia's more even excellence, from the days when she had spelled her down in school to the time when her cakes and quilts carried the prize away at the county fair.

But life had bestowed a richer prize on Cordelia, in the shape of Josiah Cooley, with his big house and farm, and had spitefully apportioned Ephraim Bliss to Harriet—Ephraim Bliss, who came Sunday night after Sunday night, but never came to the point. The procrastination of the courtship was a heavy cross for Harriet, not lightened by the knowledge that all Hadley watched and waited with her. Once and twice her pride almost stepped in, but men were scarce in the town, and Ephraim was of good family and possessions,—moreover, Harriet had always been reputed to have “a leaning” toward him. So she waited, and the town grew so used to the waiting that it was thoroughly startled when the date of the wedding was given out.

“Couldn't exactly say Eph *popped* the question,” Cordelia's husband chuckled, looking back over the years. “Must have just *oozed* from him, so to speak. But for folks that were so long getting promised, seems like they are terrible quick getting married,” for the date was set only three weeks ahead.

“I guess Harriet's got her sewing done, long since,” Cordelia responded.

“She's terrible excited about it for one that ain't exactly took by surprise,” Josiah went on. “She might be said to have been contemplating the event now for some time.”

Harriet was excited certainly. “Flustered as a sixteen-year-old”, the town reported in amusement, and the amusement being without disguise, Harriet was made none the easier by it. To any reference to the length of the courtship she was absurdly sensitive, and only to Cordelia did she open her heart at all. Thus it was that when Cordelia delivered her into the hands of her enemies her resentment was doubly bitter. It was undoubt-

edly a mere wayward impulse on Cordelia's part, but it is such impulses that try the soul of friendship.

They were standing together in the vestry of the little church, before the ceremony began. Ephraim was fussing nervously with his long cuffs; Harriet twitching at her skirt.

"Seems dretful foolish for you to be married in white, at your age," Cordelia remarked, "you'll get so little wear out of it now."

"Well, I had it on hand," Harriet spoke low, with a cautious eye on Ephraim. "It was all made up five years ago in March. I only had to alter the sleeves. Mercy, Cordelia, why don't they begin?"

The organist answered the question. It was the custom in Hadley for the bride to walk down the aisle while the choir sang a hymn of her choosing, and Harriet had forgotten to send over her choice of a hymn. The organist handed her the book now. She turned the pages in a flurry, then thrust it into Cordelia's hands.

"I can't think of anything appropriate," she said. "You choose it," and Cordelia, after a quick survey of the pages, a sly, mischievous glance at impatient Harriet and her backward groom, gave out a number.

There was flutter and laughter among the choir as it rose to face the oncoming couple, and began the hymn, and like a breeze the flutter and laughter rippled through the congregation, when the words of the selection rang clearly forth.

"This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not,—  
This is the way I long have sought,"

rose the soprano with vicious distinctness, "and mourned, and *mourned* because I found it not."

"I found it not," echoed the bass gloomily.

Down the aisle, past the whisperings and nudgings and smothered sallies of wit, marched Harriet, very erect and resolute, and deathly pale save for the tiny spot of wrath that glowed on each cheek. Erect and resolute, she went through the brief, simple service and back up the aisle again, and straight past the group of friends waiting in the vestry. Cordelia stepped briskly after her. "Well, Harriet," said she, "haven't you anything to say to me? You aren't feeling put out at a *joke*," she added with her soft girlish giggle.



A joke! Poor Harriet—the humor of it poignant for her. “I haven’t *anything* to say to Mrs. Cooley,” she declared in the tense, penetrating anger. “I never *shall* have anything to say to her.” She walked past her and out of the church.

Naturally, remembering the close friendship she had had with Cordelia, she concluded that Cordelia would accordingly and sympathetically close her small mouth for herself, but Cordelia closed her small mouth.

“I sha’n’t knuckle to Harriet Bliss,” she spoke to her *after* she’s spoken to me.”

Then everybody remembered of a sudden that Mrs. Harding, and the Hardings were “sot”. Mrs. Cooley remembered this too, all too late, she gave no sign, she closed her lips tightly and waited in vain for a word from the other. They were almost equally uncommunicative people about it, and the gossips got little satisfaction.

“If I’ve nothing to say to Cordelia, I’ve learned my lesson,” she would say flatly, and Cordelia would respond in brevity.

“There’s no use talking about it. When you have something to say, speak, and not until.”

So they waited, and the trial of strength continued through the years. They had both grown too old to suffer from the separation, but neither showed any sign of the effort it cost her. In silent ways they followed each other’s affairs—of their bonnets and cloaks, their cleanings and their children, their ailments and their joys. A serious illness or affliction might have bridged the gap, but each life experienced only the little up and down of secret cares and domestic worries of a sheltered life. The barrier grew greater with the years. In the end they were married and settled in different homes, and each was left alone. Imperceptibly, they had grown older. Mrs. Cooley was thinner and bent and wrinkled, and even her figure grew shrunken and her round winter face furrowed. One winter she caught a cold that lasted the long months. Her cough sounded ominously like the one once Harriet was detected in turning and looking back.

“Mrs. Cooley has got a bad cold,” a neighbor said. “She ain’t so strong as she once was.”

“At sixty-eight we ain’t any of us exact

Harriet rejoined tartly, but all her sharpness could not conceal her anxiety. Cordelia's cold grew worse. Finally she took to her bed.

"She's always liked to stay in it well enough," Harriet informed the minister, who had told her of the fact with a view to peace-making. "There's some of *us* who would be glad of a little rest."

"I think she's ill, seriously ill, Mrs. Bliss," he answered. "And I think her heart goes out for her old friend—"

"Did she say so?"

"Not in words, but the language of the eyes—"

"You never could tell anything about Cordelia Cooley's eyes. They might be full of tears at your sorrowful story, all the while she was wondering what you gave for your bonnet. I have all I can do attending to what folks say, without looking for what they don't say. If Cordelia wanted to see me, she's had thirty-three years to send for me. She's got just one word to say. I'll never say that word first."

"You may be willing to say it when it's too late," the minister warned her solemnly. Harriet did not seem to hear.

Yet she heard, and the day came when the words went home to her. She went and sat limply in her stiff parlor, and fought out her battle alone.

"She's ill—*dying!*" she repeated under her breath. "Dying, an' I ain't been to see her. I'm waiting here to be sent for, like a proud, hateful old woman. But she knows I'm waiting, an' she's only to send. Forgiving ain't so hard when you're dying. If she wanted me she would send."

Suddenly, through the still afternoon came the tolling of a bell. They toll for every year when one dies in Hadley. Harriet clapped her hands over her ears, as though she would shut out the sound, yet she listened painfully and counted the strokes.

"One," she whispered with stiff lips. "Two—three—oh, may be it won't be sixty-nine—may be that crippled Tucker boy has been taken. Lord, that would be a mercy! Oh, take the crippled Tucker boy—don't let it be sixty-nine." But the bell tolled on remorselessly.

"She's gone," said Harriet Bliss. "Lord, *she's* gone."

Her old face worked pitifully. Then she rose and rushed out down the village street, her white hair blowing in the wind, the hot tears running down her furrowed cheeks.

"I'm too late," she panted. "A hard-hearted, hateful servant, Lord. Oh, if I could only have seen her once, just once, before. But I'll come now—I'll go down on my old knees before her, and may be that will make up a little. Cordelia *gone*."

Half-way there, she met Josiah Cooley coming up the street.

"Why ain't you at home?" she demanded, breathlessly.

He stared curiously at her disarray.

"I'm getting some of mother's jelly for Cordelia. She thinks she can eat a little now."

Harriet stood speechless.

"She had a sudden turn for the better a while back. How curious you look, Mrs. Bliss."

"What—what was that bell for?"

"The bell?" Josiah cast about a minute. "Oh, that was old man Flint in the lane. He had a stroke this morning."

"*Well!*" said Harriet Bliss, crisply. She shut her mouth with a click and put her hands up to her fluttering hair. "When Cordelia Cooley wants to see me, she can send for me," she uttered over her shoulder, and marched back home.

And some hours later, white and shaken from her journey to the valley of the shadow, Cordelia sent.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

#### A SWISS LULLABY

The snow-peaks flash in the lingering light,—

Hush, my little one, lullaby,  
And rose-red flush the fields of white,  
Sleep, my baby, mother is nigh.

Tinkle! home come the pastured goats,—

Hush, my little one, lullaby.  
Faint from the heights the jodel floats,  
Sleep, my baby, father is nigh.

Twilight stillness steals from far ;

Hush, my little one, lullaby.  
Deep in the cold lake gleams a star ;  
Sleep, my baby, God is nigh.

ELEANOR HENRIETTE ADLER.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Within a quiet resting place they lie,  
Still are the hands that labored wearily,  
The pines above them croon a lullaby,  
And sunshine touches headstones silently.

But I, who in the turmoil of life's day  
Refresh my soul here for a moment's space,  
Too soon must wander on my troubled way,  
Not worthy yet a quiet resting place.

---

When I am good  
My mother's eyes  
Are just as blue as summer skies.

But other times,  
When I am bad,  
My mother's eyes  
Grow dark and sad,  
As if an awful stormy day  
Had hidden all the blue away.

LOUISE KINGSLEY.

All day long it had prowled around the camp, and then in the night it came again, a little, half-starved, lean vagrant, slinking in around the camp-fire and poking its cold, timorous nose into Grayton's face. Instantly Grayton awoke, but he lay still, and with all his experience of many years in the woods, moved not a muscle, even though he felt the animal's hot breath on his cheek, and heard its quick feet padding about. Then he felt it cautiously poke its head under the blanket and push up one edge. Then it stole in next to Grayton's warm body, and with one long, gusty sigh, it relaxed its four tired legs and sank to rest.

"It's that dog," thought Grayton, and in two minutes both dog and Grayton were asleep, snugly wrapped up together in the warm army blanket.

Before dawn the vagrant stole out, and when Grayton woke and sat up, there before the fire sat his little visitor, shivering in the chill air of the morning woods. Grayton nodded to him, for Grayton never wasted words. The dog shivered again, and whined, but he did not move away from the fire. Grayton got

breakfast, and as he ate he threw an occasional scrap to the dog. That worthy opened his jaws with a snap whenever he saw a piece coming his way, and swallowed things with one convulsive gulp, his eye ever on the lookout for more. By the time breakfast was over Grayton felt quite warmed toward the dog. As the man rose to go down to the lake, he nodded once more to him.

"You can stay on here if you like," he said. "I think we'll get on well together."

The dog looked him in the eye with a half-quizzical expression, then gave a yelp of delight.

"You look fatter already," added Grayton.

He went out on the lake fishing, and forgot all about the dog till nightfall, when, as he rounded the point and came in sight of the little woodpile and smouldering camp-fire that summed up the word "home" to him, a small, curly, cream-colored object flung itself down the bank and hailed him with joyous barks.

"Why!" cried Grayton, with genuine pleasure in his voice, "you jolly little beggar! I didn't think when I left you this morning that you'd be here to-night."

The dog sat up and wagged his small tail, while Grayton took out the fish, strung them on a forked stick, dumped the boat, and drew it up and tied it in the bushes. Then he took the fish up back of the little clearing, and cleaned them, and washed them in the brook. The dog looked on with manifest approval.

Night came on, and Grayton made up the fire and crawled into his blankets and prepared to sleep. The forest, still and cool, darkened about him. No sound broke the quiet save the noise of the camp-fire and the lap of the water on the stones at the little landing. The night odors, the green smell of the pines, stole up and filled his soul. His camp-fire crackled, a pine knot snapped and fell in two. Grayton slept. Instantly the little vagrant crept in underneath the blanket and slept too.

The next day Grayton left, to camp a few miles down the lake, making for himself a new home, for to him, wherever his camp-fire was, there was home. With him went the little tramp, the first to get into the boat at the old camp, and the first to jump out at the new.

"You're a brick," said Grayton, after two days of complete silence. "You don't need to be talking all the time, like some dogs."

At the end of two months, when the brief beauty of the summer woods had begun to pass, and the mornings had a tinge of frost in the air, it came toward the time when Grayton must leave the forest. He felt toward that small dog as he had never felt toward any creature in all his life before.

In October he came down the river, gave up his boat, gun and rod, to a guide he knew, and started for the city. Brown in face, hard and sound in muscle, he felt physically "fit", fit enough even to tackle the long winter of the business life he so much hated. In years past, the winter had been to him a time of drudgery, wherein he had dreamed, day and night, of green pines, a boat in a bass pool, a still-hunt up a deer-run, or the silence of a partridge cover. In years past he had counted the months, nay, even the days, till he could set his face northward toward the country of balsam firs, but after this summer it seemed to Grayton that he counted even the hours. For here was the dog, always waiting by the fireside when he came home in the evening, ready to sit half the night by his side while he brooded over his dreams. Sometimes, when a log fell out over the andirons, and rolled down the hearth, or the wind tore round the corner with a shriek, the dog would look up at Grayton with a reminiscent eye, as if he said :

"Reminds me of those old nights by the camp-fire, doesn't it you?"

A brooding, dreamy eye the dog had at all times, and a strange, preoccupied air of always thinking of something far away. Grayton, looking at him sometimes, without the dog's knowledge, caught, or fancied he caught, a sad, yearning look, as of one whose soul grieves in secret for what he has not.

"Why, upon my soul!" cried Grayton one day, "I believe you're just wasting your heart away for a sniff of the old north woods again!"

The dog started violently, and lifted his gaze from the glowing coals to his master's face. Grayton sighed, and leaning over, stroked the cream-colored curls.

But that winter, on a business trip, Grayton met the girl. All his life long his dreams had been undividedly of the forest, which was his passion. Never—for Grayton was a strange man—had a dream of a girl crept into his thoughts, and at first it disturbed him mightily to find that even in his dearest reveries her face had begun to come between him and his vision. He

would sit by the fire, dreaming of some far night on a still lake where by chance he had camped in years past, and he would let his mind go drifting down-stream with the boat, on and on, past the bend, under the trees, when—suddenly he found that he was thinking, not of his dear lake, but of the girl. His thoughts had gone out, and round the corner of that winding lake they had met a vision of her.

The little dog would look up at him with those knowing eyes, and Grayton loved him for it. But finally, along about February, just after another of Grayton's business trips, he came to the conclusion that his reveries by the fire had become *all* girl. There was no longer any forest for him at all, or if there were, it was merely to imagine how she would like it or look in it.

The dog noticed the change in him, and it seemed in some vague way to bother him. On nights when Grayton's mind was particularly far away, the dog would steal up toward the fireplace and sit brooding there, his head on his paws, and his sad, puzzled eyes wide open, blinking at the fire.

In March, when the girl came to the city to visit her aunt, the dog spent whole evenings alone, and when Grayton would come in, he would find the little cream-colored dog asleep by a dead fire, but at the man's lightest step the dog was wide awake and greeting his master lovingly, but with reserve.

Grayton had early told the girl about his dog. She had said she liked dogs, and he was sure he should find a sympathetic listener in her. One night as he was about to start out he stopped and whistled to his dog.

"She wants to see you, old chap," he said, "so come along."

It was a cold, long walk through many brilliantly lighted streets, but finally the two went up some high steps, at the top of which a door was opened, sending forth a blaze of light that made the dog blink as he stole in over the threshold. Very many people were talking all at once, and somewhere there was music. As Grayton reached down and picked up the shuddering little dog there was a burst of laughter, and a woman's voice, very high and clear, called out:

"Oh, is *that* your dog? What an ugly little object he is!"

The light and the voice had startled the dog, and he shrank down and tried to hide his thin body and weazened face in Grayton's coat, but his master held him out at arm's length so that all could see him.

"He may not be very pretty," he said dryly, in his firm, crisp voice, "but he's a brave little chap, and as loyal as you could ever see."

"You ought to have a Great Dane or a Mastiff, or something like that," said the girl who had spoken before. "You're not the kind of a man for a little dog."

"Don't you want to make friends with him?" asked Grayton, a vaguely disappointed note in his voice. "He's a polite chap."

"He—no, I couldn't touch him. He—he's positively repulsive to me!"

The loathing in the speaker's voice seemed to cut the dog as a whiplash. Grayton said nothing, but set down his dog in a chair near the door, and told him, perhaps in a harsher voice than usual, to stay till he should come back. The dog sat and quivered till the hour came for Grayton to go. Then he hopped nimbly off the chair, and when the door was opened slunk quietly out.

Grayton never knew quite how it happened, but when he reached his rooms and whistled to the dog, there was no dog to be found. Once, as he called, it seemed to him as if he caught sight of a little shadow sneaking by in the gloom of a building, but, though he called for half an hour or more, his dog never came.

The next night it was a lonely fireside for Grayton. He had his own thoughts of the girl, of course, but somehow they seemed to him not nearly so satisfactory when the dog was not there, blinking gravely at the fire, and looking up with his keen, appreciative gaze when Grayton spoke. Often, as the fire went down, and log after log snapped and fell apart and let its ashes fall softly into the grate, often, through the stillness of the evening, Grayton looked down at the accustomed spot, about to speak, and found his little comrade's place empty.

Grayton advertised thoroughly, and visited all the dog pounds and animal hospitals, but the dog was not found. Grayton gradually got to looking for him everywhere, as he walked about the city, and often spent whole evenings following a dog that in the distance looked a little like his. He had not realized what he felt for the dog, but now that the dog was gone he saw that he loved him with all his heart. He thought of him as



men think of a man friend they have lost, and he thought of him day and night.

When April came in and the brooks began to stir, Grayton's heart went out to his forest and his lake, and he thought bitterly of how his little comrade had missed the forest. In a flash all that starved winter of the dog's life was plain to him, and he saw how the dog must have suffered and pined in secret.

Grayton withdrew more and more into himself. He was not a man who found consolation in companionship. Gradually the girl grew to miss his visits to her house, then they grew less frequent, and finally, in early May, they ceased entirely. On May evenings he walked by the beach and watched the gulls fly up and down, or lay on cool hillsides upon soft, thick banks of bluets. In June he went up to the woods. His life seemed to him so lonely as to be almost unbearable; he went to the only consolation he knew. All the way up he missed his dog more and more. It seemed as if the dog had been some human creature whom he had wronged, or whom he had killed by neglect or lack of sympathy, and whom he could now never forget. The road wound steadily up and up, and the air grew cooler and crisper, with something of the tang of a September morning.

Finally, at six o'clock on a June evening, Grayton got off the car and went straight to the shore, where he knew the guide would have his boat, rod and gun ready for him. The guide stepped forward to greet him.

"You didn't bring back your dog, Mr. Grayton?" he asked.

"No—my dog is—I have no dog," said Grayton.

He stepped into the boat and pushed off.

"Expect me about September 15th," he said.

The guide nodded, and Grayton rounded the turn.

A little green promontory jutted out into the lake. Royal-fern and alders hung over the edge of the water. Grayton looked at them idly, as he dipped the blade. Suddenly there was a noise of crackling bushes, a little cry, and a small, cream-colored dog dashed through the ferns and out on the narrow tip of sand. Grayton stopped short, his blade held in mid-air, his eyes fixed on the dog. The boat drifted slowly past the point. The dog took one tentative step into the water, drew back, and stood hesitating amid the tangle of royal-fern. Grayton gazed at him as if unable to remove his eyes. Finally

the dog once more walked to the end of the point. Instantly Grayton recovered himself, and with one mighty shove sent his canoe in shore. The dog leaped aboard, and sprang toward Grayton. The man bent down and took the little fellow quickly in his arms.

Presently Grayton shoved the boat off again, and dipping the paddle in the water, started off down the lake. Behind him rose the mountains, dim and blue with the haze of twilight; before him opened out a long, narrow vista of blue water and overarching trees. He paddled silently around the bend, the paddle dipping and flashing in the last sunlight. In the bow of the boat sat the dog, silent, calm, motionless, his grave eyes fixed on the opening vista ahead.

RUTH POTTER MAXSON.

A WARNING

When fair Priscilla takes her bow in hand  
And sends the arrow flying through the air,  
It must be said it is not safe to stand  
On any spot save by the target there.

A tree off to the left perchance she'll hit,  
Perchance into the hedge that grows near by,  
Or to the right the shaft will chance to flit,  
But to the target it will ne'er come nigh.

But when her eye speeds glances, then beware!  
Her aim is sure, unerring is the dart;  
And woe be unto him who anywhere  
Finds one of these embedded in his heart!

ELSIE ROSENBERG.

Everyone in the family was becoming anxious because of Betty. Betty was a mischievous young lady aged six, not much different from other young ladies of the same age, excepting that nature seemed to have endowed her with an abnormal capacity for getting herself, and incidentally everyone else, into trouble. She had easily and rapidly exhausted all the conventional forms of mischief in the course

of her short life and had for some time been indulging in many ingenious pranks of her own invention.

On this particular Sunday she had conducted herself like a small cherub. She had allowed her curls to be combed with care, attracting the attention of the entire neighborhood. She had meekly submitted to being buttoned into a detested frock. She had trotted off to Sunday school with a devout expression on her small face. She had not even loitered on the way, and had refused with Spartan fortitude the invitation of certain wicked but very enticing small boys to play in their sand piles. Such unusual goodness on the part of Betty indicated that she must be using her small "thinker" very diligently. And that is what the whole family was becoming anxious and was waiting for the thunderbolt to come out of a clear sky.

Betty and her big brother were very good friends, but Betty had the strange way of showing her affection by making him the victim of all her pranks. One reason for this peculiarity was that Betty was a jealous sister, and if she thought her brother was noticing some one else too much, she always made him regret it. Only yesterday Betty had run up to her brother while he was out walking with a young lady, and had met with a very uncordial, not to say chilly, reception. This incident was rankling in Betty's brain, but as yet she had hit upon no scheme which seemed to suit her brother's crime.

After supper Betty's brother settled himself down in a chair to take a comfortable nap just before church, as is the habit of men when they wish to keep awake during the sermon. Betty was sitting near him, regarding him critically, and trying to think of some means of revenge. As she glanced at his ruffled hair she had an inspiration. She would do her brother's hair up in curl-papers and make him have curls just like a girl. Betty had a scornful regard for anything feminine, and had a special grudge against Providence for making her a girl. Her mother had made her suffer enough with bothersome curls. Why shouldn't brother have them, too? Brother would look well with curls.

With a skill of which her mother might have been proud, she took the scissors and carefully cut out some of the leaves of one of her sister's new volumes of Shakespeare, and divided them into long, narrow strips. It was a difficult operation, for brother's hair was short and stubby, and refused to wind it

nicely around the papers until she had cautiously pinned it into place. When brother had been decorated enough to suit her æsthetic taste, she tip-toed away to a corner of the library and lost herself in the big chair.

Meantime brother continued to dream peacefully until he was rudely awakened by the persistent church-bells. He sleepily opened his eyes, and discovered that he had only five minutes to get to church. Forgetting in his haste that mighty transformations can take place in half an hour, he rushed out into the dark hall, grabbed his hat, and put it on without stopping even to smooth down his hair. He entered the church just as the minister was taking his seat. The ushers were already in their places, and brother marched up to the family pew in front, with hat in hand, displaying to the admiring public a head decorated in true Indian fashion. There was no one in his pew or for several pews back, so that the congregation was able to give him its undivided attention. The minister found some difficulty in preaching to his somewhat hilarious flock, but he was caught occasionally smiling himself.

As for poor brother, he couldn't see anything funny at all, and he innocently wondered what could be the matter. He was still wondering when the congregation was singing a hymn. Quite suddenly a gentle breeze blew something down on the open pages of the hymn-book. Brother looked at the mysterious thing closely, and discovered it was a strip of paper, a pin, and two or three hairs which looked suspiciously like his own. He clutched convulsively at his head and brought down a handful of similar papers, pins and hair. Several mild explosions were heard behind him, and the feminine element of the congregation resorted to handkerchiefs to suppress their giggles. Even with the papers off, brother was still an interesting spectacle, for Betty had done her work only too well. She had trained his hair so that it stood out in every direction in fascinating little kinks.

Poor brother felt like putting on his hat and rushing home to thrash that small sister of his. Instead of being able to do anything so dramatic, he had to sit as calmly as he could through the service, inwardly raging and outwardly flushing to the roots of his hair. What his exact feelings were we do not know. Perhaps he meditated a little on some form of punishment to inflict on Betty. It is also barely possible that he

didn't hear much of the sermon and that his reflections were not exactly in keeping with the religious atmosphere usually supposed to fill places of worship.

Brother will probably never be able to give a clear account of how he escaped from the church without dying of mortification. But I dare say Betty could give an excellent and detailed account of what happened when he reached home. Unfortunately for brother, no one seemed to be able to appreciate the tragic side of the affair but himself. There were plenty of his friends, though, who appeared to find the possibilities of its funny side well nigh inexhaustible.

SUSIE BELLE STARR.

## **EDITORIAL**

Much has been said of college as a preparation for life and many charges brought against what have been called unnatural conditions, but little has been said of college as life itself. There are no hard and fast lines drawn through the area of human character. We cannot say this is the result of heredity, this of environment, this of the development of the innate soul of man. At the moment, it is all a complicated fabric, woven of threads spun on the looms of adversity, fortune, success, failure and the varied accidents of life. Each invisibly contributes to the cloth as a whole. Can we more truly draw a line through life and call one, life, and the other, preparation for life? It may be that to some the realization of life comes late, but to those for whom the sign-boards of the ways are dull and need long pondering, the realization comes early, and it is such as these that we most often find in college.

What if with somewhat feverish interest we enter into the lesser aims and ideals of college life? What if success comes, or fails to come? It may be that in failure lurks success, and in success failure. For after all these are only the visible waves of the ocean of life. The still currents of the under sea we cannot know, yet it is these that are most truly strong. We see the high surf of the southern coasts and feel the call of its beauty and strength, but we seldom pause to remember the great gulf stream, which slowly, unseen, sweeps up to the far, cold north to lend its life-giving warmth. Need the deep trend of an earnest life be impeded by lack of appreciation from those around us? Unlike the currents of the sea may not our purpose be even thus intensified? We grow to care more for the purpose and less for the approbation of others. And this is the current which flows through every life worth the living. Is it reasonable to think that suddenly stagnation of all purpose begins and is forgotten in the aims and ideals of a detour which, once followed, is nevertheless an integral part of life itself.

The duties which are not to be escaped, bear the same proportion in college, as those we have experienced and will continue to experience. The mistakes we persistently leave unrectified, the responsibilities we shirk, all these tend to shape the nature of our character here as elsewhere, whether it intensifies the capacity for error or serves—as all experience should serve—to something better. Why take the period of college life to illustrate what is true of the whole flow of life? College is preparation, but so is all experience. Life itself is preparation—though for what we know not. There is no hiatus between the old and the new. College is rather the force which welds more closely the chain of experience; the realization of a generous purpose to serve. But just as this link is forged, so will there be in turn another. No one more great than its fellow; each serving adequately its part.

It is true that to some the fullest ideal of college life is unappreciated. It is to them a game, a social opportunity crowded within the narrow limits of four years. Who shall say which is the wiser course to choose, but whatever the choice, life sweeps irresistibly on, taking from the past to build up the present, storing the present to mould what is to come—and the harvest we store we can make as small or as great as we will. It seems a pity to have missed the highest best in striving after the lesser best. We are prone to forget that here at our hand is the wine of the vintage of the years—here is not preparation for life but a priceless portion of life itself. It is so easy to look from the flower at our feet to the flaunting color that another gathers. It is so easy to be ungratefully blind, so hard to acquire the clear vision of appreciation. In time to come we must leave the reality of college, together with all things past, as pictures on the walls of memory. It must be perforce only a picture. The black frame of intervening years, an intrusive background patterned with the lines of experience, makes us only onlookers. As the new self constantly develops we look back upon the past self with varied feelings of pity, compassion or scorn. Just so must we some day look back upon our college days, not as a parenthesis of time but as a full and rich season of life, which, according as we have done well or ill in our own sight, we will see with pride or sorrow.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

The end of the year has come, and we ought to moralize, but we really can't, for it is spring term. So we quote a little rhyme from one of the exchanges. It is not very good advice; only the seniors may read, since they cannot be harmed by it. It may bring back memories.

### "CUTTING" RHYMES

Do you know the road, the gladdest e'er seen,  
That leads to the summery, sunshiny green  
Where the breezes blow  
And the flowers grow  
And studies and cares lie low?  
Take a few "skips" and a "pony" or two,  
Turn to the left—or the right will do—  
And follow along the winding way  
Till you come to the post marked "Holiday";  
Now the gate is locked, and the golden key  
Is safe in the hands of the Faculty.  
But stolen delights are sweetest, I ween,  
And by skipping the bars that lie between  
You come to the summery, sunshiny green  
Where the breezes blow  
And the flowers grow  
And studies and cares lie low.

*Iconoclasts, a Book of Dramatists—Ibsen, Strindberg, Becque, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Gorky, Duse and D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw* is the extensive, partial, dogmatic, question-begging, question-raising title of James Huneker's latest collection of essays. The alert reader finds food for reflection half-way down the title page in the quoted legend from Max Stirner, "My truth is the truth". Obviously, iconoclasm does not, like charity, begin at home. This title page is a perfectly suitable introduction or challenge, as may be, to the reader in his subsequent adventure with the essays. For whether the reader be what is called experienced or not, unless he be familiar with the type of criticism of which this is an example, he will find himself reading no deeper in than his eyes, and too dazed to skip intelligently.

For this is the sort of criticism that omits the systematic and helpful review of the leader's knowledge, that asserts what is in question as the best way of getting attention for it, that



alludes easily to what few persons know, and that refers casually to what is just suspected by the expert as if it had been discussed in the communications to the supplement to the Saturday Times. The reader who knows his Johnson, his Matthew Arnold, his Morley and his Hazlitt rubs his eyes. Where are those neat abstracts of the author's work, those frugal expositions of his resources, and above all, those economical exhibits of his sources? In vain the conventional reader of the conventional review turns the leaves of this well-printed book from the Scribner's press. Criticism is not the safe and easy substitute for reading that he has found it in the past. Indeed, as his eyes get used to the sentences and paragraphs flying by his half-paralyzed efforts at cerebral reaction to the strange standards, weights, and measures used, he gathers an impression that far from being helped by this performance to get along without reading things for himself when they come out, he is being made to see the folly of his ways, and is having his ignorance of more than books shown up.

Huneker's method of quotation is not that remunerative one of the kind expositor who tears the heart out of a book and then provides a new and improved circulatory system quite independent of it for an ease-loving public. There are quotations, indeed, but they are always from somebody else than from the writer treated of, and they rarely bear directly on the subject in hand. Sometimes they do more than illustrate a point, they quite dazzle the point-hunter. Not infrequently they are harder to understand than the modest proposition they accompany. And there is a great variety of them. The value of the quotation is nearly always in itself, and seldom, if ever, entirely dependent for support on its author by name. Some quite insignificant and almost unknown persons seem to have said good things. But they seldom help us to understand anything. Few things seem fit to be understood, judging from the choice of themes represented by the writers and irritable geniuses of this list, but their lightest words prove thought-provoking after a fashion that is inexhaustible, exasperating, and to the plain person, doubtless, most fatiguing.

The class of mind that naturally takes to iconoclasm, if one may make a thesis from the names in this selection, is of the sort described in our infant psychologies as "destructive". The process has gone so far in most instances offered for our

consideration that they are already more or less damaged themselves. Some of them are victims of their own temperaments, others of heredity, others of environment. The normal is known by its absence. After a while the reader gets used to the feeling of being in the inclosed porch of a sanitarium or the mild ward of an insane asylum, and indulges his curiosity or talent for scientific observation with less sense of shamelessness or less fear of too fateful a show of sympathy. For melancholy differeth from melancholy in Huneker's paraphrase, and griefs know more than their own bitterness, and there is no light more illuminating to some aspects of life than that refracted from a tear of impotent and self-occupied rage.

This is the new heavens and the new earth of the new art. Old aims have passed away. Interest has taken the place once sacred to beauty, and curiosity keys up to excitement systems too bored to feed on the sublime. It is all wonderful, wonderful, most wonderful, but it is quite simple to Huneker, and doubtless too easy for any use by his iconoclasts. At all events, he seems to find it out of them.

The patient and careful student of these shaded ways confesses to a feeling of regret that there is not more detailed reference to the workmanship of these path-breakers. There should by rights be new and interesting ways of bushwhacking as well as in inverted epics and in topsy-turvy dramas of the life in congested centers, and on the spiritual frontiers.

MARY A. JORDAN.

*The Palace of the Heart*, by Pattie Williams Gee (Gorham Press). A little book of verses, containing, it must be confessed, more of sentiment than of poetry. We quote the preface :

"Lord, lest my mute heart break in twain  
(Its walls unequal to the strain)  
Or turn to stone, lift Thou its gates,  
Locked by reserve too long,  
And let its surging flood,  
Its tide of penitence and love,  
Go out in song !"

And the songs follow. Some of them show good material for lyric treatment, but not all, and some good material is ruined by an overloading with what is very near sentimentality. There are others which are almost poetry, but they break down in a

disappointing way, on mere matters of form. The poetry of the thing is dashed to pieces in the effort to hold to the meter, or, what is equally glaring as a fault, the meter is given up for a line or two, because the idea will not fit. Still the verses are interesting in their possibilities. With a little more art, many would be redeemed.

May 20, at the Academy of Music, Miss Maud Adams, in "The Little Minister". All the year there have been rumors afloat concerning the coming of Miss Adams, and some of us were inclined to doubt this last rumor, too. But by her coming we were rewarded for our patient waiting. As a curtain-lifter Miss Adams gave "'Op O' Me Thumb", and it is hard to say whether this or the longer comedy which followed was the real attraction. Miss Adams, in the former, succeeded so well in throwing herself into the part that it was almost impossible in the first act of "The Little Minister" not to see the tragic little French girl under all the exuberant spirits of Lady Babbie, the gypsy. Yet she was Lady Babbie before long, and the discussion of comparative excellence must be left an open question. Mr. Bryon, hero in both plays, was decidedly better as Horace Greensmith than as the Little Minister. The sameness of his acting in the latter part was disappointing. Of the minor characters, Joe Cruickshanks, atheist, was a bit overdone, but Nannie Webster was charmingly natural, especially where she kept the minister waiting at the door while she "tidied up". Altogether, we hope for rumors again—and true ones.

At the Academy of Music, March 18. "Babes in Toyland". When the humor seems spontaneous, and the songs are melodious as well as catchy, a musical comedy is a rarity well worth attending. This operetta is full of laughter and fun. The boys and girls are true children out on a holiday, or frolicking through the more or less consistent adventures of a dream. The scenery is in harmony with this "airy, fairy" atmosphere, and the children trip from hairy spiders' dens into elfin forest haunts, and down the river into the magic precincts of Toyland. We are grateful for the absence of clownishness, and follow the tuneful story with amusement, until the hero marries the heroine, and the curtain falls upon them, "living happily ever after".

ELEANOR HENRIETTE ADLER



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

A joint fellowship of \$400 is offered to graduates of Smith College for the year 1905-1906 by the College Settlement Association and the Smith College Alumnae Association. The object of this fellowship is to open to a well-qualified person the opportunities afforded by settlement life for investigation of social conditions. The purpose of this fellowship is to give training in philanthropic and civic work. No requirements are made beyond residence in a settlement during the academic year and the pursuit of some clearly defined line of work, scientific or practical, under the general guidance of a special committee. The choice of residence should depend on opportunities for the work to be undertaken, but preference will be given to settlements of the College Settlement Association. The time may, with the approval of the committee in charge, be divided among different settlements.

Applications should be sent before July 1, 1905, to Miss Grace Hubbard, Barnard College, New York City. These should include all data that may be of use to the committee. Applicants should give age, some account of previous education, and state of work for which they are preparing. They should also describe as specifically as possible the topic or line of work they have in mind for their Fellowship year. Applications should be accompanied by credentials bearing on character, and ability, practical or scholarly, and on health. The basis of award will be promise of future usefulness.

It will be regarded as a service if those to whom this notice comes will bring it to the attention of persons who might care to apply.

### MAY IN THE CITY

Oh, little Wind! oh, South Wind!  
Oh Wind of pleasant feet!  
Step quietly across the wall  
And bless this sorry street!

Above the shadowed, damp old wall  
I see a piece of sky,—  
Most blue,—and there are cherry trees,  
White—white—and swallows fly,

Black, darting sharp-winged ships of air;  
And there's the sun all day.  
But here below,—the street grinds on,  
And it is March, not May.

Oh, little Wind ! oh, South Wind !  
 Come softly down to me !  
 A cherry petal's light as air,—  
 Blow one across !—for see—

The steaming streets, the grinding wheels,  
 The bricks all foul with slime,—  
 And not a blade of sudden grass  
 To show the season's time !

And all the people's lips are blue  
 As on a sleety day,—  
 For only up above the wall  
 Is sky and sun and May.

Oh, little Wind ! oh, South Wind !  
 Oh, Wind of pleasant feet,—  
 Come down from that walled Paradise,  
 And bless this sodden street !

FANNY STEARNS DAVIS '04.

The ordinary method of studying history is to take up cause, then effect, but a far more delightful way is to reverse the order, — to study effect and then cause. This system demands a first-hand

Berlin and German acquaintance with a great city as it stands to-day,  
 History until its streets, its buildings and its monuments cry out, "Why am I here? What is the reason of my

existence?" and demand answers far more insistently than the professor in his class room. Berlin is such a city, and although German history is perhaps less familiar to the average student than that of many European countries, it is certainly true that an acquaintance with the great capital of the empire makes one wish to know more of its past. Berlin is, in fact, an illustrated edition of German history, and like the attractive pictures which tempt children to study, the city allures one by its statues and memorials into a smooth and easy path whose goal is the history of the nation.

It is in the Thiergarten, the place which might seem most free from temptation to study, that one comes upon the very first pages of the illustrated history, that long avenue known as the Sieges Allee, and flanked on either side by many generations of Prussian rulers. These marble figures, thirty-two in number, rise from their background of green foliage in an array which, considered from the artistic point of view, is not in good taste, but is nevertheless of historic interest. Behind each is a semicircular seat with the bust of two contemporaries, and the whole is a survey of centuries of Prussian life which cannot fail to impress the casual observer. It is the march of progress—the evolution of the German empire from the Mark of Brandenburg.

Observe the change of costume as you walk down one side and back the other. There is Albert the Bear in his chain armor, holding up the crucifix, symbol of the Christianity which he brought with his sword into the Mark

in the twelfth century. The armor of the early warrior yields to the dress of the courtier; here and there stands out a sturdy burgher or a polished gentleman; periwigs and powder come into fashion; the Markgraf yields to the Elector, who in turn gives way to the King, and at last the Kaiser of the nineteenth century stands, in his army cloak, facing the early ruler of Brandenburg of seven hundred years ago.

The student may well linger with pleasure and profit before each of these thirty-two figures, while the most careless observer must pause before those which represent great deeds in the last two centuries. Here, in his simplicity and strength, stands the Great Elector whom Prussia reveres as the founder of the kingdom, since he made it possible for his son to be crowned in 1701 as first king of Prussia. Pass by the next, whose reputation for cruelty shadows our respect for his patriotism, and there stands out the slight figure of the man whom Prussia has named "the Great." His individual features are not to be mistaken—those sharp lines of the nose and chin, above which is the pointed peak of his three-cornered hat. His history is too significant to be dismissed with the statue in the Thiergarten. His name forms a special topic in our history study, and calls us first of all to Potsdam and to Sans Souci, the palace which he built for himself and where he hoped to be free from care—vain hope for any man who wears a crown. The very name of the palace recalls the fondness of Frederic the Great for all things French; the plan, too, is foreign to German soil. Terraces and stone steps lead up to the low, artistic building of one story and a single suite of rooms. Here are more reminders of France in the apartments of Voltaire, with fantastic bird and beast on the walls. Here is the salon with curving window where the king would lay down his scepter and take up his flute,—and here, too, is the rack with his sheet music. Beyond is the library with its soft brown coloring and its rounding walls. What a marvel of a library, for once inside, it seems to hold you there all for itself! There is nothing to see but books and windows, for the door is a swinging bookcase, and when closed lends itself to the pretense of capture. What a place to browse, were it not for the long windows which tempt one to the green without!

Another king who is found in the Thiergarten is Frederic William III—he of the fine figure and handsome face—whom we are wont to remember as "the husband of Queen Louise." This estimate is not unfair, for his queen was his superior, and by far the stronger character. It was in this reign that Napoleon brought humiliation to Prussia; it was this king and queen who were driven from Berlin; and it was in those sad days that the Quadriga on the Brandenburger Thor was carried away to Paris and set up on the arch of the Carrousel by the first emperor of the French. Who can walk under the Linden and see that chariot above the pillars of the great gate without a thought of the grief of the city when the gate was bare and Prussia lay under the heel of the ruthless conqueror?

To know Queen Louise one must visit Charlottenburg where she lies by her husband's side, a beautiful marble figure expressing life rather than death—repose, it is true, but the repose of sleep.

The kingly form of William I, in his long military cloak, stands in the Thiergarten, as truly a warrior as the sturdy Markgraf whom he faces. One

turns instinctively from this first emperor of united Germany to the spot through the trees where rises the statue of the Iron Chancellor who stood by the throne of William I, and marked out the policy of the kingdom through the long reign of this great ruler.

At the head of the Sieges Allee there rises a tall shaft surmounted by a winged Victory. By three rows of gilded cannon it commemorates three wars in the reign of William I, each "swift, terrible, and glorious",—wars in which Prussia defeated in turn her Danish, her Austrian, and her French neighbors. When the setting sun has dropped behind the trees in the west, the golden figure on this monument, still catching the last rays, holds out her wreath of victory.

After one has studied this illustrated history in the Thiergarten, it is well to review a part of it by visiting the great Hall of Fame in the Arsenal, where the Prussian rulers stand in bronze before paintings which represent famous events in their history. Another interesting place in which to read the history of Prussia is the Hohenzollern Museum, which might be called the garret of the royal family. Not that it is like a garret, for it is in a little palace in a pretty garden, but it contains what corresponds in royal circles to the garret treasures of common folk. Here you may see the gifts sent on a great anniversary to one Prussian king, the coronation robes of another, the hat of a third, or the cradle in which some royal head was pillowed. And here, as one touches the very possessions which were a part of their life, the rulers who were marble in the Thiergarten and bronze in the Hall of Fame become flesh and blood and living human beings.

There are many ways in which Berlin is a teacher, but in no other does she introduce the rulers of the past so directly to the students of the present as through these illustrated pages of her city.

EMMA ERNESTINE PORTER '97.

#### THE TOUCH OF PEACE

A silence as of cool, strong hands laid on me,  
The feeling of a presence that surrounds me,  
Finger on lips; while in my heart the words  
Just floated from the altar, repeat themselves—  
"The peace of God be with you,  
The peace of God that passeth understanding."

Then from without, the patter on the pavements  
Of warm spring rain comes to me through the dimness,  
And far-off sparrows chirp their comradeship,  
Stretching to feel the cool drops as they trickle  
Down each brown-feathered body.

"The peace of God, the comradeship of sparrows  
And all creation, and the touch of peace,  
Even as in this hour be with you always."

CANDACE THURBER '04.

## MICHAEL ANGELO'S ADAM

At the dawn of the world, Adam,  
The new-made lord of the earth,  
Lay in the lap of the hills,  
And sleep was on him.  
The wind flowed over his body,  
The cool, sweet wind of the morning.  
Above surged the white-crested clouds  
Still stirred by the passing of Chaos.  
A beautiful untried tissue  
That had never rippled in running,  
Or leaped in the joy of pure effort,  
He lay there, the new-made lord of the earth,  
In the drowsy drift of a dream.

Then lo! The hand of Creation!  
A misty, cloud-curtained finger,  
Touched him. He stirred in his sleep;  
And the tide of life crept through him  
As the sea creeps in through the marshes.

Angelo showed him to me,  
At that moment delicious with langour,  
When he rose on one elbow, his arm  
Outstretched toward the life-giving essence,  
Not the first man alone, but mankind,  
Through æons and æons of ages,  
The new-made lords of the earth  
With their hand on the finger of God.

CANDACE THURBER '04.

## PROCRASTINATION

If I had done what I should have done  
On yesterday or the day before,  
To-day's fair sun would shine upon  
To-morrow's work and even more.

If I had wrought what I should have wrought  
On days that now are passed away,  
This rain had brought my work to naught  
And wasted many a future day.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS '01.



On May 27, a delightful "At Home" was given by the Worcester Smith College Club, for the benefit of the Students' Aid Fund. Mrs. J. Russell

Marble very kindly offered the use of her house and grounds for the entertainment, and the garden and veranda were artistically decorated with Japan-

ese lanterns and parasols. The "At Home" was from five until nine o'clock, and there were between three and four hundred guests.

On the piazza were the candy and lemonade tables, and in a corner of the wide vestibule was the fancy-work table, well supplied with articles contributed by various members of the Worcester Club. The in-door attractions were many. In the conservatory was a fortune-teller in gypsy costume; beneath the stairway silhouettes were made at twenty-five cents apiece; while a continuous performance, consisting of sleight of hand and monologues, was cleverly given by Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Slocumb in the reception room. But the main feature of the occasion was the performance of Julius Cæsar, a burlesque written by Miss Ona L. Winants of the class of 1901. The library was devoted to this, and the play was given during the afternoon and evening.

At half-past six the large dining-room was thrown open, and the guests were served a dainty supper at small, round tables, decorated with white lilacs and candles with red shades. The whole affair was a great success, the proceeds amounting to about two hundred dollars.

The committee appointed to raise the Alumnae Fund of \$10,000 for the Students' Aid Association reports encouraging receipts and hopeful prospects, though nearly a third of the sum has not yet been guaranteed. The responses from the various branches and individuals have been most cordial, however, and they hope for additional gifts by Commencement Day so that the fund may be completed. They do not wish to urge anyone unduly nor to seem over-zealous in the cause, but they will welcome every grain of assistance and will continue their efforts with confidence and courage.

The University Council of Columbia University, New York, has just awarded a scholarship of the value of \$150 to Miss Grace Faulkner Ward, a resident of Lynn, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Smith College of the class of 1900. The selection of the Columbia University scholarships, forty-two of which are awarded each year, is made from a large number of graduates of the best colleges and universities in the country.

The Smith alumnae of Holyoke, Massachusetts, gave a whist party at Hotel Hamilton, March 8. Over two hundred tickets were sold among the friends of the alumnae, so that the occasion financially was a success. It also served to strengthen the interest in Smith, which is somewhat overshadowed in this city by the interest in Mount Holyoke. Owing to the generosity of some of the alumnae, who gave the prizes and refreshments, the expenses were slight, and one hundred dollars were cleared for the Students' Aid Fund.

All communications for the Business Manager should be addressed to Mary Comfort Chapin, Hubbard House.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'91.	Grace Rand Page,	.	.	.	.	April 27-28
'96.	Eva L. Hills,	.	.	.	.	May 8
'86.	Annie Russell Marble,	.	.	.	.	" 3-5
'01.	Claire Pearl Foster,	.	.	.	.	" 5
'08.	Maude Greene,	.	.	.	.	" 5-7
'04.	Nancy Moore,	.	.	.	.	" 6
'04.	Elizabeth M. Dana,	.	.	.	.	" 11
'04.	Sophie K. Hiss,	.	.	.	.	" 12-14
'02.	Elizabeth L. Neal,	.	.	.	.	" 13
'04.	Dorothea Wells,	.	.	.	.	" 13-15
'08.	Susan Pratt Kennedy,	.	.	.	.	" 13-19
'01.	Alice Kimball,	.	.	.	.	" 16-20
'01.	Louisa B. Kimball,	.	.	.	.	" 16-20
'08.	Bessie Norton Brockway,	.	.	.	.	" 20
'08.	Esther Conant,	.	.	.	.	" 19-24
'08.	Mabel Benedict,	.	.	.	.	" 19-24
'04.	Brooke van Dyke,	.	.	.	.	" 22-25
'04.	Margaret Duryee,	.	.	.	.	" 22-25
'08.	Anna C. Holden,	.	.	.	.	" 22-27
'94.	Frances Woods Chandler,	.	.	.	.	" 22-27
'97.	Florence Bushee Theobald,	.	.	.	.	" 25-29
'95.	Mabel H. Cummings,	.	.	.	.	" 26-28
'92.	Abby Noyes Arnold,	.	.	.	.	" 27-30
'04.	Elsa Katherine Levy,	.	.	.	.	" 27-31
'01.	Helen Colburn,	.	.	.	.	" 29
'01.	Julia West Stevens,	.	.	.	.	" 29

Contributions to this department are desired *before* the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Marguerite Dixon, Dickinson House.

'96. Eva Louise Hills has announced her engagement to Mr. Lucius Root Eastman, Jr., of Boston, Amherst '95.

'97. Helen Boss was married to Dr. Frederic Russell Cummings of Concord, New Hampshire, on June 7.

Florence Dustin has announced her engagement to Dr. Allen Stanley Burnham of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Stella M. Morse was married, June 7, at her home in Santa Clara, California, to Mr. George Edward Hamilton.

'99. Edith Almira Ellis was married, June 7, at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, to Mr. Herbert Eugene Getchell.

Mary Kennard was married, June 1, to Mr. George C. Scott, at Framingham, Massachusetts.

Alice G. Moore was married to Richard W. Nuthe, Assistant District Attorney for Plymouth County. Her address is 162 Newbury Street, Brockton, Massachusetts.

- '99. Agnes Mynter sailed for Europe on June 10, on the "Pennsylvania" Hamburg-American Line, and will spend the summer studying in Copenhagen. Her summer address will be, Thunes Privathotel, Hovedvagtsvej, Copenhagen, Denmark.
- '00. Grace Dunham has announced her engagement to Mr. James A. G. Yale '02 S.
- Annie L. A. Foster of Yamaguchi, Japan, has announced her engagement to the Rev. David Ambrose Murray, D. D., of Osaka, Japan.
- Anna B. Levi, 267 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York, has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas W. Wilson, Lehigh '94, who is general manager of the International Railway Company of Buffalo.
- '01. Charlotte B. DeForest is teaching English and Psychology in Koblenz for Girls, at Kobe, Japan.
- Grace King Larmonth announces her engagement to Mr. Clarence of New York City. The marriage will take place early in July.
- Janet Somerville Sheldon was married to Mr. George Wadsworth G. on April 25. Her address is 110 Hazel Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Elizabeth Sherman has announced her engagement to Mr. John E. I. of New York City.
- '03. Alice G. Fessenden sailed with her mother on the steamship *Rom* leaving Boston on June 3. She will spend three months abroad. address is : care of the American Express Co., Paris.
- Klara E. Frank has announced her engagement to Mr. George A. S. of Newton, New Jersey.
- Rose Kinsman has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur F. B. of Ware, Massachusetts.

## BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. Clarence J. Geer (Jeanette Fowler), a daughter, Janet F. born March 25.
- '97. Mrs. Everett L. Barnard (Therina Townsend) of 35 Mount Morris West, New York City, a daughter, Louise Townsend, born May 6.
- '98. Mrs. Allan Cowperthwait (Emma A. Byles), a daughter, Marian A. born March 27.
- Mrs. Joseph A. Elder (Mary Lamb Potter), a son, Thomas Potter, January 21.
- '99. Mrs. Dana Estes, Jr. (Florence Dow), a daughter, Elizabeth McL. born March 20.
- '03. Mrs. R. M. Lusch (Marion Moffit Smith), a son, Arden Moffit, April 17.

## DEATH

- '98. Alice E. Gibson died very suddenly on Sunday, May 7, at Mexico where she had been teaching for the past two years.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

The Junior as she stood beneath the apple blossoms with "her man" beside her, listening to the musical clubs, had a very different experience on the afternoon of the "Prom" this year than

The Junior Promenade, May 10 when a member of the under classes.

In the first place, whereas before she had done the staring, she was now being stared at, and the resulting sensation is not at all the same. Moreover, since the last afternoon of the "Prom", the objects about her had acquired meaning. When she looked at the trees overhead, for instance, she saw herself anxiously watching for buds to appear; when her eye fell upon her new gown, she beheld it in its various stages of development; and when she cast a sidelong glance at the realization of her "prince in the air", what train of thought was not awakened! Visions of her harassing uncertainty rose to her mind; she remembered her frantic search for first a room, then a bed in which to keep him over night; or she thought nervously of that beast of burden she had procured at a livery stable in Amherst for the following day. Would he ask her coldly, "What kind of animal is this?" and refuse to drive it through the public highways, or would he take an optimistic view of the situation, cry, "O well, God made it, therefore let it pass for a horse", and jump cheerfully into the express wagon behind it?

While the scene in the orchard was recalling to the Junior her experiences of the past weeks, and suggesting possibilities for the morrow, to one who always plays the part of the interested disinterested onlooker, the afternoon of the "Prom" in May, 1906, meant much the same as the afternoon of the "Prom" in May, 1905.

Above were the long-expected apple blossoms; below, dark spots against a moving fluffy background of femininity, the long-expected men. There was as usual the confused sound of talk and laughter—mostly done, one found on closer observation by the under classes and the seniors; there was the usual monotonous clicking of some fifty cameras, and every once in a while above this babel of noises the clear strains of the Glee Club, the plunk, plunk of the banjos, or the sweet tinkling of the mandolins.

After two hours or so of music, lemonade and ice-cream, the mass deserted the orchard and streamed down the hill to the Students' Building, where those properly shod got a foretaste of the enjoyment to come, by "dancing in" the wax.

In the evening the murmurs of admiration from the ticketless throng that had gathered unabashed near the doorway of the Students' Building were so heartfelt as the couples walked up the promenade, lighted by Japanese lanterns, that no one really minded the utter darkness of the dressing-rooms.

The electric lights finally did come on, and the reception by the patroness, the president, Miss Pomeroy, the vice-president, Miss Mann, and the chairman of the Promenade committee, Miss Brown, took place. The patronesses were Mrs. L. Clark Seelye, Miss Eastman, Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee, Miss I. Miss Hewgill, Miss Clarke, Mrs. James Bartle, Mrs. Alfred M. F. Miss Frances B. Pinkerton and Mrs. L. R. Pomeroy. After the reception dancing was formally opened by Miss Pomeroy and Miss Brown as respective partners. Certainly a good-sized vote of thanks is due the Sophomore Decorating Committee for the unusually happy result of their labors. Red roses climbed the walls, and made a beautiful background for the "1906" in electric lights, which gleamed from above the stage.

Whether the seeming prejudice in favor of the Japanese room was its charming decorations of wisteria, or its big Japanese umbrella, seemed certain; however, the excellent supper was served as well as the neighboring boxes of roses and poppies. Altogether, there was no mar to the enjoyment of the evening, and everyone, including the girl who was her room-mate's cousin, a "sixth-invitation man", didn't know she was wearing red, and sent her pink roses, declared with the rest that she was "the time of her young life".

Half-past eleven came much too soon, but the anticipation of a good time soothed and sustained the revellers, and they gaily bade them to their respective houses.

Thursday dawned "a perfect day". It did not take long after Christmas rush for seats were over for the picnic parties to get started, and they drove merrily off, gentle murmurs might have been heard arising from the "wearers of the green", "Next year, oh! next year!" As for that befuddled class of 1908, they rushed precipitously for pencils, and in nervous haste dashed off their programs for the spring of 1906.

President Seelye preached the Baccalaureate sermon at Union Union June 11.

Professor Emerson has an article entitled "Liabase and Palagonite from the Holyoke Trap" in the Bulletin of the Geological Society of America.

Professor Wood has been elected a member of the Religious Section of the American Oriental Society.

The Biblical World for June contains an article by Professor Wood "The effect of modern Biblical Teaching as Seen by the Student".

Professor Wood has a review of Lee's "Bible Study Popularized" in the Biblical World for April.

Professor Wood will write an article on "Atheism in Ethnic Religions" for a new Dictionary of Religion and Ethics to be edited by Dr. Hastings Scotland, the editor of the Hastings Bible Dictionary.

Miss Jordan gave the Commencement address of the Hathaway School at Cleveland, June 7. The subject of the address was "The Power of Nature".

Mademoiselle Vincens attended the annual meeting of the Federation of the Alliance Française at New York, April 27.

Professor Dennis gave a lecture in the Students' Building, May 25, at the open meeting of the Current Events Club of the college, on "The St. Louis Democratic Convention".

Professor Dennis served as judge in the Trinity-Rutgers Intercollegiate Debate at Hartford, June 2.

The opening article in *The Political Science Quarterly* for June is a detailed criticism of our national convention system, by Professor Dennis.

The second June issue of *The Independent* contains an illustrated article by Professor Dennis on "The Northampton Academy of Music as a Municipal Institution."

Miss Scott attended the annual meeting of the Dante Society at the home of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in Cambridge, May 16. She was re-elected senior member of the Council of the Society, in association with Mr. William R. Thayer, editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* and author of "A Short History of Venice", and Mr. Alain C. White of New York, translator of Dante's "De Aqua et Terra".

A communication from Miss Scott to *The Nation* and the *Evening Post* of New York, April 20, announced in this country, on behalf of Newnham College, that Trinity College, University of Dublin, has opened its degrees to women. At the same time Trinity College has offered to grant degrees, without examination, to all those women of Newnham, Girton, Somerville, Lady Margaret, and St. Hugh, who have passed degree examinations of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

Mrs. Lee lectured on George Meredith at Burlington, Vermont, April 6.

Mrs. Lee has a story entitled "The Turn of the Wheel", in the *Harper's Monthly* for June.

Mr. Louis Dyer's report of the Archæological Congress at Athens, in the *New York Nation* of May 11, states that Miss Boyd's account of the excavations at Gournia, given before the Prehistoric Section of the Congress, aroused much interest.

Miss Wood gave a lecture on the "Group Theory" on May 25, at Mount Holyoke College, to the seniors electing mathematics.

In Marshalltown, Iowa, on April 5, Miss Elliott gave a reading from "The Lane That Had No Turning", by Sir Gilbert Parker, before the Twentieth Century Club. And on April 8, at Iowa City, Miss Elliott gave a reading from "A Midsummer Night's Dream", at the Liberal Arts Auditorium.

Miss Story attended the meeting of the American Oriental Society at Springfield, April 28.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

All of us have heard of the George Junior Republic; some of us have read articles about it; some of us have studied it in sociology or elsewhere, but probably we have never had the oppor-

Lecture by Mr. William George tunity of seeing or listening to a more interesting account of it than that given by its founder in the Students' Building on the evening of May 16. Mr. George first became interested in children of the poorer classes when he was working in New York City in 1890. The idea occurred to him at that time

of taking a dozen or so of these boys and girls to his old home in Freeville New York, where they could grow strong and rosy in the country air. So kind friend suggested that he had an old building which was about to be torn down, but perhaps "the boys could do it for him." So Mr. George and his little band left the crowded city and spent fourteen happy days in the fresh air, fishing, climbing trees, digging for woodchucks, and doing what not.

Gradually the interest in the children spread beyond Freeville so that the following year two hundred young people were asked to spend a portion of their summer in the country, all provisions for them being supplied by the churches of Portland, Ithaca, Auburn and Elmira. But by degrees such questions as, "How much is we're going to get when we go back?" forced the truth upon Mr. George; these boys and girls were not in the country much for the purpose of restoring health and brightening cheeks and eyes as for another purpose. They believed that their good time was proportionate to the number of things they carried back to their homes. Of course it meant that something was wrong somewhere; and at the close of the season of 1893 Mr. George had almost made up his mind to write a letter to the churches and, much as he hated to do so, declare his attempt a failure.

At the last moment he resolved to try once more. A plan had occurred to him. Formerly he had worked for the boys and girls; now they were to work for him. With a portion of the appropriated money he bought pick axes and shovels and declared his intention of setting the boys at road making. For a certain amount of labor they were to receive a suit of clothes. At first one boy alone had the courage and will to stand out from the crowd and work the required time, while the others hung back, believing that by waiting they would accomplish the desired end without the dreaded manual labor. Before long, however, each one earned his clothing.

Up to this time Mr. George had made and enforced the laws himself, but with the acquirement of property the owners naturally suggested measures for its protection. This was the beginning of government. The time soon came when the founder of this colony left it to the boys and girls themselves to decide upon the guilt or innocence of their fellow-workers. They no longer considered the punishment of their friends amusing, but soberly undertook the responsibility of justice, and administered it as their power of perception and consciences dictated. Hereafter the number of prisoners visibly decreased. Punishment of longer duration was substituted for whipping, and the number again diminished. Finally one of their own fellows was appointed keeper, and on the next day there was not a single prisoner. At the close of the season of 1898 all did their share of work, and stood upon an equal footing. A court of justice had been established, and the community had begun to form itself into a republic.

Still the organization was not quite perfect. The boys and girls heretofore had not earned their food; they were soon to earn this also. Mr. George devised a scheme whereby fair workmen received fair pay in the Republic more. Those wishing to become merchants bought fruit at wholesale and retailed to their customers. In the same way other trades were instituted—farming, carpentering, printing, etc. There was therefore the necessity of having a bank and a banking system. When civilization has progressed to such

point it is also necessary to have a police force, for there is always sure to be a greater or smaller number of thieves. For this reason civil courts were established, and here were the three great powers of government,—the legislative, judicial, and economic.

Thus the George Junior Republic was started. The summer session was lengthened to a yearly one, and boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen were gathered to it from all over the United States. At present there are one hundred and thirty members of the community, fifty boys and eighty girls. It was not difficult for those listening to Mr. George to realize how great an influence he must exert over the citizens of his Republic. Although he had been speaking for nearly two hours, as he came to a conclusion by telling a touching story of one of his boys, the house was absolutely still and there were tears in many eyes. It can be safely said, in fact, that no lecturer this year has possessed so great a magnetism for his audience as Mr. George.

MARY HARDY '07.

The first public meeting of the Zeta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was held in College Hall Friday evening, May 20. Dean Tyler, after a brief address, introduced Professor Grosvenor of

**Public Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa** Amherst, who had come in behalf of the president of the United Chapters

to extend their greeting to the new chapter of our college.

Professor Grosvenor gave an interesting account of the origin of the society. Its birth and birthplace, he said, were worthy of its subsequent history. In the same room in which Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech against the Stamp Act, there gathered, on December 5, 1776, five students of William and Mary's College in Virginia, for the purpose of founding the Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. At that time few took cognizance of the society which is now the most illustrious of all college unions. To-day, in fact, the test of an institution of higher education in the United States lies in the question, "Does it possess a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa?" Only two colleges of first rank do not possess such a chapter.

Professor Grosvenor went on to say that when application for a charter is made four things are taken into consideration.

1. The eminence and ability of the faculty.
2. The nature of the curriculum.
3. The scholarship and ability of the students.
4. The general reputation of the college.

We are proud to remember that the charter was granted to Smith by unanimous vote.

Chancellor Raymond of Union University was next introduced. His speech, he observed, was not to be an oration, but a friendly talk, a one-sided conversation. He stated clearly the ideals of the society and their application to life. His theme was as follows:—

If anyone were asked to name that society which best represents the scholarly attainments of America he would answer "Phi Beta Kappa". Admittance to it is gained through high scholarship and moral character, though



perhaps it is unnecessary to mention the latter, for seldom is true scholarship found where there is not also moral character. Although enthusiasm for education is one of the marked characteristics of our country, yet evidences are not lacking that scholarship is appreciated less to-day than in former times. The age in which we live is devoted to material prosperity, to material progress. An emphasis is placed upon occupation as a goal rather than a means towards a goal. In thus making our activities the end of life we lose sight of the real end of life, which is the widest unfolding of the human spirit. The largest reward is identified with the greatest development of self. It is true that for the purpose of greatest self-development one should strive to make one's environment as comprehensive as possible, though mere abundance of things does not increase the range of life. What is the relation of scholarship to this development of life? Scholarship is not a knowledge of facts, but an appreciation of values. We are all making exchanges every minute of every day, and these exchanges are governed, not by actual values, but by our estimate of values. Here, then, is the importance of scholarship; it teaches us how to appreciate the relative value of things, how to choose the best in life, how to make ourselves most useful to others. The worth of scholarly attainment for which Phi Beta Kappa stands appears preëminently in this ability. "Whosoever would be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant." The largest life is the life of devotion to others.

HARRIET SMITH '07.

On Wednesday evening, May 24, the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies presented the play, "A Royal Family" for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The piece was somewhat loosely constructed but the lines were simple and natural, the scenery and costumes effective, and many opportunities were offered for dramatic action. Of the cast, Miss Kearns, as Cardinal Casano, deserves the highest praise. In her interpretation of the political ecclesiast she showed by gesture, voice and facial expression an appreciation of the kindly benevolence and shrewdness which contradicted each other in his character; there was a subtlety, a reserve, a completeness in her acting that is rarely found in college dramatics. Miss Reynolds, next in the order of excellence, so entirely forgot herself in the Queen Mother that every movement, every inflection was that of a strict, self-respecting old lady of noble birth. Many, indeed, who had previously seen Miss Russell's company in "A Royal Family" were reminded by Miss Reynolds of Mrs. Gilbert. The most difficult part of all, that of Father Anselm, was taken by Miss Fillebrown with great depth of dramatic feeling. To be sure at times she showed a lack of her usual finish, but her manner was convincing, both in the portrayal of the priest as under self-restraint and at the one moment when that self-restraint gave way. Miss Springer's interpretation of Angela was for the most part satisfactory and some are of the opinion that she rivalled Miss Kearns for first place. At times the effect of her acting was not altogether natural, but when the greatest demands were made upon her, as in the scene in the apple tree, and in the conversa-

tions with Anselm, she was spontaneous and sincere. Her voice was always flexible and sympathetic, and throughout the play she held the interest of the audience.

Of the other parts, Miss Abbott as the King, and Miss McCall as the Duke, deserve special mention. Miss Rumsey's Prince was most attractive, but rather on account of natural magnetism than good impersonation. The other parts in the main showed lack of care which was rather conspicuous in the case of the mob's disregard of court etiquette and in some of the exits and entrances. In spite of certain weaknesses, however, the play was as a whole thoroughly enjoyed and may be considered as one more in the list of college successes. The cast was as follows :—

A ROYAL FAMILY.

King of Arcacia,.....	Helen Abbott
Prince of Kurland (alias Count Bernadine),.....	Marion Rumsey
Cardinal Casano,.....	Elsie Kearns
Father Anselm,.....	Helen Fillebrown
Duke,.....	Ruth McCall
Prince Charles,.....	Dagmar Megie
Baron Holdensen,.....	Clara Newcomb
Lord Chamberlain,.....	Helen Fellows
First Aide de Camp,.....	Amy Maher
Second Aide de Camp,.....	Ella Dunham
Angela,.....	Beatrice Springer
Queen Mother,.....	Anna Reynolds
Queen,.....	Lucy Walther
Countess Carini,.....	Janet Mason
Ladies in Waiting, Secretaries, Servants, Ambassadors.	

At the open meeting of the Current Events Club, held on Thursday evening, May 25, Dr. Dennis of the History Department delivered a lecture on the "Democratic Convention". Dr. Dennis began

Lecture by Dr. Dennis with the political maxim, "Our government is one of laws, not men", which was proclaimed by the Democratic orators in the last national campaign. Despite this legalism which controls executive officers and legislative bodies alike, a nominating convention is subjected to no external legal control. It is a "development of the party system, just as the party system, in turn, is a product of a decentralized administrative system". The national convention is, like the party, an extra legal institution, but it may, at no distant time, be placed under the control of the national government. The conduct of the last Democratic National Convention showed the need of increased dignity and decorum. A thousand delegates and as many alternates met in "the pit of an oven-like building" in St. Louis. An enormous throng of spectators—reporters, amateur policemen, hangers-on of every sort—crowded the building, "the whole comprising the *dramatis personæ* in a serio-comic four-act extravaganza, known as 'The St. Louis Convention'".

Mr. John Sharp Williams, temporary chairman of the convention, deliv-



ically, Colonel Bryan's epilogue was a distinct anti-climax." He withdrew his amendment.

At one o'clock Sunday morning, Hon. Henry G. Davis was nominated for Vice-President.

"The infinite folly of planting a political convention in the midst of a howling mob of ten thousand people was convincingly illustrated in the last Democratic Convention." The presence of newspaper men makes the admission of irresponsible people unnecessary. In the last two Democratic State Conventions of Massachusetts all spectators other than newspaper men were rigidly excluded, and the atmosphere was very much improved.

There is also a growing conviction that the time is approaching for a change in the present system of representation in the convention. At the St. Louis Convention Pennsylvania, "a state which had never given a single electoral vote to a Democratic nominee, turned the scale decisively and clinched the nomination of a man who received but 140 votes in the electoral college."

It is probable that national party conventions will be subjected to some species of statutory control. The courts have ordinarily taken the view that party organization implies obedience to constituted authority residing within the party itself. "In the interests of safety, decency and due deliberation, Congress may at some future time impose regulations as to the time, place and manner of conducting national nominating conventions." One of the possibilities of the future is a national convention hall properly protected against fire and the incursion of the mob. "So long as all arrangements are left to a Camarilla of politicians, who have friends to be rewarded and enemies to be punished; so long as the mob is present to demand the stimulating aliment of some passion-fed illusion or some illusion-fed passion—so long will the proceedings of a national nominating convention fail to attain the dignity and deliberation implied in the very character of its high functions."

MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

The Morris House dance took place on Saturday night, May 27.

As a refreshing deviation from custom this year the Junior-Senior entertainment, May 31, consisted of a theatre party instead of some kind or condition of dance. According to an arrange-

**Junior-Senior Entertainment** ment made with the Academy of Music, all the seats downstairs were sold to the Junior class at 75 cents apiece, and those upstairs reserved for the under-classes, faculty and townspeople at \$2 apiece. The play presented was "A Bachelor's Romance", and the leading lady was Miss Flora Bowley of Smith '04.

The evening's entertainment began with the arrival of the different "twos and fours" who were ushered to their places by chosen members of the first class and who straightway became much interested in one another. As the curtain rose, however, all attention was turned to the stage. At Miss Bowley's entrance there was enthusiastic clapping which was repeated at the end of every act. Once, after the fall of the curtain, Miss Bowley was induced to make a short speech in which she thanked the audience for their warm applause and expressed her appreciation that she had been chosen to provide

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### **BANJO CLUB**

Leader, Florence Sternberger '06  
Manager, Ethelwynne Adamson '06

### **THE SOCIETY OF CURRENT EVENTS**

President, Anna Marble '06  
Secretary, Louise Bulkley '07  
Treasurer, Clara Porter '06

### **FRENCH CLUB**

President, Helen Fillebrown '06  
Vice-President, Marguerite Dixon '06  
Secretary, Isabel Lindsey '07  
Treasurer, Mary Smith '08

### **VOX CLUB**

President, Elsie Kearns '06  
Vice-President, Louise Ryals '06  
Secretary and Treasurer, Sophie Wilds '07

### **GYMNASIUM AND FIELD ASSOCIATION**

President, Ruth Cowing '07  
Vice-President, Elsie Damon '06  
Secretary, Helen Abbott '08  
Treasurer, Margaret Rankin, '08  
Junior Representative, Florence Mann '06  
Second Class Representative, Margaret Coe '07  
First Class Representative, May Kissock '08

### **PRELIMINARY COMMITTEE FOR 1906 SENIOR DRAMATICS**

Elsie Kearns, Chairman  
Helen Fillebrown  
Ruth McCall  
Lucia Johnson  
Florence Harrison

### ***PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK***

Dress Rehearsal Senior Dramatics,	Thursday, June 15,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	Friday, June 16,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	Saturday, June 17,	7.30 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	Sunday, June 18,	4.00 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, June 19,	10.00 A. M.
Annual Meeting of Smith Students'		
Aid Society,	" "	12.00 P. M.
Meeting of Smith College Settlement Association,		
	" "	2.00 P. M.
Art Exhibition,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	" "	7.00 P. M.
Reception,	" "	8.00-10.00 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, June 20,	10.00 A. M.
Felix Adler, Orator.		
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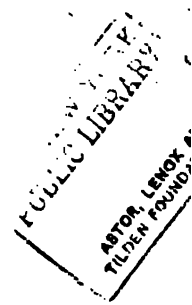
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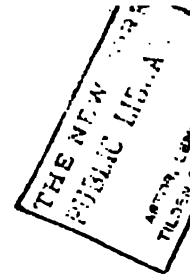
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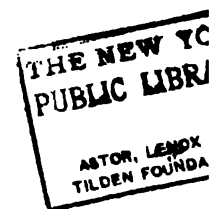
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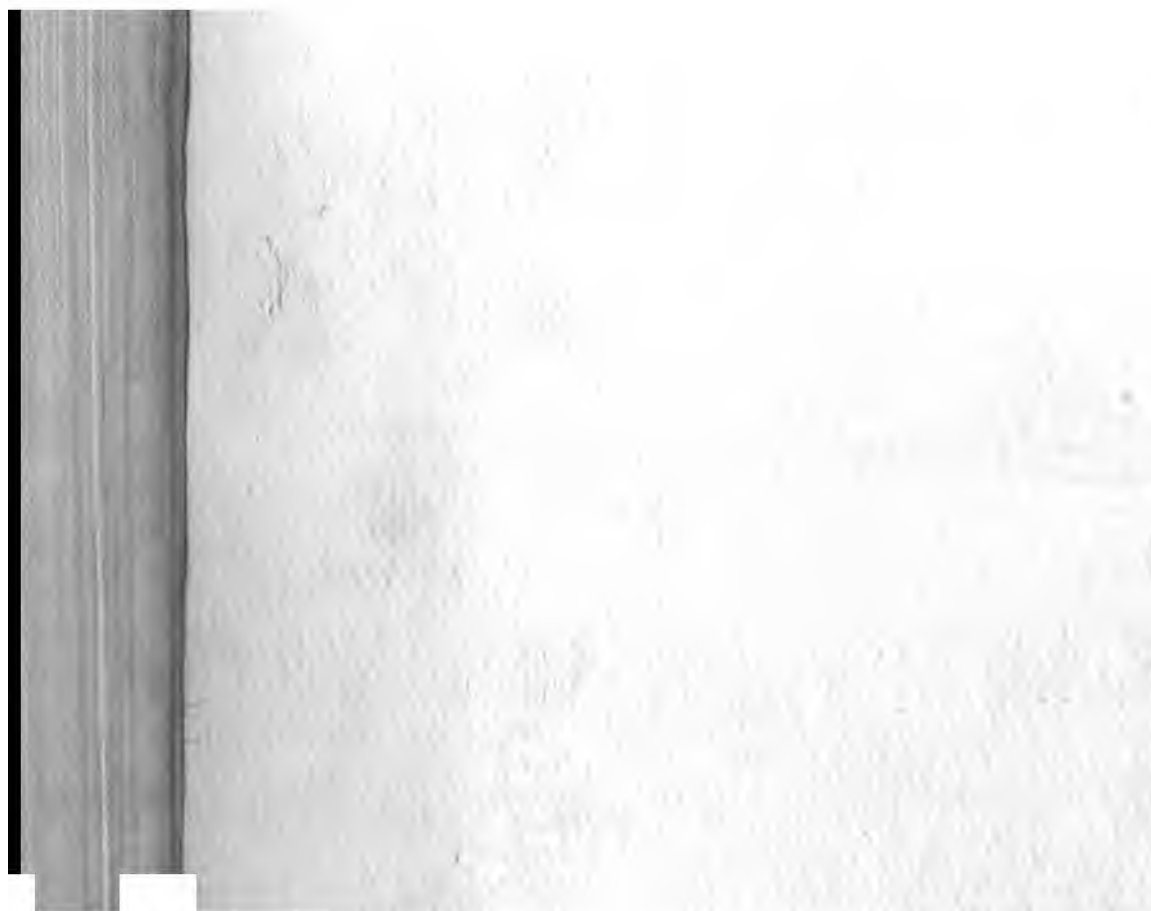
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